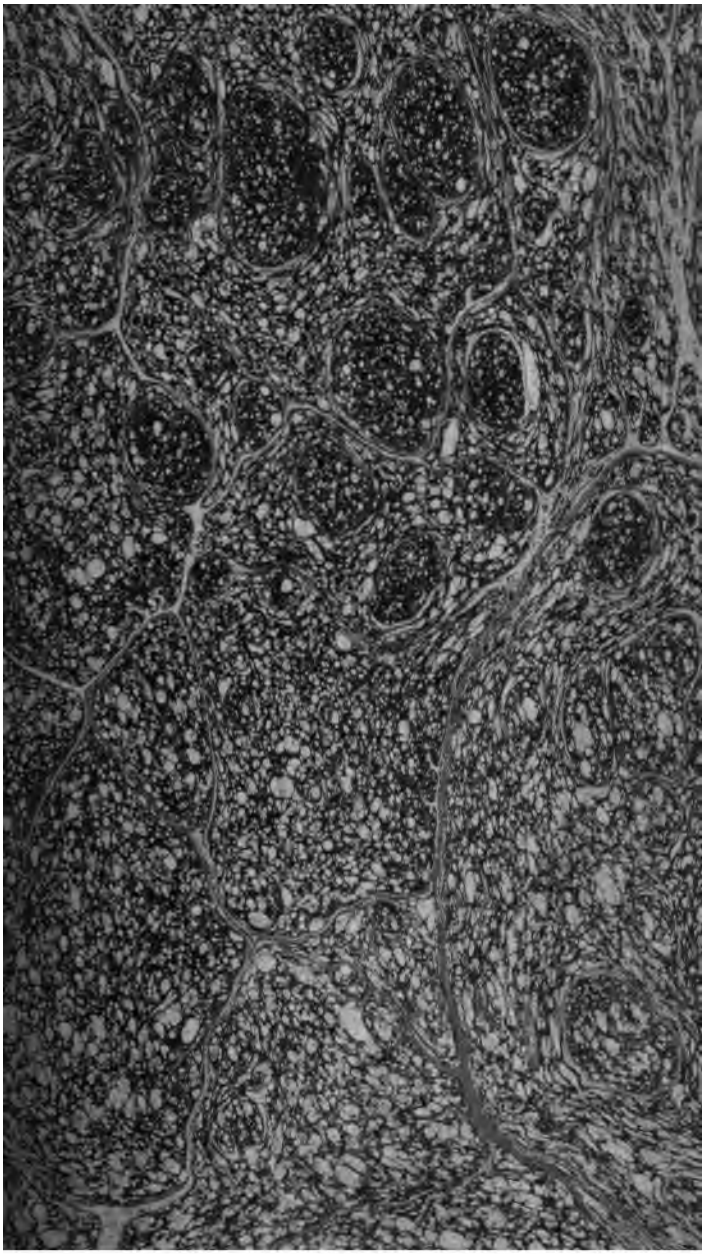
John Moore.



John Moore.

EMMELINE,

THE

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

EMMELINE,

THE

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.
M DCC LXXXIX.

EMMELINE,

THE

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE Cheteau de St. Alpin was a gloomy and antique building, but in habitable repair. The only conſtant reſident in it for ſome years had been the Demoiſelle de St. Alpin, now about five and forty; whoſe whole attention had been given to keeping it in order, and collecting, in the garden, variety of plants, in which ſhe took ſingular pleaſure. Detached from

the world, and with no other relations than her brother and her nephews, whom ſhe was ſeldom likely to ſee, ſhe found in this innocent and amuſing purſuit, a reſource againſt the tedium of life. Her manners, tho' ſimple, were mild and engaging; and her heart perfectly good and benevolent. With her, therefore, Emmeline was extremely pleaſed; and the country in which her reſidence was ſituated, was ſo beautiful, that accuſtomed to form her ideas of magnificent ſcenery from the firſt impreſſions that her mind had received in Wales, Emmeline acknowledged that her eye was here perfectly ſatisfied.

With her heart it was far otherwiſe. On her arrival at St. Alpin, ſhe found letters from Lady Adelina encloſed in others from Mrs. Stafford. Lady Adelina gave ſuch an account of her own health as convinced Emmeline it was not improved ſince ſhe left England. Of Mr. Godolphin ſhe only ſaid, that he was returned from Ireland, but had ſtaid with her only a few hours, and was then obliged to go on buſineſs to London, where his continuance was uncertain.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stafford gave of herſelf and her family a more pleaſing account. She ſaid ſhe had hopes that the readjuſtment of Mr. Stafford's affairs would ſoon allow of their return to England; and as it might poſſibly happen on very ſhort notice, and before Emmeline could rejoin them, ſhe had ſent, by a family who were travelling to Geneva, and who readily undertook the care of it, a large box which contained ſome of her cloaths and the caſkets which belonged to her, which had been long left at Mrs. Aſhwood's after Emmeline's precipitate departure from her houſe with Delamere, and which, on Mrs. Aſhwood's marriage and removal, ſhe had ſent with a cold note (addreſſed to Miſs Mowbray) to the perſon who negociated Mr. Stafford's buſineſs in London.

Their lengthened journey had ſo much broken in on the time allotted to their tour, that Lord and Lady Weſthaven purpoſed ſtaying only a month at St. Alpin. The Baron, who had equal pride and pleaſure in the company of his nephew, endeavoured by every means in his power to

make that time pafs agreeably; and felt great fatisfaction in fhewing to the few neighbours who were within fifteen miles of his *chateau*, that he had, in an Englifh noblèman of fuch rank and merit, fo near a relation.

He had obferved very early the growing paffion of his fon for Mifs Mowbray. He was affured that fhe returned it; for he never fuppofed it poffible that any woman could behold the Chevalier with indifference.

He had heard from Lord Wefthaven that Emmeline was the daughter of a man of fafhion, but was by the circumftances of her birth excluded from any fhare of his fortune, and entirely dependant on the favour of the Marquis of Montreville. The old Baron, charmed himfelf with her perfon and her manners, rather approved than oppofed the wifhes of his fon; and however convenient it might have been to have feen him married to a woman of fortune, he was difpofed to rejoice at his inclining to marry at all; and convinced that with

Emmeline

Emmeline he must be happy, thought he might dispense with being rich. The Chevalier, confident of success, and believing that Emmeline had meant by her timid refusals only encouragement, grew so extremely importunate, that she was sometimes on the point of declaring to him her real situation.

But from this she was deterred by the apprehension that he would apply to Lord Delamere for the relinquishment of her promise; and should he obtain it, consider himself as having a claim to the hand his Lordship resigned.

This was an hope, which whatever his vanity might have suggested, she never meant to give him; yet she had the mortification to find that all her rejections, however repeated, were considered by the Chevalier as words of course. It was in vain she assured him that besides her disinclination to change her situation by marriage at all, she had other forcible objections; that she should never think of passing her life out of England; that not only their country,

but their manners, their ideas on a thousand subjects, so materially differed, as to make every other reason of her refusal unnecessary.

When she seriously urged thus much, he usually answered that he would then reside in England; that he would accommodate his manner of living to her pleasure; and that as to the ideas which had displeased her, he would never again offend her with their repetition.

Emmeline had indeed been extremely hurt and disgusted at that levity of principle on the most serious subjects which the Chevalier avowed without reserve, and for which he appeared to value himself. Tho' brought up a Calvinist, he had as he owned always conformed to the mode of worship and ceremonies of the Catholics while he was among them; and usually added, that had he served amid the Turks or the Jews, he should have done the same, as a matter of great indifference.

The Baron, whose life had been more active than contemplative, was unaccustomed

tomed to consider these matters deeply. And as every thing Bellozane advanced had with him great authority, he was struck with his lively arguments; and whatever might be their solidity, could not help admiring the wit of the Chevalier, whom he sometimes encouraged to dispute with Lord Westhaven. The religion of Lord Westhaven was as steady and unaffected as his morals were excellent; and he entered willingly into these dialogues with Bellozane, in hopes of convincing him that infidelity was by no means necessary to the character of a soldier; and that *he* was unlikely to serve well the country to which he belonged, or for which he fought, who began by insulting his God.

He found however that the young man had imbibed these lessons so early, and fancied them so much the marks of a superior and penetrating mind, that he could make no impression by rational argument. Bellozane usually answered by a sprightly quotation from some French author, and his Lordship soon declined the coversation,

believing that if ſickneſs and ſorrow did not ſupercede ſo ſlow a cure, time at leaſt would convince him of his folly.

But ſuch was the effect of this ſort of diſcourſe on Emmeline, that had Bellozane been in other reſpects unexceptionable, and had her heart been free from any other impreſſion, ſhe would never have liſtened to him as a lover.

From his own account of himſelf in other reſpects, Emmeline had gathered enough to believe that he was profligate and immoral. But as ſhe could not appear to detect theſe errors without allowing him to ſuppoſe her intereſted in his forſaking them, ſhe generally heard him in ſilence; and only when preſſed to name her objections ſtated his looſe opinions as one in her mind very material.

To this he again repeated, that his opinions he would correct; his reſidence ſhould be ſettled by herſelf.—" Had ſhe any ob-" jection to his perſon?" enquired he, as he proudly ſurveyed it in the long old

faſhioned

fashioned glass which ornamented the *sal a manger.* *

Emmeline, blushing from the conscious recollection of the resemblance it bore in height and air to that of Godolphin, answered faulteringly—" That to his person " their could be no objection."

" To his fortune?"

" It was undoubtedly more than situated " as she was she could expect."

" To his family?"

" It was a family whose alliance must " confer honour."

" What then?" vehemently continued the Chevalier—" what then, charming Em- " meline, occasions this long reserve, this " barbarous coldness? Since you can form " no decided objection; since you have " undoubtedly allowed me to hope; why " do you thus cruelly prolong my suffer- " ings? Surely you do not, you cannot " mean finally to refuse and desert me, " after having permitted me so long to " speak to you of my passion?"

* Dining room.

"It is with ſome juſtice," gravely and coldly anſwered Emmeline—"I own it is "with ſome juſtice that you impute to me "the appearance of coquetry; becauſe I "have liſtened with too much patience, "(tho' certainly never with approbation,) "to your diſcourſe on this ſubject. But "be aſſured that whatever I have ſaid, "tho' perhaps with inſufficient firmneſs, I "now repeat, in the hope that you will "underſtand it as my unalterable reſo-"lution—The honour you are ſo obliging "as to offer me, I *never* can accept; and "I beg you will forbear to urge me farther "on a ſubject to which I never can give "any other anſwer."

This dialogue, which happened on the ſecond day of her reſidence at St. Alpin, and the firſt moment he could find her alone, did not ſeem to diſcourage the Chevalier. He obſerved her narrowly: the country round St. Alpin, which, as well as the place itſelf, he thought "*triſte et in-"ſupportable*," ſeemed to delight and attract her. He ſaw her not only enduring, but

but even fond of his aunt and her plants, which were to him, "*les ſujets du monde les* "*plus facheux.*" *—His exceſſive vanity made him perſiſt in believing that ſhe could not admire ſuch a place but thro' ſome latent partiality to it's maſter; nor ſeek the company and eſteem of his aunt, but for the ſake of her nephew.

Theſe remarks, and a conviction formed on his own ſelf-love and on the experience of his Pariſan conqueſts, made him diſregard her refuſal and perſecute her inceſſantly with his love. Lord Weſthaven ſaw her uneaſineſs; but knew not how to relieve her without offending the Baron and the Chevalier, or divulging circumſtances of which he did not think himſelf at liberty without her permiſſion to ſpeak.

Lady Weſthaven, to whom Emmeline was obliged to complain of the importunity of Bellozane, repeatedly but very fruitleſsly remonſtrated with him. What ſhe had at firſt ridiculed, now gave her pain; and anxious as ſhe was to reconcile her

* The moſt weariſome, or to uſe the cant of the times, the moſt *boring* ſubjects in the world.

brother to her friend, from whom she thought only his warmth of temper and a misunderstanding had divided him, she wished to shorten as much as possible their stay as St. Alpin.

Her own situation too made her very anxious to return to England; and she was impatient to see Lord Delamere, to explain to him all the mystery of Emmeline's conduct; a detail which she could not venture by the post, tho' she had written to him from Lyons, intreating him to suspend all opinion in regard to Miss Mowbray's conduct 'till she should see him.

This letter never reached the hands of Lord Delamere, and therefore was not answered to St. Alpin; whither his sister had desired him to direct, and where she now grew very uneasy at not hearing from him.

Le Limosin and his Madelon had arrived at St. Alpin some time before their noble patrons, with whose goodness they were elated to excess. Le Limosin himself, assiduous to do every thing for every body,

body, flew about as if he was but twenty. His particular province was to attend with Lady Westhaven's English servant on her Ladyship and Miss Mowbray; and Madelon was directed to wait on the latter as her *fille de chambre*.

Emmeline, with painful solicitude for which she could hardly account, wished to hear from Le Limosin those particulars of her father of which he was so well able to inform her. He had served, too, her mother; whose name she had hardly ever heard repeated, and of whom, before witnesses, she dared not enquire.

Lord Westhaven had not yet explained to him to what he principally owed the extraordinary kindness he had met with. He knew not that the lady on whom he had the honour to wait was the daughter of that master to whom he had been so much obliged.

The first days that Lord and Lady Westhaven and Emmeline had passed with the Baron, had been engaged by company or in parties which he made to shew the views

of

of the ſurrounding country to his Engliſh gueſts. The Chevalier never ſuffered Emmeline to be abſent from theſe excurſions, nor when at home allowed her to be a moment out of his company. If ſhe ſought refuge in the chamber of Mrs. St. Alpin, he followed her; if ſhe went with her to her plants, thither alſo came Bellozane; and having acquired from his aunt's books a few phyſical and botanical terms, affected to deſire information, which the old lady, highly pleaſed with his deſire of improvement in her favourite ſtudies, gave him with great ſimplicity.

Lord Weſthaven grew apprehenſive that the jaunts of pleaſure which the Baron continued to propoſe would be too fatigueing for his wife. And as they were now to go on a viſit to one of St. Alpin's old military friends who reſided at the diſtance of fifteen miles, and where they were to remain all night, he prevailed on her to ſtay at home, where Emmeline alſo deſired to be left.

Bellozane, deteſting a party which the ladies

ladies were not to enliven, made ſome efforts to be excuſed alſo; but he found his declining to go would ſo much chagrin and diſappoint his father, that, with whatever reluctance, he was obliged to ſet out with him.

Lady Weſthaven, who was a good deal indiſpoſed, went to lie down in her own room; whither Emmeline attended her, and finding ſhe was diſpoſed to ſleep, left her. Mrs. St. Alpin was buſied in her garden; and Emmeline, delighted with an opportunity of being alone, retired to her room to write to Mrs. Stafford. She had not proceeded far in her letter, when a ſervant informed her that the meſſenger who had been ſent to Geneva for her box was returned with it. She deſired that it might be brought up. Madelon came to aſſiſt her in opening it, and then left her.

She took out the cloaths and linen, and then the two embroidered caſkets, which ſhe put on the table before her, and gazed at with melancholy pleaſure, as ſilent memorials of her parents. They brought alſo to

her

her mind the recollection of Mrs. Carey, and many of her infantine pains and pleasures at Mowbray Castle, where she remembered first to have remarked them in a drawer belonging to that good woman; to which, tho' it was generally locked, she had occasionally sent her little charge when she was herself confined to her chair.

One of them she had began to inspect at Clapham, and perused some of the letters it contained. They were from her grandmother, Mrs. Mowbray, to her father; and were filled with reproaches so warm and severe, and such pointed censures of his conduct in regard to Miss Stavordale, her mother, to whom one letter yet more bitter was addressed, that after reading three of them, Emmeline believed that the further inspection of the casket was likely to produce for her only unavailing regret.

Still however she would then have continued it, painful as it was, but was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Lord Montreville, who came to enquire after his son. The sight of Mr. Mowbray's picture,

which

which ſhe had taken out, created in the breaſt of his Lordſhip a momentary tenderneſs for his niece. She had ſince always worn that picture about her; but the papers, by which ſhe had been too much affected after that interview farther to peruſe, ſhe had again ſecured in the caſkets; and being almoſt immediately afterwards taken by Delamere on her involuntary journey to Stevenage, from whence ſhe returned no more to Clapham, ſhe had not ſince had them in her poſſeſſion.

Her mind in this interval had acquired greater ſtrength; and ſhe at length wiſhed to know thoſe particulars of her mother's fate, into which ſhe had hitherto forborne thro' timidity to enquire. Being now therefore alone, and having theſe repoſitories once more in her hands, ſhe reſolutely inſpected them.

The firſt contained about twenty letters. Some were thoſe ſhe had before ſeen, and others followed them equally ſevere. They ſeemed in ſullen reſentment to have been preſerved; and Emmeline could not but

reflect

reflect with pain on the anger and asperity in which they were written; on the remorse and uneasiness with which they must have been read.

The second casket seemed also to hold letters. On opening it, Emmeline found they were part of the correspondence between her father and mother during the early part of their acquaintance, when, tho' they sometimes resided in the same house, the vigilant observation of Mrs. Mowbray very seldom allowed them to converse.

Among these, were several pieces of poetry, elegant and affecting. After having read which, Emmeline imagined she had seen all the box contained, a few loosely folded papers only remaining; but on opening one of these, what was her astonishment to find in it two certificates of her mother's marriage; one under the hand of a Catholic priest, by whom she had been married immediately on their arrival at Dunkirk; the other signed a few days before the birth of Emmeline by an English clergyman, who had again performed the ceremony

mony in the chapel of the Engliſh Ambaſſador at Paris.

That the memory of her mother ſhould thus be free from reproach; that the conduct of her father, which had hitherto appeared cruel and unjuſt, ſhould be vindicated from every aſperſion; and that ſhe ſhould herſelf be reſtored to that place in ſociety from which ſhe ſeemed to be excluded for ever; was altogether ſuch unexpected, ſuch incredible happineſs, as made her almoſt doubtful of the evidence of her ſenſes. Ignorant as ſhe was of the uſual form of ſuch papers, yet the care with which theſe ſeemed to be executed left her little doubt of their regularity. One other folded paper yet remained unread. Trembling ſhe opened it. It was written in her father's hand and endorſed

MEMORANDUM.

"The harſhneſs with which my mother and her family have treated Miſs Stavordale, for a ſuppoſed crime, has forced her to put herſelf under my protection. Miſs Stavordale

dale is now my wife; but of this I shall not inform my family, conceiving myself accountable no longer to persons capable of so much rashness and injustice. Least any thing however should happen before I can make a will in due form, I hereby acknowledge Emmeline Stavordale (now Mowbray) as my wife; and her child, whether a son or a daughter, heir to my estate. My brother being possessed of a very large fortune, both by his late marriage and the gifts of his mother's family, will hardly dispute the claim of such child to my paternal estate.

"(This is a duplicate of a paper sent to Francis Williamson, my steward at Mowbray Castle.) Signed by me at Paris in presence of two witnesses. this fifteenth of March, 17—.

"HENRY CHARLES MOWBRAY.

Witnessed by
ROBERT WALLACE,
BAPTISTE LA FERE, (dit Le Limosin.)"

This,

This, which was of the ſame date as the laſt certificate, confirmed every claim which they both gave Emmeline to her name and fortune. A change of circumſtances ſo ſudden; her apprehenſions that the Marquis of Montreville, who ſhe thought muſt have long known, ſhould diſpute her legitimacy, and her wonder at the concealment which Mr. Williamſon and Mrs. Carey ſeemed paſſively to have ſuffered; which together with a thouſand other ſenſations crouded at once into her mind, ſo greatly affected her, that feeling herſelf grow ſick, ſhe was obliged to call Madelon, who being at work in an adjoining room, ran in, and ſeeing her lady look extremely pale, and hearing her ſpeak with difficulty, ſhe threw open the window, fetched her ſome water, and then without waiting to ſee their effects ſhe flew away to call Mrs. St. Alpin; who preſently appeared, followed by her maid carrying a large caſe which was filled with bottles of various diſtiilations from every aromatic and pungent herb her garden or the adjacent mountains afforded.

Emmeline,

Emmeline, hardly knowing what ſhe did, was compelled to ſwallow a glaſs full of one of theſe cordials; which Mrs. St. Alpin aſſured her was "*excellente pour les vapeurs.*"* It almoſt deprived her of breath, but recalled her aſtoniſhed ſpirits; and having with great difficulty prevailed on her kindly-buſy hoſteſs to leave her, ſhe locked up her papers, and threw herſelf on the bed; where, having directed Madelon to draw the curtains and retire, ſhe tried to compoſe her mind, and to conſider what ſteps ſhe ought to take in conſequence of this extraordinary diſcovery.

* Excellent for the cure of vapours.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

CONVINCED of the noble and disinterested nature of Lord Westhaven, Emmeline thought she ought immediately on his return to shew him the papers she had found, and entreat him to examine, for further particulars, Le Limosin, who seemed providentially to have been thrown in her way on purpose to elucidate her history.

After having formed this resolution, her mind was at liberty for other reflections. Delamere returned to it: his unjust suspicions; his haughty reproaches; his long, indignant anger, which vouchsafed not even to solicit an explanation; she involuntarily compared with the gentleness, the generosity of Godolphin; with his candid temper, his warm affections, his tender heart. And with pain she remembered, that unless Delamere would relinquish the fatal promise she had given him, she could not shew the preference which she feared she must ever

feel

feel for him. Sometimes ſhe thought of aſking Lord Weſthaven to apply to Delamere for her releaſe. But how could ſhe venture on a meaſure which might involve, in ſuch difficulties, Lady Adelina, and engage Lord Weſthaven in an enquiry fatal to his repoſe and that of his whole family? How could ſhe, by this application, counteract the wiſhes of Lady Weſthaven, who anxiouſly hoped to re-unite her brother and her friend; and who deſired ardently to be in England, that ſhe might explain herſelf, to Delamere, all the circumſtances that had injured Emmeline in his opinion; which ſhe thought ſhe could eaſily do without hazarding any of the evils that might follow from an inconſiderate diſcloſure of the occurrences he had miſunderſtood.

Uneaſily ruminating on the painful uncertainty of her ſituation and the difficulties which every way ſurrounded her, ſhe continued alone; till Lady Weſthaven, alarmed at hearing ſhe had been ill, ſent her woman to enquire after and know if ſhe might herſelf come to her? Emmeline, to relieve at once her friendly ſolicitude, aroſe and

and went to her apartment; where she made light of her sickness, and endeavoured to assume as much chearfulness as possible. —'Till she had seen Lord Westhaven, she determined not to mention to her Ladyship the discovery of the morning; feeling that there would be great indelicacy in eagerly divulging to her a secret by which she must tacitly accuse the Marquis of Montreville of having thus long detained from its legal owner the Mowbray estate; and of having brought up in indigence and obscurity, the daughter of his brother, while conscious of her claim to education and affluence.

Struggling therefore to subdue the remaining tumult of her spirits, she rejoined her friend. They passed the afternoon tranquilly with Mrs. St. Alpin; and about eleven o'clock the following morning, Lord Westhaven, the Baron, and the Chevalier returned.

Emmeline took the earliest opportunity of telling Lord Westhaven that she wished to speak to him alone. There was no way

of escaping from the Chevalier but by his Lordship's openly declaring that he wanted a private conference with his fair cousin, whom he led into the garden. Bellozane, who hoped that his earnest solicitations had prevailed on Lord Westhaven to befriend his love, was glad to see them walk out together, while he watched them from a window.

Emmeline put into her pocket the two certificates and the memorandum written by her father. Without explanation or comment, she gave them, as soon as they were at a little distance from the house, to Lord Westhaven.

He read them twice over in silence; then looking with astonishment at Emmeline, he asked her from whence she had these papers?

"They were enclosed, my Lord," answered she "in two little boxes or caskets "which were left to me among other things "by my father's nurse; who becoming the "housekeeper at Mowbray Castle, brought

"me

"me up. They afterwards long remained
"at the houſe of Mrs. James Croſts, with
"whom you know I reſided; on her re-
"moval after her marriage, they were ſent,
"together with ſome of my cloaths, to Mrs.
"Stafford's agent in London; from whence
"ſhe lately received them; and having an
"opportunity of ſending them to Geneva by
"a family travelling thither, ſhe forwarded
"them to me, and I found them yeſterday
"in the trunk brought by the meſſenger
"which you know the Baron ſent thither
"on purpoſe."

Again Lord Weſthaven read the papers; and after pauſing a moment ſaid—

"There is no doubt, there can be none,
"of the authenticity of theſe papers, nor of
"your conſequent claim to the Mowbray
"eſtate. Surely," added he, again pauſ-
ing—"ſurely it is moſt extraordinary that
"Lord Montreville ſhould have ſuffered
"the true circumſtances of your birth to
"remain thus long unexplained. Moſt
"cruel! moſt ungenerous! to poſſeſs him-
"ſelf of a property to which he muſt know

"he had no right! Your father's memo-
"randum says that he had forwarded a du-
"plicate of it to Francis Williamson; do
"you know whether that person is yet
"living?"

"He is dead, my Lord. He died in
"consequence of an accident at Mowbray
"Castle, where he was many years steward."

"He must however have had sufficient
"time to give Lord Montreville every in-
"formation as to his master's marriage, even
"if his Lordship knew it not, as he probably
"did, by other means. Yet from a man of
"honour—from Lord Montreville—such
"conduct is most unworthy. I can hardly
"conceive it possible that he should be
"guilty of such concealment."

"Surely, my Lord, it is possible," said
the candid and ingenuous Emmeline—
"surely it *is* possible that my uncle might,
"by some accident, (for which without
"knowing more we cannot account) have
"been kept in ignorance of my mother's
"real situation. For your satisfaction and
"mine, before we say more on this
"subject,

"subject, would it not be well to hear "what Le Limosin, who was I suppose pre-"sent both at my mother's marriage and "at my father's death, has to relate?"

To this proposal Lord Westhaven agreed. The *sal a compagnie* * was usually vacant at this time of the day. Thither they went together, and sent for Le Limosin; who loved talking so much that nothing was more easy than to make him tell all he remembered, and even minutely describe every scene at which he had been present.

"Le Limosin," said Lord Westhaven, as soon as he came into the room, "I was "much pleased and interested with the ac-"count you gave me when I first met you, "of the English master whom you call "*Milor Mowbray*. I know his family well. "Tell me, does this picture resemble him?"

His Lordship shewed him a portrait of Mr. Mowbray which had been drawn at Paris.

Le Limosin looked a moment at it—the tears came into his eyes.

"*O oui—oui, my Lor!—je me rappelle* "*bien ce portrait!—Ah! quel resemblance!*

* Drawing room.

" *Quelques mois avant ſa mort tel etoit mon* " *pauvre maitre! Ah!*" added he, giving back, with a ſigh, the picture to Lord Weſthaven—" *cela me fend le cœur!*"*

" Now then," reaſſumed Lord Weſthaven, " look, Le Limoſin, at that." He put before him the reſemblance of Emmeline's mother, which had been painted at the ſame time.

" *Eh! pardi oui—voila—voila Madame!* " *la charmante femme, dont la perte couta* " *la vie a mon maitre. Helas!—je m'en* " *ſouviens bien du jôur que je vis pour la* " *premiere fois cette amiable dame. Elle* " *n'avoit qu'environ quatorze a quinze ans.* " *Ah! qu'elle etoit pour lors, gaï, eſpiegle,* " *folatre, et ſi belle!—ſi belle!*"†

" Tell me," ſaid Lord Weſthaven, " all " you remember of her."

* O yes, my Lord; I recollect well this picture. What a likeneſs! Such a few months before he died, was my poor maſter! Alas! it cuts me to the heart.

† Ah! hah! yes,—there is, ſure enough, my Lady. The charming woman whoſe loſs coſt my maſter his life. Alas! how well I recollect the firſt day I ſaw this amiable lady; ſhe was then only between fourteen and fifteen; and at that time ſo gay, ſo full of frolic and vivacity, and ſo very, very pretty!

" I remember

"I remember her, my Lord," said Le Limosin, speaking still in French, "I remember her from the first of my going to England with Milor Mowbray. She lived then with Madame Mowbray; and the servants told me, that being a distant relation and an orphan, Madame had taken her and intended to give her a fortune. Milor Mowbray, when he first returned from his travels, used to live for two or three months together with Madame his mother; but she was strict and severe, and used frequently to reproach him with his gaieties--*il etoit un peu libertin Milor, comme sont a l'ordinaire les jeunes seigneurs de sa nation.** He admired Mademoiselle Stavordale as a beautiful child, and used to romp with her; but as she grew older, Madame Mowbray was dissatisfied with him for taking so much notice of her, and would oblige her to live always up in Madame's dressing room, so that my master could hardly ever see her. Madame, however, told my master one

* He was a little free, my Lord; as the young noblemen of his country usually are.

" day, that tho' Mademoiselle Stavordale
" had no fortune, she would not object to
" his marrying her in a year or two if he
" was then in the same mind. But my
" master was in his turn offended. He
" said he would not be dictated to, nor told
" whether he should marry or remain single.
" *Madame etoit forte brusque—elle piquoit*
" *Monsieur par un reponse un peu vive**—
" and they had a violent disagreement;
" in consequence of which he quitted her
" house, and only went now and then after-
" wards to see her quite in form. Some
" months afterwards he called me to him;
" and as I was dressing him he asked me
" if I had no female friend among his mo-
" ther's servants. 'Baptiste,' said he, 'I
' cannot get the Demoiselle Stavordale out
' of my head.—*J'aime a la folie cette fille*
' *mais pour le mariage, je ne suis pas trop*
' *sur, que je m'acquitterai bien, en promissant*
' *de l'aimer pour la vie.—Je veux aussi*
' *qu'elle m'aime sans que l'interet y'entre pour*
' *quelque chose.—Puisque Madame ma mere*

* Madame was very hasty; she irritated my master by a sharp answer.

' *s'amuse*

*" s'amuſe a me guetter, je voudrois bien la " tromper; je ſcais que tu eſt habile—ne " pourra tu pas nous menager une petite tete " a tete?"** " Milor, je faiſois mon poſſi- " ble—et enfin—par la bonté et l'honeteté— " d'une fille qui ſervoit Madame—je vins " heureuſement about—Quelque jours apres " —Monſieur enleva la belle Stavordale tant " en depit—qu'en amour."*†

At this recital, Emmeline found herſelf cruelly hurt; but Lord Weſthaven beſought her to command herſelf, and Le Limoſin went on.

" To avoid the rage and reproaches of " Madame Mowbray, which it was likely " would be very loud, my maſter took " Mademoiſelle Stavordale immediately

* I love that girl to madneſs; but as to marrying her I am not quite ſure I ſhould acquit myſelf well were I to promiſe that I would love her for ever. I deſire too that intereſt may have nothing to do with her affection for me. As my mother amuſes herſelf with watching me, I long to deceive her. You are a clever fellow; cannot you contrive for us a private meeting?

† My Lord, I did my beſt; and at laſt by the goodneſs and civility of a young woman who waited on Madame, I happily accompliſhed it. Some days after which, my maſter carried off the fair Stavordale, as much thro' revenge as love.

" abroad. We landed at Dunkirk; but the
" young lady was so unhappy at the step she
" had taken, *elle pleuroit, elle se desoloit,*
" *elle s'abandonna a le desespoir—enfin, tant*
" *elle faisoit,* * that Monsieur sent for a
" priest, and they were married. Soon af-
" terwards my lady was likely to bring Mon-
" sieur an heir. *Ah! qu'ils etoient pour lors*
" *heureaux.* But their happiness was inter-
" rupted by the death of my master's mo-
" ther, Madame Mowbray, who had never
" forgiven him, and who disposed of all
" her money that was in her own power to
" his brother. My poor lady took this
" sadly to heart. She reproached herself
" with being the cause of my master's losing
" such a fortune. He said he had yet
" enough; and tried to console my lady.
" Still, still it hung on her spirits; and she
" could not bear to think that Madame
" Mowbray, who had brought her up, and
" had been kind to her when she had no other
" friend, should have died in anger with

* She wept, she lamented, she gave herself up to despair.

" her.

"her. I believe my maſter was ſorry then "that he had not reconciled himſelf with "his mother, as my lady often begged "and entreated that he would; but it was "now too late; and he ſaid his brother "had uſed him unkindly, and had certainly "helped to irritate his mother againſt him; "and he would not write to him tho' my "lady often deſired and prayed that he "would. As ſhe grew near her time, ſhe "was more and more out of ſpirits, and "my maſter finding her uneaſy becauſe they "had not been married by an Engliſh prieſt, "had the ceremony performed again in "the chapel of the Engliſh Ambaſſador. "My maſter could not however make her "forget her concern for the death of his "mother; and ſhe was always melancholy, "as if ſhe had forſeen how little a time "ſhe had herſelf to live. Alas! ſhe brought "my maſter a daughter, and died in three "hours!"

"If I were to live a thouſand years," continued Le Limoſin, "I ſhould never "forget my poor maſter's diſtraction when "he heard ſhe was dead. It was with great

" difficulty that even with the assistance of
" his English servants I could prevent his
" destroying himself in the phrenzy of his
" grief. I dared not leave him a moment.
" He heard nothing we said to him; he
" heeded not the questions I asked him
" about the child; and at last I was forced
" to send an express to Mr. Oxenden, his
" friend, who was at some distance from
" Paris. He came; and by the help of
" another English gentleman they forced
" him out of the house while the body of
" my mistress was removed to be carried
" to England. He was so near madness,
" that his friends were afraid of his relapsing, even after he grew better, if they
" asked him many questions about it. So
" they gave me orders as to her funeral;
" and after about a fortnight he came back
" to the house where the child was, attended
" by his two friends.

" It was an heart-piercing sight, Milor,
" to see him weep over the little baby as it
" lay in the arms of it's nurse. After some
" time he called me, and told me that he
" should not be easy, unless he was sure his
" poor

"poor little girl would be taken proper
"care of; that he had no friend in France
"to whom he chose to entrust her; and
"therefore ordered me to go with the
"nurse to England, and directed Therése,
"my mistress's *fille de chambre*, to go also,
"that the child might be well attended.
"He told me that he should perhaps
"quit Paris before I could get back; in
"which case he would leave directions
"where I should follow him. Then he
"kissed his little girl, and his two friends
"tore him away. I immediately proceeded
"to England as he directed, with the
"nurse, and Therése, and we carried the
"infant to the Cheteau de Mowbray. The
"French nurse could speak no English,
"and could not be prevailed upon to stay
"above two days. Therése too longed to
"get back to France; and we immediately
"returned to Paris, where I found a letter
"from my master, ordering me to follow
"him into Italy.

"At Milan, Milor, I rejoined him.
"He looked very ill; and complained of

"feeling

" feeling himself indisposed. But still he
" went out; and I believe drank too much
" with his English friends. The third or
" fourth day after I got there he came home
" from a party which he had made out of
" town with them about ten o'clock in the
" morning, and told me he had a violent
" pain in his head. He went up into
" his room. 'I am strangely disor-
' dered, Baptiste,' said he, as he put his
hand to his temples—' perhaps it may go
' off; but if it should grow worse, as I am
' afraid it will, remember that you take
' those two little boxes in which I keep my
' papers, to England, and deliver them to
' my steward at Mowbray Castle. I have
' already written to him about my daugh-
' ter.' " Then almost shrieking with the
" acute pain which darted into his head, he
" cried—' I cannot talk, nor can I now
' write to my brother as I think I ought to
' do about my child. But send, send for
' a notary, and when I am a little easier
' I will dictate a will.'

" Milor, I sent for the notary. But he
" waited all day in the anti-room to no pur-
" pose.

" pose. My poor master was never again
" easy enough to see him—never again able
" to dictate a will. He grew more and
" more delirious, and continued to com-
" plain of his head, his head! Alas! he
" did not even know me, till about an hour
" before his death."

Emmeline, whose tears had almost choaked her during the greatest part of this narration, now said to Lord Westhaven—

" My Lord, do not let him repeat the
" scene of my father's death; I am not now
" able to bear it."

" Well, Le Limosin," said his Lordship,
" this young lady, who is the daughter of
" your master; the same whom you helped
" to carry, an infant, to Mowbray Castle,
" will soon have it in her power to reward
" your fidelity and attachment to her fa-
" ther."

Le Limosin now threw himself on his knees in a transport of joy and acknowledgment. Lord Westhaven, fearing that his raptures might quite overcome the disturbed spirits of his fair mistress, desired her to give

him

him her hand to kiſs; which ſhe did; and trying, but ineffectually, to ſmile thro' her tears, was led by his Lordſhip into her own room. He told her that at preſent he wiſhed to conceal from Lady Weſthaven the diſcovery they had made. "For tho' I am "convinced," added he, "that for your "ſake ſhe will rejoice in it, ſhe will be hurt "at the extraordinary conduct of her fa-"ther, and harraſs herſelf with conjectures "about it and apologies for it, which I "wiſh to ſpare her in her preſent ſtate."

Emmeline aſſured him ſhe would obſerve a ſtrict ſilence; and he left her to give to Le Limoſin a charge of ſecrecy. He then retired to his room, and wrote to Lord Montreville, ſtating the ſimple fact, and encloſing copies of the certificates; and after ſhewing his letter to Emmeline, ſent it off to England.

Emmeline now went out to walk, in hopes of recovering her compoſure and being able to appear at dinner without betraying by her countenance that any thing extraordinary had been the ſubject of her

converſation

converſation with Lord Weſthaven. The Chevalier, however, was ſoon at her ſide. And ſtill flattering himſelf that his Lordſhip had undertaken to plead his cauſe, he addreſſed her with all the confidence of a man ſure of ſucceſs.

Emmeline was very little diſpoſed to liſten to him; and with a greater appearance of chagrin and impatience than ſhe had yet ſhewn, repeated to him her determination not to marry. He ſtill declared himſelf ſure of her relenting; and added, that unleſs ſhe had deſigned finally to hear him favourably ſhe would never have allowed him ſo repeatedly to preſs his attachment. This ſpeech, which indirectly accuſed her of coquetry, encreaſed her vexation. But the perſevering Chevalier was not to be repreſſed. He told her that he had projected a party of pleaſure on the lake the next day, in which he intended to include a viſit to the Rocks of Meillerie.

"It is claſſic ground, Mademoiſelle," ſaid he, "and is fitted to love and deſpair. "Ah! will you not there hear me? Will

"you

" you ſtill inhumanly ſmile; will you ſtill
" look ſo gentle, while your heart is harder
" than the rocks we ſhall ſee—colder than
" the ſnow that crowns them!—an heart on
" which even the pen of fire which Rouſſeau
" held would make no impreſſion!"

He held her hands during this rhapſody. She could not therefore immediately eſcape. But on the appearance of a ſervant, who announced the dinner's being ready, ſhe coldly diſengaged herſelf and went into the houſe.

CHAP-

CHAPTER III.

THE agitation ſhe had undergone in the morning, affected both the ſpirits and the looks of Emmeline; and when, immediately after dinner, Bellozane propoſed the party of pleaſure he had projected for the next day, Lady Weſthaven anſwered—" As for me I ſhall on my own " account make no objection, but I cannot " equally anſwer for our fair couſin.—Em- " meline, my love, you ſeem ill. I cannot " imagine, my Lord, what you have been " ſaying to her?"

" I have been adviſing her," anſwered Lord Weſthaven, " to go into a convent; " and her looks are merely looks of peni- " tence for all the miſchief ſhe has done. " She determines to take the veil, and to " do no more."

Emmeline, tho' hardly able to bear even this friendly raillery, turned it off with a melancholy ſmile. The party was agreed upon; the Baron went out to give orders

for

for preparing the provisions they were to take with them, and the Chevalier to see that the boat was in a proper state for the expedition and give the boatmen notice.

Lady Westhaven then began talking of England, and expressed her astonishment at having heard nothing from thence for above six weeks. While Lord Westhaven was attempting to account for this failure of intelligence, which he saw gave his wife more concern than she expressed, a servant brought in several large pacquets of letters, which he said the messenger who was usually sent to the post town, had that moment brought in.

His Lordship, eagerly surveying the address of each, gave to Emmeline one for her; which opening, she found came from Mrs. Stafford, and enclosed another.

St. Germain's, June 6.

"My dearest Emmeline will forgive me "if I write only a line in the envelope, to "account for the long detention of the "enclosed letter. It has, by some mistake "of Mr. La Fosse, been kept at Rouen "instead of being forwarded to St. Ger-

"mains;

"mains; and appears to have passed thro' "numberless hands. I hope you will get "it safe, tho' my being at Paris when it "did arrive here has made it yet a week "later. By the next post I shall write "more fully, and therefore will now only "tell you we are well, and that I am ever, "with the truest attachment, your

"C. STAFFORD."

Emmeline now saw by the seal and the address that the second letter was from Lord Montreville. It appeared to have been written in great haste; and as she unfolded it, infinite was her amazement to find, instead of a remittance, which about this time she expected, the promise she had given Delamere, torn in two pieces and put into a blank paper.

The astonishment and agitation she felt at this sight, hardly left her power to read the letter which she held,

Berkley-Square, May 5, 17—

"Dear Miss Mowbray,

"My son, Lord Delamere, convinced at "length of the impropriety of a marriage

"so

" ſo unwelcome to his family, allows me
" to releaſe you from the promiſe which he
" obtained. I do myſelf the pleaſure to
" encloſe it, and ſhall be glad to hear you
" receive it ſafe by an early poſt. My
" Lord Delamere aſſures me that you hold
" no promiſe of the like nature from him.
" If he is in this matter forgetful, I doubt
" not but that you will return it on receipt
" of this.

" Maddox informs me that he ſhall in
" a few days forward to you the payment
" due: to which I beg leave to add, that
" if you have occaſion for fifty or an hun-
" dred pounds more, during your ſtay on
" the continent, you may draw on Maddox
" to that amount. With ſincere wiſhes for
" your health and happineſs, I am, dear
" Miſs Mowbray, your obedient and faith-
" ful humble ſervant,

" MONTREVILLE."

Tho' joy was, in the heart of Emmeline, the predominant emotion, ſhe yet felt ſome degree of pique and reſentment involuntarily ariſe aganiſt Lord Montreville and his ſon;

and

and tho' the renunciation of the latter was what ſhe had ſecretly wiſhed ever ſince ſhe had diſcovered the capricious violence of Delamere and the merit of Godolphin, the cold and barely civil ſtile in which his father had acquainted her with it, ſeemed at once to ſhock, mortify, and relieve her.

After having conſidered a moment the contents of her own letters, ſhe caſt her eyes towards Lady Weſthaven, whoſe countenance expreſſed great emotion; while her Lord, ſternly and diſpleaſed ran over his, and then put them into his pocket.

"What ſay *your* letters from England, "my faireſt couſin?" ſaid he, advancing and trying to ſhake off his chagrin.

"Will you do me the honour to peruſe "them, my Lord?" ſaid ſhe, half ſmiling. —"They will not take you up much time."

He read them. "It is a ſettled thing "then I find. Lady Weſthaven, your's "are, I preſume, from Berkley-ſquare?"

"They are," anſwered ſhe.—"Never," and ſhe took out her hankercheif—"never "have I received any leſs welcome!"

She

She gave one from Lady Frances Crofts to his Lordship, in which, with many details of her own affairs, was this ſentence—

"Before this, you have heard from my "father or my mother that Lord Delamere "has entirely recovered the uſe of his rea-"ſon, and accepts of Miſs Otley with her "immenſe fortune. This change was "brought about ſuddenly. It was ſettled "in Norfolk, immediately after Lord De-"lamere's return from Ireland. I congra-"tulate you and Lord W. on an event "which I conclude *muſt* to *both* of you be "pleaſing. I have ſeen none of the fa-"mily for near three weeks, as they are "gone back into Norfolk; only my bro-"ther called for a moment, and ſeemed "to be greatly hurried; by which, as well "as from other circumſtances, I conclude "that preparations are making for the "wedding immediately."

May, 18.

Lady Weſthaven, who ſaw all hopes of being allied to the friend of her heart for ever at an end—who believed that ſhe had always

always cherifhed an affection for her brother, and who fuppofed that in confequence of his defertion fhe was left in mortifying dependance on Lord Montreville, was infinitely hurt at this information. The letter from her father to Emmeline confirmed all her apprehenfions. There was a freezing civility in the ftyle, which gave no hopes of his alleviating by generofity and kindnefs the pain which her Ladyfhip concluded Emmeline muft feel; while Lord Weft-haven, knowing that to her whom he thus infulted with the diftant offer of fifty or an hundred pounds, he really was accountable for the income of an eftate of four thoufand five hundred a year, for near nineteen years, and that he ftill withheld that eftate from her, could hardly contain his indignation even before his wife; whom he loved too well not to wifh to conceal from her the ill opinion he could not help conceiving of her father.

Emmeline, who was far from feeling that degree of pain which Lady Weftbaven concluded muft penetrate her heart, was yet unwilling to fhew that fhe actually received

with pleasure (tho' somewhat allayed by Lord Montreville's coldness) an emancipation from her engagement. Of her partiality to Godolphin, her friend had no idea; for Emmeline, too conscious of it to be able to converse about him without fearing to betray herself, had studiously avoided talking of him after their first meeting; and she now imagined that Lady Westhaven, passionately fond of her brother as she was, would think her indifference affected thro' pique! and carried too far, if she did not receive the intelligence of their eternal separation with some degree of concern. These thoughts gave her an air of vexation and embarrassment which would have saved her the trouble of dissimulation had she been an adept in it's practice. Extremely harrassed and out of spirits before, tears now, in spite of her internal satisfaction, and perhaps partly arising from it, filled her eyes; while Lady Westhaven, who was greatly more hurt, exclaimed—

"My brother then marries Miss Otley! "After all I have heard him say, I thought "it impossible!"

"He

"He will however, I doubt not, be "happy," anſwered Emmeline. "The "ſatisfaction of having made Lord and "Lady Montreville completely happy, "muſt greatly contribute to his being ſo "himſelf."

"Heaven grant it!" replied Lady Weſthaven. "Poor Frederic! he throws away "an invaluable bleſſing! Whether he will "in any other, find conſolation, I greatly "doubt. But however changed *his* heart "may be, my deareſt Emmeline," added ſhe, tenderly embracing her, "I think I "can venture to aſſure you that thoſe of "Lord Weſthaven and your Auguſta, will, "towards you, ever be the ſame."

Emmeline now wiſhed to put an end to a converſation which Lady Weſthaven ſeemed hardly able to ſupport; and ſhe languiſhed herſelf to be alone. Forcing therefore a ſmile, tho' the tears ſtill fell from her eyes, ſhe ſaid—"My dear friends, tho' I "expected this long ago, yet I beg you "to conſider that being *but* a woman, and "of courſe vain, my pride is a little "wounded, and I muſt recollect all your

" kindneſs, to put me in good humour
" again with myſelf. Do not let the Che-
" valier followed me; for I am not diſpoſed
" to hear any thing this evening, after
" theſe ſweeteſt and moſt conſoling aſſur-
" ances of your ineſtimable friendſhip.
" Therefore I ſhall take Madelon with me,
" and go for a walk."

She then left the room, Lady Weſthaven not attempting to detain her; and her Lord, vexed to ſee his gentle Auguſta thus uneaſy, remained with her, pointing out to her the faireſt proſpects of eſtabliſhment for her beloved Emmeline; tho' he thought the preſent an improper opportunity to open to her his knowledge of thoſe circumſtances in her friend's fortune, which, without ſuch conſpicuous merit, could hardly fail of obtaining it.

To go to a great diſtance from the houſe, alone, Emmeline had not courage; to ſtay near it, ſubjected her to the intruſion and importunity of the Chevalier. She therefore determined to take Madelon, whoſe preſence would be ſome protection without any interruption to her thoughts. She had

wiſhed,

wiſhed, ever ſince her arrival at St. Alpin, to viſit alone the borders of the lake of Geneva. Madelon, alert and ſprightly, undertook to ſhew her the pleaſanteſt way, and led her thro' a narrow path croſſing a hill covered with broom and coppice wood, into a dark and gloomy wood of fir, cypreſs, and cheſnut, that extended to the edge of the water; from which it was in ſome places ſeparated by rocks pointing out into the lake, while in others the trees grew almoſt in the water, and dipped their extremities in the limpid waves beneath them.

Madelon informed Emmeline that this was the place where the ſervants of the caſtle aſſembled to dance of an holyday, in the ſhade; and where boats uſually landed that came from the other ſide of the lake.

The ſcene, ſoftened into more penſive beauty by the approach of a warm and ſerene evening, had every thing in it that could charm and ſoothe the mind of the lovely orphan. But her internal feelings were at this time too acute to ſuffer her to

attended to outward circumſtances. ſhe wiſhed only for tranquillity and ſilence, to collect her thoughts; and bidding Madelon find herſelf a ſeat, ſhe went a few yards into the wood, and ſat down on the long graſs, where even Madelon might not remark her.

The events of the two laſt days appeared to be viſions rather than realities. From being an indigent dependant on the bounty of a relation, whoſe caprice or avarice might leave her entirely deſtitute, ſhe was at once found to be heireſs to an extenſive property. From being bound down to marry, if he pleaſed, a man for whom ſhe felt only ſiſterly regard, and who had thrown her from him in the voilence of unreaſonable jealouſy and gloomy ſuſpicion, ſhe was now at liberty to indulge the affections ſhe had ſo long vainly reſiſted, and to think, without preſent ſelf-accuſation, or the danger of future repentance, of Godolphin. In imagination, ſhe already beheld him avowing that tenderneſs which he had before generouſly ſtruggled to conceal. She ſaw him, who ſhe believed would have taken her *without* fortune, receiving in her eſtate the

the means of beſtowing happineſs, and the power of indulging his liberal and noble ſpirit. She ſaw the tender, unhappy Adelina, reconciled to life in contemplating the felicity of her dear William; and Lord Weſthaven, to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, glorying in the good fortune of a brother ſo deſervedly beloved; while ſtill calling her excellent and lovely friend Auguſta by the endearing appellation of ſiſter, ſhe ſaw her forget, in the happineſs of Godolphin, the concern ſhe had felt for Delamere.

From this delicious dream of future bliſs, ſhe was awakened ſomewhat ſuddenly by Madelon; who running towards her, told her that a boat, in which there appeared to be ſeveral men, was pointing to land juſt where ſhe had been ſitting. Emmeline, wearied as ſhe was with the Chevalier's gallantry, immediately ſuppoſed it to be him, and ſhe knew he was out on the lake. She therefore advanced a ſtep or two to look. It was ſo nearly dark that ſhe could only diſtinguiſh a man ſtanding in the boat, whoſe figure appeared to be that of Bello-

zane; and taking Madelon by the arm, ſhe haſtily ſtruck into the wood, to avoid him by returning to St. Alpin before he ſhould perceive her.

She had hardly walked twenty paces, when ſhe heard the boat put on ſhore, and two or three perſons leap out of it. Still hoping, however, to get thro' the wood before Bellozane could overtake her, ſhe almoſt ran with Madelon. But ſomebody ſeemed to purſue them. Her cloaths were white, and ſhe knew, that notwithſtanding the evening was ſo far ſhut in, and the path obſcured by trees, ſhe muſt yet be diſtinguiſhed gliding between their branches. The perſons behind gained upon her, and her pace quickened as her alarm encreaſed; for ſhe now apprehended ſomething yet more diſagreeable than being overtaken by Bellozane. Suddenly ſhe heard—"*Arre-*
"*tez, arettez, Meſdames! de grace dites*
"*moi ſi vous etes de la famille du Baron de*
"*St. Alpin?*."*

* Stay, ſtay a moment, ladies! Have the goodneſs to tell me whether you belong to the family of the Baron de St. Alpin?

The

The firſt word of this ſentence ſtopped the flying Emmeline, and fixed her to the ſpot where ſhe ſtood. It was the voice of Godolphin—Godolphin himſelf was before her!

The ſuddenneſs of his appearance quite overcame her, breathleſs as ſhe was before from haſte and fear; and finding that to ſupport herſelf was impoſſible, ſhe ſtaggered towards a tree which grew on the edge of the path, but would have fallen if Godolphin had not caught her in his arms.

He did this merely from the impulſe of his natural gallantry and good nature. What were his tranſports, when he found that the fugitive whom he had undeſignedly alarmed by aſking a direction to St. Alpin, was his adored Emmeline; and that the lovely object whoſe idea ſince their firſt meeting, had never a moment been abſent from it, he now preſſed to his throbbing heart? Inſtantly terrified, however, to find her ſpeechleſs, and almoſt inſenſible, he ordered the ſervant who followed him to run back for ſome water; and ſeating her gently on the ground, he threw himſelf down by

her and ſupported her; while Madelon, wringing her hands called on her *aimable* her *belle maitreſſe*; and was too much frightened to give her any aſſiſtance.

Before the man returned with the water, her recollection was reſtored, and ſhe ſaid, faintly—" Mr. Godolphin! Is it poſſible?"

" Loveliest Miſs Mowbray, how thought-
" leſſly have I alarmed you!— Can you
" forgive me?"

" Ah!" cried ſhe, diſengaging herſelf from his ſupport—" how came you here,
" and from whence?"

Godolphin, without conſidering, and almoſt without knowing what he ſaid, replied—" I come from Lord Delamere."
" From Lord Delamere!" exclaimed ſhe, in amazement. " Is he not in Lon-
" don then?—is he not married?"

" No; I overtook him at Beſançon,
" where he lies ill—very ill!"

" Ill!" repeated Emmeline.—" Ill, and
" at Beſançon!—merciful heaven!"

She now again relapſed almoſt into inſenſibility: for at the mention of Goldolphin's having overtaken him, and having left him ill,

ill, a thouſand terrific and frightful images crouded into her mind; but the predominant idea was, that it was on her account they had met, and that Delamere's illneſs was a wound in conſequence of that meeting.

That ſuch an imagination ſhould poſſeſs her, Godolphin had no means of knowing. He therefore very naturally concluded that the violent ſorrow which ſhe expreſſed, on hearing of Delamere's illneſs, aroſe from her love towards him; and, in ſuch a concluſion, he found the ruin of thoſe hopes he had of late fondly cheriſhed.

"Happy, happy Delamere!" ſaid he, ſighing to himſelf.—"Her firſt affections "were his, and never will any ſecondary "tenderneſs ſuperſede that early impreſſion. "Alas! his rejection of her, has not been "able to efface it—For me, there is no-"thing to hope! and while I thus hold "her to my heart, I have loſt her for ever! "I came not hither, however, ſolely on "my own account, but rather to ſave "from pain, her and thoſe ſhe loves. 'Tis "not then of myſelf I am to think."

While these reflections passed thro' his mind, he remained silent; and Emmeline concluded that his silence was owing to the truth of her conjecture. The grief of Lady Westhaven for her brother, the despair of Lord Montreville for his son, presented themselves to her mind; and the contemptuous return of her promise, which a few hours before she thought of with resentment, was now forgotten in regret for his illness and pity for his sufferings.

"Ah!" cried she, trying to rise, "what "shall I say to Lady Westhaven?—How "disclose to her such intelligence as this?"

"It was to prevent her hearing it "abruptly," said Godolphin, "that I came "myself, rather than sent by a messenger "or a letter, such distressing information."

So strongly had the idea of a duel between them taken possession of the mind of Emmeline, that she had no courage to ask particulars of his illness; and shuddering with horror at the supposition that the hand Godolphin held out to assist her was stained with the blood of the unfortunate Delamere, she drew her's hastily and almost involuntarily

tarily from him; and taking again Madelon's arm, attempted to haſten towards home.

But the ſcene of anguiſh and terror which ſhe muſt there encounter with Lady Weſthaven, the diſtreſs and vexation of her Lord, and the miſery of believing that Godolphin had made himſelf for ever hateful to all her own family, and that if her couſin died ſhe could never again behold him but with regret and anguiſh, where altogether reflections ſo overwhelming, and ſo much more than her harraſſed ſpirits were able to ſuſtain, that after tottering about fifty yards, ſhe was compelled to ſtop, and gaſping for breath, to accept the offered aſſiſtance of Godolphin. Strongly prepoſſeſſed with the idea of her affection for Delamere, he languidly and mournfully lent it. He had no longer courage to ſpeak to her; yet wiſhed to take meaſures for preventing Lady Weſthaven's being ſuddenly alarmed by his appearance; and he feared, that not his appearance only, but his countenance, would tell her that he came not thither to impart tidings of happineſs.

It was now quite dark; and the ſlow pace in which only Emmeline could walk, had not yet carried them through the wood. The agitation of Emmeline encreaſed: ſhe wiſhed, yet dreaded to know the particulars of Delamere's ſituation; and unable to ſummons courage to enquire into it, ſhe proceeded mournfully along, almoſt borne by Godolphin aud Madelon; who underſtanding nothing of what had been ſaid, and not knowing who the gentleman was who had thus frightened her miſtreſs, was herſelf almoſt as much in diſmay.

After a long pauſe, Emmeline, in faultering accents, aſked "if the ſituation of "Lord Delamere was abſolutely deſpe-"rate?"

"I hope, and believe not," ſaid Godolphin. "When I left him, at leaſt, there "where hopes of a favourable iſſue."

"Ah! wherefore did you leave him? "Why not ſtay at leaſt to ſee the event?"

"Becauſe he ſo earneſtly deſired that his "ſiſter might know of his ſituation, and "that I only might acquaint her with it "and preſs her to go to him."

"She

"She will need no entreaties. Poor, "poor Delamere!"—ſighing deeply, Emmeline again became ſilent.

They were to mount a ſmall hill which was between the wood they had left and the grounds immediately ſurrounding St. Alpin, which was extremely ſteep and rugged. Before ſhe reached the top, ſhe was quite exhauſted.

"I beleive," ſaid ſhe, "I muſt again "reſt before I can proceed."

She ſat down on a bank formed by the roots of the trees which ſuſtained the earth, on the edge of the narrow path.

Godolphin, exceſſively alarmed at her weakneſs and dejection, which he ſtill attributed to the anguiſh ſhe felt for Delamere, ſat by her, hardly daring to breath himſelf, while he liſtened to her ſhort reſpiration, and fancied he heard the violent palpitation of her heart.

"And how long do you think," ſaid ſhe, again recurring to Delamere—"how long "may he linger before the event will be "known:"

"I really hope, and I think I am not "too

" too ſanguine, that the fever will have
" left him before we ſee him again."

" The fever!" repeated Emmeline—
" has he a fever then?"

" Yes," replied Godolphin—" I thought
" I told you that a fever was his complaint.
" But had you not better, my dear Madam,
" think a little of yourſelf! Ill as you ap-
" pear to be, I ſee not how you are to get
" home unleſs you will ſuffer me to go on
" and procure ſome kind of conveyance
" for you."

" I ſhall do very well," anſwered ſhe,
" as I am, if you will only tell me about
" Lord Delamere. He has only a fever?"

" And is it not enough," ſaid Godolphin. " Tho', were I Lord Delemere, I
" ſhould think an illneſs that called forth
" in my favour the charming ſenſibility of
" Miſs Mowbray, the happieſt event of
" my life."

Having ſaid this, he fell into a profound ſilence. The certainty of her affection for Delamere, deprived him of all ſpirits when he moſt wanted to exert them. Yet it was neceſſary to take ſome meaſures for introducing

ducing himself at S. Alpin without alarming Lady Westhaven, and to consider how he was to account to his brother for Delamere's estrangement from Emmeline; and while he canvassed these and many other perplexities, Emmeline, who was relieved from the most distressing of her apprehensions, and dared not for the world reveal what those apprehensions had been, in some degree recovered herself; and growing anxious for Lady Westhaven, said she believed she could now walk home.

As she was about to rise with an intention to attempt it, they heard the sound of approaching voices, and almost immediately lights appeared above the hill, while "Mademoiselle! — Miss Mowbray! — "Madelon!—Madelon!"—was frequently and loudly repeated by the persons who carried them.

"The Baron and Lord Westhaven," said Emmeline, "alarmed at my being out "so late, have sent persons in search of me."

Her conjecture was right. In a moment the Chevalier, with a flambeau in his hand, was before them; who, when he found

Emmeline

Emmeline ſitting in ſuch a place, ſupported by a young man whom he had never before ſeen, was at once amazed and diſpleaſed. There was no time for explanation. Lord Weſthaven immediately followed him; and after ſtopping a moment to conſider whether the figure of Godolphin which roſe before him was not an illuſion, he flew eagerly into his arms.

The manly eyes of both the brothers were filled with tears. Lord Weſthaven had not ſeen Godolphin for four years; and, ſince their laſt parting, they had loſt their father. After a ſhort pauſe, his Lordſhip introduced Godolphin to Bellozane; and then taking the cold and trembling hand of Emmeline, who leaned languidly on Madelon, he ſaid—

"And you, my lovely couſin, for whoſe "ſafety we have been above an hour in "the cruelleſt alarm, where did you find "William, and by what extraordinary "chance are ye here together?"

Emmeline with great difficulty found voice enough to explain their accidental meeting. And Bellozane obſerving her

apparent

apprent faintneſs, ſaid—" you ſeem, " Mademoiſelle, to be extremely fatigued. " Pray allow me the honour of giving you " my arm."

" If you pleaſe," ſaid ſhe, in a low voice. And ſuppoſing that Godolphin would be glad to have ſome converſation with his brother, ſhe accepted his aſſiſtance and proceeded.

This preference, however, of Bellozane, Godolphin imputed to her coldneſs or diſlike towards himſelf; and ſo ſtruck was he with the cruel idea, that it was not without an effort he recollected himſelf enough to relate to his brother, as they walked, all that it was neceſſary for him to know. Lord Weſthaven, anxious for a life ſo precious to his wife and her family as was that of Lord Delamere, determined immediately to go to him. At preſent it was neceſſary to reveal as tenderly as poſſible his ſituation to his ſiſter, Lady Weſthaven; and firſt to diſſipate the uneaſineſs ſhe had ſuffered from the long abſence of Emmeline.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

LORD Weſthaven firſt entered the room where his wife was, whoſe alarming apprehenſions at Emmeline's long ſtay were by this time extreme.

"Our Emmeline is returned, my love," ſaid he, "and has met with no accident."

Lady Weſthaven eagerly embracing her, reproached her tenderly for her long abſence. But then obſerving how pale ſhe looked, and the fatigue and oppreſſion ſhe ſeemed to ſuffer, her Ladyſhip ſaid—

"Surely you have been frightened—or "you are ill? You look ſo faint!"

"She is a little ſurpriſed," interrupted Lord Weſthaven, ſeeing her ſtill unable to anſwer for herſelf. "She has brought us a "viſitor whom we did not expect. My "brother Godolphin landed juſt as ſhe "was returning home."

At this intelligence Lady Weſthaven could expreſs only pleaſure. She had never

ſeen

ſeen Godolphin, who was now introduced, and received with every token of regard by her Ladyſhip, as well as by the Baron and Mrs. St. Alpin; who beheld with pleaſure another ſon of their ſiſter, and beheld him an honour to their family.

Bellozane, however, ſaw his arrival with leſs ſatisfaction. He remembered that Emmeline had been, as ſhe had told him, well acquainted with Godolphin in England; and recollected that whenever he had been ſpoken of, ſhe had always done juſtice to his merit, yet rather evaded than ſought the converſation. Her extraordinary agitation on his arrival, which was ſuch as diſabled her from walking home, ſeemed much greater than could have been created by the ſight of a mere acquaintance; his figure was ſo uncommonly handſome, his countenance ſo intereſting, and his addreſs ſuch a fortunate mixture of dignity and ſoftneſs, that Bellozane, vain as he was, could not but acknowledge his perſonal merit; and began to fear that the coldneſs and inſenſibility of Emmeline, which he had, till now, ſuppoſed perſeverance would

vanquiſh,

vanquiſh, were leſs occaſioned by her affected blindneſs to his own perfections, than by her prepoſſeſſion in favour of another.

Whatever internal diſpleaſure this idea of rivalry gave the Chevalier, he overwhelmed Godolphin with profeſſions of regard and eſteem, not the leſs warm for being wholly inſincere.

But Godolphin, who ſaw, in the encreaſing dejection of Emmeline, only a confirmation of her attachment to Delamere, drooped in hopeleſs deſpondence. Emmeline, unable to ſupport herſelf, retired early to her room; and Godolpoin, complaining of fatigue, was conducted to his by Bellozane; while Lord Weſthaven meditated how to diſcloſe to his wife, without too much diſtreſſing her, the illneſs of her brother. He thought, that as ſhe had ſuffered a good deal of vexation in the courſe of the day, as well as terror at Emmeline's abſence at ſo late an hour in the evening, he would defer till the next morning this unwelcome intelligence. As ſoon, however, as ſhe was retired, he communicated to his uncle and aunt the ſituation of Lord Delamere, and the neceſſity there

there was for their quitting St. Alpin the next day, to attend him; an account which they both heard with ſincere regret. Mrs. St. Alpin heartily wiſhed Lord Delamere was with *her*, being perſuaded ſhe could immediately cure him with remedies of her own preparing; while the Baron expreſſed his vexation and regret to find the viſit of his nephews ſo much ſhortened.

Lord Weſthaven went to his own apartment in great uneaſineſs. He heard from his brother, that Lord Delamere, repenting of his renunciation of Emmeline, was coming to St. Alpin, when illneſs ſtopped him at Beſançon. He knew not how to act about her; who, heireſs to a large fortune, was of ſo much more conſequence than ſhe had been hitherto ſuppoſed. He had a long contention in view with Lord Montreville; and was now likely to be embarraſſed with the paſſion of Delamere, if he recovered, (who would certainly expect his influence over Emmeline to be exerted to obtain his pardon); or if the event of his illneſs ſhould prove fatal, he dreaded the

anguiſh

anguiſh of Lady Weſthaven and the deſpair of the whole family.

He was beſides hurt at that melancholy and unhappy appearance, ſo unlike his former manners, which he had obſerved in Godolphin; and for which, ignorant of his paſſion for Emmeline, he knew not how to account. His ſhort converſation with him had cleared up no part of the myſtery which he could not but perceive hung about the affairs of Lady Adelina; and he only knew enough to diſcover that ſomething remained which it would probably pain him to know thoroughly.

The pillow of Emmeline alſo was ſtrewn with thorns. For tho' the ſharpeſt of them was removed, by having heard that Delamere was ill without having ſuffered from the event of any diſpute in which he might on her account have engaged, ſhe was extremely unhappy that he had, in purſuit of her, come to France, which ſhe now concluded muſt be the caſe, and ſorry for the diſquiet which ſhe foreſaw muſt ariſe from his indiſpoſition and his love.

She was ſure that Lady Weſthaven would immediately

immediately fly to her brother. And in that event how was ſhe herſelf to act?

Could ſhe ſuffer her generous, her tender friend, to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, to encounter alone all the fatigue and anxiety to which the ſickneſs and danger of this beloved brother would probably expoſe her? Yet could ſhe ſubmit to the appearance of ſeeking a man who had ſo lately renounced her for ever, with coldneſs, contempt, and inſult? If ſhe went not with Lady Weſthaven, ſhe had no choice but that of travelling acroſs France alone, to rejoin Mrs. Stafford; ſince ſhe could not remain with propriety a moment at St. Alpin, with the Chevalier de Bellozane; whoſe addreſſes ſhe never meant to encourage, and whoſe importunate paſſion perſecuted and diſtreſſed her. Godolphin too!—whither would Godolphin go? Could ſhe go where he was, and conceal her partiality? or could ſhe, by accompanying him to Beſançon, plunge another dagger in the heart of Delamere, and ſhew him, not only that he had loſt that portion of her regard he

had once poſſeſſed, but that all her love was now given to another.

That ſhe was moſt partial to Godolphin, ſhe could no longer attempt to conceal from herſelf. The moment her fears that he had met Delamere hoſtilely were removed, all her tenderneſs for him returned with new force. She again ſaw all the merit, all the nobleneſs of his character; but ſhe ſtill tormented herſelf with uneaſy conjectures as to the cauſe of his journey to Switzerland; and wearied herſelf with conſidering how ſhe ought to act, 'till towards morning, when falling, thro' mere fatigue and laſſitude, into a ſhort ſlumber, ſhe ſaw multiplied and exaggerated, in dreams, the dreadful images which had diſturbed her waking; and ſtarting up in terror, determined no more to attempt to ſleep. It was now day break; and wrapping herſelf in her muſlin morning gown and cloak, ſhe went down into the garden of Mrs. St. Alpin, where, ſeated on a bench, under a row of tall walnut trees, which divided it from the vineyard, ſhe leaned her head againſt one of them; and loſt in reflections on the

ſtrangeneſs

ſtrangeneſs of her fate, and the pain of her ſituation, ſhe neither ſaw or heard any thing around her.

Godolphin, in the anxiety ſhe had expreſſed for Delamere, believed he ſaw a confirmation of his fears; which had always been that the early impreſſion he had made on her heart would be immovable, and that neither his having renounced her or his raſh and heedleſs temper would prevent her continuing to love him. Wretched in this idea, he concluded all hopes of obtaining her regard for ever at an end; while every hour's experience of his own feelings, whether he thought of or ſaw her, convinced him that his love, however deſperate, was incurable. Accuſtomed to fatigue, all that he had endured the day before could not reſtore to him that repoſe which was driven away by theſe reflections. Almoſt as ſoon as he ſaw it was light, he left his room, and with leſs intereſt than he would once have taken in ſuch a ſurvey, wandered over the antique apartments of the paternal houſe of his mother. He then went down into the garden; and muſing rather than

obſerving, paſſed along the ſtrait walk that went between the walnut trees into the vineyard. At the end of it he turned, and, in coming again towards the houſe, ſaw Emmeline ſitting on the bench beneath them, who had not ſeen him the firſt time he paſſed her, but who now appeared ſurpriſed at his approach.

She had not, however, time to riſe before he went up to her, and bowing gravely, enquired how ſhe did after the alarm he had been ſo unfortunate as to give her the evening before?

"I fear," ſaid he, ſeating himſelf by her, "that Miſs Mowbray is yet indiſ-
"poſed from her late walk and my incon-
"ſiderate addreſs to her. I know not how
"to forgive myſelf for my indiſcretion,
"ſince it has diſtreſſed you."

"Such intelligence as I had the misfor-
"tune of hearing, Sir, of the brother of
"Lady Weſthaven—a brother ſo dear to her
"—could hardly fail of affecting me. I
"ſhould have been concerned had a ſtran-
"ger been ſo circumſtanced; but when—"

"Ah!

"Ah! Madam," interrupted Godolphin, "you need not repeat all the claims which "give the fortunate Delamere a right to "your favour. But do not suffer yourself, "on his account, to be so extremely alarmed. "I hope the danger is by no means so "great as to make his recovery hopeless. "Since of those we love, the most minute "account is not tedious, and since it may, "perhaps, alleviate your apprehensions "for his safety, will you allow me to re-"late all I know of his illness! It will en-"gage me, perhaps, in a detail of our first "acquaintance, and carry me back to cir-"cumstances which I would wish to for-"get; if your gratification was not in my "mind a consideration superior to every "other."

Emmeline, trembling, yet wishing to hear all, could not refuse. She bowed in silence; and Godolphin considering that as an assent, reassumed his discourse.

"Soon after I had the happiness of see-ing you last, my wish to embrace Lady Clancarryl and her family (from whose house

I had been long obliged to abſent myſelf becauſe Mr. Fitz-Edward was with them) carried me to Ireland; and to my aſtoniſhment I there met Lord Delamere.

"The relationſhip between their families, made my ſiſter anxiouſly invite him to Lough Carryl. Thither reluctantly he came; and an accident informed him that I had the good fortune, by means of Lady Adelina Trelawny, to be known to you.

"He did me the honour to ſhew me particular attention; and the morning after he found I had the happineſs of being acquainted with Miſs Mowbray, he took occaſion, when we were alone, to aſk me, abruptly, whether I knew Colonel Fitz-Edward? I anſwered that I certainly did, by the connection in our families: and that he was *once* my moſt intimate friend.

"He then unreſervedly, and with vehemence ſaid, that Fitz-Edward was a villain! Aſtoniſhed and hurt at an aſſertion which (how true ſoever it might be) I thought alluded to that unhappy affair which I hoped was a ſecret, I eagerly aſked an

explanation

explanation. But judge, Miſs Mowbray, of the aſtoniſhment, the pain, with which I heard him impute to *you* the error of my unfortunate Adelina — when I ſaw him take out three anonymous letters, one of which I found had haſtened his return from France, purporting that Fitz-Edward had availed himſelf of his abſence to win your affections, that he had taken, of thoſe affections, the moſt ungenerous advantage, and that on going to a place named (which I remembered to be the houſe where my little William was nurſed,) he might himſelf ſee an unequivocal proof of your fatal attachment and Fitz-Edward's perfidy.

"When I had read theſe odious letters, and liſtened to ſeveral circumſtances he related, which confirmed in his apprehenſion the truth of the aſſertions they contained, he went on to inform me, that following this cruel information, he had ſeen you with the infant in your arms; had bitterly reproached you, and then had quitted you for ever!—But as he could not reſt without trying to puniſh the infamous conduct of Fitz-Edward, he had purſued him to Ire-

land, where, instead of finding him, he heard that he was gone to France, undoubtedly to meet you, by your own appointment; but as Lord Clancarryl still expected him back, he determined to wait a little longer, in hopes of an opportunity of discussing with him the subjects of complaint he had related.

"Tho' I immediately saw what I ought to do, astonishment for a moment kept me silent, and in that moment we were interrupted.

"This delay, however unwelcome, gave me time for reflection. Lord Delamere was to go the same day from Lough Carryl to Dublin. I resolved to follow him thither, and relate the whole truth; since I would by no means suffer your generous and exalted friendship for my sister to stain the lovely purity of a character which only the malice of fiends could delight in blasting, only the blind and infatuated rashness of jealousy, a moment believe capable of blemish! Many reasons induced me, however, to delay this necessary explanation 'till I saw him at his own lodgings. Thither

ther I followed him, two days after he departed from Lough Carryl. But on enquiring for him, was ſurpriſed and mortified to find that he had received letters from England which had induced him immediately to return thither, and that he had ſailed in the packet for Holyhead the day after his arrival at Dublin."

Emmeline, aſtoniſhed at the malice which appeared to have been exerted againſt her, remained ſilent; but in ſuch tremor, that it was with difficulty ſhe continued to hear him.

"I now, therefore, relinquiſhed all thoughts of returning to the houſe of my ſiſter, and followed him by the firſt conveyance that offered, greatly apprehending, that if the letters he had received gave him notice of Fitz-Edward's return to London, my interpoſition would be too late to prevent their meeting. I knew the haſty and inconſiderate Delamere would, without an explanation, ſo conduct himſelf towards Fitz-Edward, that neither his ſpirit or his profeſſion would permit him to bear; and that if they met, the conſequence muſt, to one of

them, be fatal. I was impatient too to rescue your name, Madam, from the unmerited aspersions which it bore. But when I arrived in London, and hastened to Berkley-Square, I heard that Lord and Lady Montreville, together with Lady Frances Crofts, her husband, and Lord Delamere, had gone all together to Audley Hall, immediately after his return from Ireland. Thither, therefore, I went also."

"Generous, considerate Godolphin!" sighed Emmeline to herself.

"Tho' related, by my brother's marriage, to the family of the Marquis of Montreville, I was a stranger to every member of it but Lord Delamere. He was gone to dine out; and in the rest of the family I observed an air of happiness and triumph, which Lord Montreville informed me was occasioned by the marriage which was intended soon to take place between his son and Miss Otley; whose immense fortune, and near relationship to his mother's family, had made such a marriage particularly desirable. I was glad to hear he was likely to be happy; but it was not therefore the

less

leſs neceſſary to clear up the error into which he had fallen. On his coming home, he appeared pleaſed and ſurpriſed to ſee me; but I ſaw in his looks none of that ſatiſfaction which was ſo evident in thoſe of the reſt of the houſe.

" As ſoon as we were alone, he ſaid to me—' You ſee me, Mr. Godolphin, at ' length taken in the toils. Immediately ' after leaving Lough Carryl, I received a ' letter from a perſon in London, whom I ' had employed for that purpoſe, which ' informed me that he heard, at the office ' of the agent to Fitz-Edward's regiment, ' that he was certainly to be in town in a ' few days. He named, indeed, the exact ' time; and I, who imagined that pains ' had been taken to keep us from meeting, ' determined to return to England inſtantly, ' that he might not again avoid me. On ' reaching London, however, I found ' that the intelligence I had received was ' wholly unfounded, and originated in the ' miſtake of a clerk in the agent's office. ' None knew where Fitz-Edward was, or ' when he would return; and though I

'wrote to enquire at Rouen, where I imagined the residence of Miss Mowbray 'might induce him to remain, I have yet 'had no answer. The entreaties and tears 'of my mother prevailed on me to come 'down hither; and reckless of what becomes of me, since Emmeline is undoubtedly lost to me for ever, I have yielded 'to the remonstrance of my father and the 'prayers of my mother, and have contented 'to marry a woman whom I cannot love. 'Let not Fitz-Edward, however, imagine,' (vehemently and fiercely he spoke) 'that 'he is with impunity to escape; and that 'tho' my vengeance may be delayed, I 'can *forgive* the man who has basely robbed 'me of her whom I *could* love—whom I '*did* love—even to madness!

"I own to you, Madam, that when I found this unfortunate young man had put into his father's hands the promise you had given him, and that it was returned to you, I felt at once pity for him, and—hope for myself, which, 'till then, I had never dared to indulge."

Godolphin had never been thus explicit before.

before. Pale as death, and deprived of the power as well as of the inclination to interrupt him, Emmeline awaited, in breathless silence, the close of this extraordinary narrative.

"It was now," reassumed he, "my turn to speak. And trusting to his honour for his silence about my unhappy sister, I revealed to him the whole truth. I at once cleared your character from unjust blame, and, I hope, did justice to those exalted virtues to which I owe so much. I will not shock your gentle and generous bosom with a relation of the wild phrenzy, the agonies of regret and repentance, into which this relation threw Lord Delamere. Concerned at the confusion his reproaches and his anguish had occasioned to the whole family, I lamented that I could not explain to *them* what I had said to *him*, which had produced so sudden a change in his sentiments about you; but to such women as the Marchioness of Montreville and her daughter, I could not relate the unhappiness of my poor Adelina; and Delamere steadily refused to tell them how he became convinced of your in-

nocence,

nocence, and the wicked arts which had been uſed to miſlead him; which he openly imputed to the family of the Crofts', againſt whom his fiery and vindictive ſpirit turned all the rage it had till now cheriſhed againſt Fitz-Edward.

"The Marquis, tho' extremely hurt, had yet candour enough to own, that if I was convinced that the cauſes of complaint which his ſon had againſt you were ill founded, I had done well in removing them. Yet I ſaw that he wiſhed I had been leſs anxious for the vindication of innocence; and he beheld, with an uneaſy and ſuſpicious eye, what he thought officious interference in the affairs of his family. I obſerved too, that he believed when the influence that he ſuppoſed I had over the mind of Lord Delamere was removed, he ſhould be able to bring him back to his engagements with Miſs Otley, which had, I found, been hurried on with the utmoſt precipitation. The ladies, who had at firſt overwhelmed me with civilities, now appeared ſo angry, that notwithſtanding Lord Delamere's entreaties that I would ſtay with him till he could determine

termine how to act, I immediately returned to London; and from thence, after passing a week with Adelina, whom I had only seen for a few hours since my return from Ireland, I set out for St. Alpin."

"But Lord Delamere, Sir?" said Emmeline, inarticulately.

"Alas! Madam," dejectedly continued Godolphin," I mean not to entertain you on what relates to myself; but to hasten to that which I farther have to say of the fortunate Delamere! I waited a few days at Southampton for a wind; and then landing at Havre, proceeded to St. Germains, where Mrs. Stafford's last letters had informed Adelina she was settled. I knew too, that you were gone with my brother and Lady Westhaven to St. Alpin. Mrs. Stafford had only the day before forwarded to you Lord Montreville's letter, which, by one from his Lordship to herself she knew contained the promise you had given Lord Delamere. She said, that this renunciation would give you no pain. She made me hope that your heart was not irrevocably his. Ah! why did I suffer such illusions to lead me on to this

conviction!

conviction! But pray forgive me, lovely Miſs Mowbray! I am ſtill talking of myſelf. From St. Germains I made as much haſte as poſſible to Beſançon. I rode poſt; and, juſt as I got off my horſe at the hotel, was accoſted by a French ſervant, whom I knew belonged to Lord Delamere.

"The man expreſſed great joy at ſeeing me, and beſought me to go with him to his maſter, who, he ſaid, had, thro' fatigue and the heat of the weather, been ſeized with a fever, and was unable to proceed to St. Alpin, whither he was going.

"I was extremely concerned at his journey; and, I hope, not ſo ſelfiſh as to be unmoved by his illneſs. I found, indeed, his fever very high, but greatly irritated and encreaſed by his impatience. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he told me that he was hurrying to St. Alpin, in hopes of obtaining your pardon; that he had broke off his engagement with Miſs Orley, and never would return to England till he carried you thither as his wife.

'I am now well enough to go on, indeed Godolphin,' added he, 'and if I *can but ſee her!*———'

"I was

"I was by no means of opinion that he was in a condition to travel. His fever encreaſed; after I left him in the evening, he grew delirious; and Milleſleur, terrified, came to call me to him. I ſat up with him for the reſt of the night; and being accuſtomed to attend invariably to the illneſs of men on ſhip board, I thought I might venture, from my experience, to direct a change in the method which the phyſician he had ſent for purſued. In a few hours he grew better, and the delirium left him; but he was then convinced that he was too weak to proceed on his journey.

"He knew I was coming hither, and he entreated me to haſten my departure. 'Go, my good friend,' ſaid he—'ſend 'Auguſta to me. She will bring with her 'the generous, the forgiving angel, whom 'my raſh folly has dared to injure! She 'will behold my penitence; and, if her par-'don can be obtained, it will reſtore me to 'life; but if I cannot ſee them—if I lin-'ger many days longer in ſuſpence, my 'illneſs muſt be fatal!'

"As I really did not think him in great danger,

danger, and ſaw every proper care was now taken of him, I determined to come on; not only becauſe I wiſhed to ſave Lady Weſthaven the pain of hearing of his illneſs by any other means, but becauſe—"

He was proceeding, when a deep and convulſive ſigh from Emmeline made him look in her face, from which he had hitherto kept his eyes, (unable to bear the varying expreſſions it had ſhewn of what he thought her concern for Delamere.) He now beheld her, quite pale, motionleſs, and to all appearance lifeleſs. Her ſenſe of what ſhe owed to the generoſity of Godolphin; her concern for Delamere: and the dread of thoſe contending paſſions which ſhe foreſaw would embitter her future life, added to the ſleepleſs night and fatiguing day ſhe had paſſed, had totally overcome her. Godolphin flew for aſſiſtance. The ſervants were by this time up, and ran to her. Among the firſt of them was Le Limoſin, who expreſſed infinite anxiety and concern for her, and aſſiduouſly exerted himſelf in carrying her into the houſe; where ſhe ſoon recovered, begged Godolphin's pardon for the

the trouble ſhe had given, and was going to her own room, led by Madelon, when Bellozane ſuddenly appeared, and offered his aſſiſtance, which Emmeline faintly declining, moved on.

Godolphin, who could not bear to leave her in ſuch a ſtate, walked ſlowly by her, tho' ſhe had refuſed his arm. The expreſſion of his countenance, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on her face, would have informed any one leſs intereſted than Bellozane, of what paſſed in his heart; and the Chevalier ſurveyed him with looks of angry obſervation, which did not eſcape Emmeline, ill as ſhe was. On arriving, therefore, at the foot of the ſtaircaſe, ſhe beſought, in Engliſh, Godolphin to leave her, which he inſtantly did. She then told the Chevalier that ſhe would by no means trouble him to attend her farther; and he, ſatisfied that no preference was ſhewn to his couſin, at leaſt in this inſtance, bowed, and returned with him into the room where they uſually aſſembled in a morning, and where they found Lord Weſthaven.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

HIS Lordſhip told them that Lady Weſthaven had been leſs alarmed at the account he had given her of Delamere than he had apprehended; and that ſhe was preparing to begin their journey towards him immediately after breakfaſt.

"I muſt ſend," continued he, "Miſs "Mowbray to her; who is, I underſtand, "already up and walking."

Bellozane then informed his Lordſhip of what he knew of Emmeline. But Godolphin was ſilent: he dared not truſt himſelf with ſpeaking much of her; he dared not relate her illneſs, leaſt the cauſe of it ſhould be enquired into. "Does "Miſs Mowbray go with my ſiſter?" aſked he.

"That I know not," replied Lord Weſthaven. "Auguſta will very reluc-"tantly go without her. Yet her ſituation "in regard to Lord Delamere is ſuch"—

He

He ceased speaking; looked embarrassed; and, soon after, the Chevalier quitting the room, before whom civility would not allow them to converse long in English, and to whom his Lordship thought he had no right to reveal the real situation of Emmeline, while it yet remained unknown to others, he related to his brother the circumstances of the discovery that had been made of her birth, and of her consequent claim to the Mowbray estate.

Godolphin, who would, from the obscurest indigence, have chosen her in preference to all other women, heard this account with pleasure, only as supposing that independance might be grateful to her sensibility, and affluence favourable to the liberality of her spirit. But the satisfaction he derived from these reflections, was embittered and nearly destroyed, when he considered, that her acquiring so large a fortune would make her alliance eagerly sought by the very persons who had before scorned and rejected her; and that all the family would unite in persuading her to forgive Delamere, the more especially as

this

this would be the only means to keep in it the Mowbray eſtate, and to preclude the neceſſity of refunding the income which had been received for ſo many years, and which now amounted to a great ſum of money. When the preſſing inſtances of all her own family, and particularly of Lady Weſthaven, whom ſhe ſo tenderly loved, were added to the affection he believed ſhe had invariably felt for Delamere, he thought it impoſſible that her pride, however it might have been piqued by the deſertion of her lover, could make any effort againſt a renewal of her engagement; and his own hopes, which he had never cheriſhed till he was convinced Delamere had given her up, and which had been weakened by her apparent affection for him, were by this laſt event again ſo nearly annihilated, that, no longer conſcious he retained any, he fancied himſelf condemned ſtill to love, ſerve and adore the object of his paſſion, without making any effort to ſecure it's ſucceſs, or being permitted to appear otherwiſe than as her friend. He was vexed that he had been unguard-

unguardedly explicit, in telling her that he had ever indulged thoſe hopes at all; ſince he now feared it would be the means of depriving her converſation and her manner, when they were together, of that charming frankneſs, of which, tho' it rivetted his chains and encreaſed his torments, he could not bear to be deprived. Melancholy and deſponding, he continued long ſilent after Lord Weſthaven ceaſed ſpeaking. Suddenly, however, awakening from his reverie, he ſaid—"Does your "Lordſhip think Miſs Mowbray *ought* "to go to meet Lord Delamere?"

"Upon my word I know not how to "adviſe: my wife is miſerable without "her, and fancies the ſight of her will "immediately reſtore Delamere. On the "other hand, I believe Emmeline herſelf "will with reluctance take a ſtep that will, "perhaps, appear like forcing herſelf into "the notice of a man from whom ſhe has "received an affront which it is hardly in "female nature to forgive."

They were now interrupted by Bellozane, who flew about the houſe in evident

uneaſineſs

uneaſineſs and confuſion. He did not yet know how Emmeline was to be diſpoſed of: he ſaw that Lord Weſthaven was himſelf uncertain of it; and he had been applying for information to Le Limoſin and Madelon, who had yet received no order to prepare for her departure.

While Emmeline had created in the boſoms of others ſo much anxiety, ſhe was herſelf tortured with the cruelleſt uncertainty. Unable to reſolve how ſhe ought to act, ſhe had yet determined on nothing, when Lady Weſthaven ſent for her, who, as ſoon as ſhe entered the room, ſaid—

"My dear Emmeline, are you not pre-
"paring for our journey?"

"How can I, dearest Madam—how can
"I, with any propriety, go where Lord
"Delamere is? After the ſeparation which
"has now ſo decidedly and irrevocably
"taken place between us, ſhall I intrude
"again on his Lordſhip's ſight? and ſo-
"licit a return of that regard with which
"I moſt ſincerely wiſh he had forborne
"to honour me?"

"You are piqued, my lovely friend;
"and

" and I own with great reaſon. But Mr.
" Godolphin has undoubtedly told you
" that poor Frederic is truly penitent;
" that he has taken this journey merely to
" deprecate your juſt anger and to ſolicit his
" pardon. Will my Emmeline, generous
" and gentle as ſhe is to others, be inex-
" orable only to him? Beſides, my ſweet
" coz, pray conſider a moment, what elſe
" can you do? You certainly would not
" wiſh to ſtay here? Surely you would not
" travel alone to St. Germains. And let
" me add my own hopes that you will not
" quit me now, when poor Frederic's ill-
" neſs, and my own precarious health,
" make your company not merely pleaſant
" but neceſſary."

" That is indeed a conſideration which
" muſt have great force with me. When
" Lady Weſthaven commands, how ſhall
" I diſobey, even though to obey be directly
" contrary to my judgment and my wiſhes."

" Commands, my dear friend," very gravely, and with an air of chagrin, ſaid her Ladyſhip, " are neither for me to give
" or for you to receive. Certainly if you

" are ſo determined againſt going with me,
" I muſt ſubmit. But I did not indeed
" think that Emmeline, however the bro-
" ther may have offended her, would thus
" have reſented it to the ſiſter."

" I ſhould be a monſter, Lady Weſt-
" haven," (hardly was ſhe able to reſtrain her tears as ſhe ſpoke,)— " was I a moment
" capable of forgetting all I owe you. But
" do you really think I *ought* again to
" put myſelf in the way of Lord Dela-
" mere—again to renew all the family con-
" tention which his very unfortunate par-
" tiality for me has already occaſioned;
" and again to hazard being repulſed with
" contempt by the Marquis, and ſtill more
" probably by the Marchioneſs of Montre-
" ville. My lot has hitherto been humble:
" I have learned to ſubmit to it, if not
" without regret, at leaſt with calmneſs and
" reſignation; yet pardon me if I ſay, that
" however unhappy my fortune, there is
" ſtill ſomething due to myſelf; and if I
" again make myſelf liable to the humilia-
" tion of being *refuſed*, I ſhall feel that I
" am degraded in mind, as much as I have

" been

" been in circumſtances, and loſt to that " proper pride to which innocence and " rectitude has in the loweſt indigence a " right, and which cannot be relinquiſhed " but with the loſs of virtue."

The ſpirit which Emmeline thought herſelf obliged to exert, was immediately loſt in ſoftneſs and in ſorrow when ſhe beheld Lady Weſthaven in tears; who, ſobbing, ſaid—" Go then, Miſs Mowbray!—Go, " my dear Emmeline! (for dear you muſt " ever be to me) leave *me* to be unhappy, " and poor Frederic to die."

" Hear me, my dear Madam!" anſwered ſhe with quickneſs—" If to *you* I " can be of the leaſt uſe, I will heſitate no " longer; but let it then be underſtood that " I go *with* you, and by no means *to* " Lord Delamere."

" It ſhall be ſo underſtood—be aſſured, my " love, it ſhall! You will not, then, leave " me?—You will ſee my poor brother?"

" My beſt, my deareſt friend," replied Emmeline, collecting all her fortitude, " hear me without reſentment explain to " you at once the real ſituation of my heart

" in regard to Lord Delamere. I feel for
" him the trueſt concern; I feel it for him
" even to a painful exceſs; and I have an
" affection for him, a ſiſterly affection for
" him, which I really believe is little in-
" ferior to your own. But I will not de-
" ceive you; nor, ſince I am to meet him,
" will I ſuffer him to entertain hopes that
" it is impoſſible for me to fulfil. To be
" conſidered as the friend, as the ſiſter of
" Lord Delamere, is one of the firſt wiſhes
" my heart now forms—againſt ever being
" his wife, I am reſolutely determined".

" Impoſſible! Surely you cannot have
" made ſuch a reſolution?"

" I have indeed!—Nor will any conſi-
" deration on earth induce me from that
" determination to recede."

" And is it anger and reſentment only
" have raiſed in your heart this decided en-
" mity to my poor brother? Or is it, that
" any other——"

Emmeline, whoſe colourleſs cheeks were ſuffuſed with a deep bluſh at this ſpeech, haſtily interrupted it.—

" Whatever, dear Lady Weſthaven, are
" my

" my motives for the decision, it is irrevo-
" cable; as Lord Delamere's sister, I shall
" be honoured, if I am allowed to consi-
" der myself.—As such, if my going with
" you to Besançon will give you a day's—
" an hour's satisfaction, I go."

" Get ready then, my love. But in-
" deed, cruel girl, if such is your resolu-
" tion it were better to leave you here, than
" take you only to shew Lord Delamere
" all he has lost, while you deprive him
" of all hopes of regaining you. But I
" will yet flatter myself you do not mean
" all this. 'At lovers perjuries they say
' Jove laughs.'—And those of my fair cou-
" sin will be forgiven, should she break
" her angry vow and receive her poor peni-
" tent. Come, let us hasten to begin our
" journey to him; for tho' that dear Go-
" dolphin, whom I shall love as long as I
" live," (ah! thought Emmeline, and so
shall I) " assures me he does not think him
" in any danger, my heart will sadly ache
" till I see him myself."

Emmeline then left her to put up her cloaths and prepare for a journey to which

ſhe was determined ſolely by the preſſing inſtances of Lady Weſthaven. To herſelf ſhe foreſaw only uneaſineſs and embarraſſment; and even found a degree of cruelty in permitting Lord Delamere to feed, by her conſenting to attend him, thoſe hopes to which ſhe now could never accede, unleſs by condemning herſelf to the moſt wretched of all lots—that of marrying one man while her love was another's. The late narrative which ſhe had heard from Godolphin, encreaſed her affection for him, and took from her every wiſh to oppoſe it's progreſs; and tho' ſhe was thus compelled to ſee Delamere, ſhe determined not to deceive him, but to tell him ingenuouſly that he had loſt all that tenderneſs which her friendſhip and long acquaintance with him would have induced her to cheriſh, had not his own conduct deſtroyed it—

But it was hardly leſs neceſſary to own to him part of the truth, than to conceal the reſt. Should he ſuſpect that Godolphin was his rival, and a rival fondly favoured, ſhe knew that his pride, his jealouſy, his reſentment, would hurry him into exceſſes

more

more dreadful than any that had yet followed his impetuous love or his unbridled paſſions.

The apprehenſions that he muſt, if they were long together, diſcover it, were more ſeverely diſtreſſing than any ſhe had yet felt; and ſhe reſolved, both now and when they reached Beſançon, to keep the ſtricteſt guard on her words and looks; and to prevent if poſſible her real ſentiments being known to Delamere, to Lady Weſthaven, and to Godolphin himſelf.

So painſul and ſo difficult appeared the diſſimulation neceſſary for that end, and ſo contrary did ſhe feel it to her nature, that ſhe was withheld only by her love to Lady Weſthaven from flying to England with Mrs. Stafford; and ſhould ſhe be reſtored to her eſtate, ſhe thought that the only chance ſhe had of tranquillity would be to hide herſelf from Delamere, whom ſhe at once pitied and dreaded, and from Godolphin, whom ſhe tenderly loved, in the ſilence and ſecluſion of Mowbray Caſtle.

Her embarraſſment and uneaſineſs were encreaſed, when, on her joining Lord and

Lady Weſthaven, whoſe carriages and baggage were now ready, ſhe found that the Chevalier de Bellozane had inſiſted on eſcorting them; an offer which they had no pretence to refuſe. On her taking leave of the Baron, he very warmly and openly recommended his ſon to her favour; and Mrs. St. Alpin, who was very fond of her, repeated her wiſhes that ſhe would liſten to her nephew; and both with unfeigned concern ſaw their Engliſh viſitors depart. Captain Godolphin had a place in his brother's chaiſe; Madelon occupied that which on the former journey was filled by Bellozane in the coach, the Chevalier now proceeding on horſeback.

During the journey, Emmeline was low and dejected; from which ſhe was ſometimes rouſed by impatient enquiries and fearful apprehenſions which darted into her mind, of what was to happen at the end of it. Every thing he obſerved, confirmed Godolphin in his perſuaſion that her heart was wholly Delamere's: her behaviour to himſelf was civil, but even ſtudiouſly diſtant; while the unreſerved and ardent addreſſes

of

of Bellozane, who made no myſtery of his pretenſions, ſhe repulſed with yet more coldneſs and ſeverity: and tho' towards Lord and Lady Weſthaven the ſweetneſs of her manners was yet preſerved, ſhe ſeemed overwhelmed with ſadneſs, and her vivacity was quite loſt.

As ſoon as they reached Beſançon, Lord Weſthaven directed the carriages to ſtop at another hotel, while he went with his brother to that where Lord Delamere was. At the door, they met Millefleur; who, overjoyed to ſee them, related, that ſince Mr. Godolphin left his maſter, the violence of his impatience had occaſioned a ſevere relapſe, in which, according to the orders Mr. Godolphin had given, the ſurgeons had bled and bliſtered him; that he was now again better, but very weak; yet ſo extremely ungovernable and ſelf-willed, that the French people who attended him could do nothing with him, and that his Engliſh footmen, and Millefleur himſelf, were forced to be conſtantly in his room to prevent his leaving it or committing ſome other exceſs that might again irritate the

fever and bring on alarming ſymptoms. They haſtened to him; and found not only that his fever ſtill hung on him, tho' with leſs violence, but that he was alſo extremely emaciated; and that only his youth had ſupported him thro' ſo ſevere an illneſs, or could now enable him to ſtruggle with it's effects.

The moment they entered the room, he enquired after his ſiſter and Emmeline; and hearing the latter was actually come, he proteſted he would inſtantly go to her.

Lord Weſthaven and Godolphin reſolutely oppoſed ſo indiſcreet a plan: the former, by his undeviating rectitude of mind and excellent ſenſe, had acquired a greater aſcendant over Delamere than any of his family had before poſſeſſed; and to the latter he thought himſelf ſo much obliged, that he could not refuſe to attend to him. He conſented therefore at length to remain where he was; and Lord Weſthaven haſtened back to his wife, whom he led immediately to her brother.

She embraced him with many tears; and was at firſt greatly ſhocked at his altered

countenance,

countenance and reduced figure. But as Lord Weſthaven and Godolphin both aſſured her there was no longer any danger if he would conſent to be governed, ſhe was ſoothed into hope of his ſpeedy recovery, and ſoon became tolerably compoſed.

As Lord Weſthaven and Godolphin ſoon left them alone, he began to talk to his ſiſter of Emmeline. He told her, that when he had been undeceived by Mr. Godolphin, and the ſcandalous artifices diſcovered which had raiſed in his mind ſuch injurious ſuſpicions, he had declared to Lord and Lady Montreville his reſolution to proceed no farther in the treaty which they had hurried on with Miſs Otley, and had ſolicited their conſent to his renewing and fulfilling that, which he had before entered into with Miſs Mowbray; but that his mother, with more anger and acrimony than ever, had ſtrongly oppoſed his wiſhes; and that his father had forbidden him, on pain of his everlaſting diſpleaſure, ever again to think of Emmeline.

After having for ſome time, he ſaid, combated their inveterate prejudice, he had left them abruptly, and ſet out with his

three ſervants for St. Alpin, (where Godolphin informed him Emmeline was to be;) when a fever, owing to heat and fatigue, ſeized and confined him where he now was.

"Ah, tell me, my ſiſter, what hopes are "there that Emmeline will pardon me? "May I dare enquire whether ſhe is yet "to be moved in my favour?"

Lady Weſthaven, who during their journey could perceive no ſymptoms that her reſolution was likely to give way, dared not feed him with falſe hopes; yet unwilling to depreſs him by ſaying all ſhe feared, ſhe told him that Emmeline was greatly and with juſtice offended; but that all he could at preſent do, was to take care of his health. She entreated him to conſider the conſequence of another relapſe, which might be brought on by his eagerneſs and emotion; and then conjuring him to keep all he knew of Lady Adelina a ſecret from Lord Weſthaven (the neceſſity of which he already had heard from Godolphin) ſhe left him and returned to Emmeline.

To avoid the importunity of Bellozane, and the melancholy looks of Godolphin, which

which affected her with the tendereſt ſorrow, ſhe had retired to a bed chamber, where ſhe waited the return of Lady Weſthaven with impatience.

Her ſolicitude for Delamere was very great; and her heart greatly lightened when ſhe found that even his tender and apprehenſive ſiſter did not think him in any immediate danger, and believed that a few days would put him out of hazard even of a relapſe.

She now again thought, that ſince Lady Weſthaven had nothing to fear for his life, her preſence would be leſs neceſſary; and her mind, the longer it thought of Mowbray Caſtle, adhering with more fondneſs to her plan of flying thither, ſhe conſidered how ſhe might obtain in a few days Lady Weſthaven's conſent to the preliminary meaſure of quitting Beſançon.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE the heiress of Mowbray Castle meditated how to escape thither from the embarrassed and uneasy situation in which she now was; and while she fancied that in retirement she might conceal, if she could not conquer, her affection for Godolphin, (tho' in fact she only languished for an opportunity of thinking of him perpetually without observation), Lady Westhaven laid in wait for an occasion to try whether the ruined health and altered looks of her brother, would not move, in his favour, her tender and sensible friend.

While Delamere kept his chamber, Emmeline easily evaded an interview; but when, after three or four days, he was well enough to leave it, it was no longer possible for her to escape seeing him. However Godolphin thought himself obliged to bury in silence his unfortunate passion, he could

could not diveſt himſelf of that painful curioſity which urged him to obſerve the behaviour of Emmeline on their firſt meeting. Bellozane had diſcovered on what footing Lord Delamere had formerly been; and he dreaded a renewal of that preference ſhe had given her lover, to which his proud heart could ill bear to ſubmit, tho' he could himſelf make no progreſs in her favour. Tho' Lady Weſthaven had entreated her to ſee Delamere alone, ſhe had refuſed; aſſigning as a reaſon, that as he could never again be to her any other than a friend, nothing could poſſibly paſs which her other friends might not hear. Delamere was obliged therefore to brook the hard conditions of ſeeing her as an indifferent perſon, or not ſeeing her at all. But tho' ſhe was immovably determined againſt receiving him again as a lover, ſhe had not been able to ſteel her heart againſt his melancholy appearance; his palid countenance, his emaciated form, extremely affected her. And when he approached her, bowed with a dejected air, and offered to take her hand—her haughtineſs, her reſent-

ment forſook her—ſhe trembling gave it, expreſſed in incoherent words her ſatiſfaction at ſeeing him better, and betrayed ſo much emotion, that Godolphin, who with a beating heart narrowly obſerved her, ſaw, as he believed, undoubted proof of her love, and ſymptoms of her approaching forgiveneſs.

Delamere, who, whenever he was near her, ceaſed to remember that any other being exiſted; would, notwithſtanding the preſence of ſo many witneſſes, have implored her pardon and her pity; but the moment he began to ſpeak on that ſubject, ſhe told him, with as much reſolution as ſhe could command, that the ſubject was to her ſo very diſagreeable, as would oblige her to withdraw if he perſiſted in introducing it.

While his looks expreſſed how greatly he was hurt by her coldneſs, thoſe of Godolphin teſtified equal dejection. For however ſhe might repreſs the hopes of his rival by words of refuſal and reſentment, he thought her countenance gave more unequivocal intelligence of the real ſtate of her

her heart. Bellozane, as proud, as little uſed to controul and diſappointment, and with more perſonal vanity than Lord Delamere, beheld with anger and mortification the pity and regard which Emmeline ſhewed for her couſin; and ceaſing to be jealous of Godolphin, he ſaw every thing to apprehend from the rank, the fortune, the figure of Delamere — from family connection, which would engage her to liſten to him— from ambition, which his title would gratify—from her tenderneſs to Lady Weſthaven, and from the return of that affection which ſhe had, as he ſuppoſed, once felt for Lord Delamere himſelf.

But the more invincible the obſtacles which he ſaw riſing, appeared, the more ſatisfaction he thought there would be in conquering them. And to yield up his pretenſions, on the firſt appearance of a formidable rival, was contrary to his enterpriſing ſpirit, and his ideas of that glory, which he equally coveted in the ſervice of the fair and of the French King.

With theſe ſentiments of each other, the reſtraint and miſtruſt of every party impeded

general

general or chearful converſation. Godolphin ſoon left the room, to commune with his own uneaſy thoughts in a ſolitary walk: Lord Weſthaven would then have taken out Bellozane, in order to give Lord Delamere an opportunity of being alone with his ſiſter and Emmeline; but he was determined not to underſtand hints on that ſubject; and when his Lordſhip aſked him to take an afternoon's walk, found means to refuſe it. Afraid of leaving two ſuch combuſtible ſpirits together, Lord Weſthaven, to the great relief of Emmeline, ſtaid with them till Delamere retired for the night.

But the behaviour of Bellozane to Emmeline, which was very particular, as if he wiſhed it to be noticed, had extremely alarmed Delamere; and whenever they afterwards met, they ſurveyed each other with ſuch haughty reſerve, and their converſation bordered ſo nearly on hoſtility and defiance, that Emmeline, who expected every hour to ſee their animoſity blaze out in a challenge, could ſupport her uneaſineſs about it no longer; and ſending early to ſpeak to Lord Weſthaven on the beginning

ning of the ſecond week of their ſtay, ſhe repreſented to him her fears, and entreated him to prevail on the Chevalier to leave them and return to St. Alpin.

" I have attempted it already," ſaid he; " but with ſo little ſucceſs, that if I preſs it " any farther I muſt quarrel with him my- " ſelf. I know perfectly well that your " fears have too much foundation; and " that if we can neither ſeparate or tran- " quilliſe theſe unquiet ſpirits, we ſhall " have ſome diſagreeable affair happen be- " tween them. I know nothing that can " be done but your accepting at once your " penitent couſin."

" No, my Lord," anſwered ſhe, with an air of chagrin, " that I will not do! " I moſt ardently wiſh Lord Delamere well, " and would do any thing to make him " happy—except ſacrificing my own hap- " pineſs, and acting in oppoſition to my " conſcience."

" Why, my dear Emmeline, how is " this? You had once, ſurely, an affection " for Delamere; and his offence againſt " you, however great, admits of conſider-

" able

"able alleviation. Consider all the pains "that were taken to disunite you, and the "importunity he suffered from his family. "Surely, when you are convinced of his "repentance you should restore him to "your favour; and however you may be "superior to considerations of fortune and "rank, yet when they unite in a man other-"wise unexceptionable they should have "some weight."

"They have none with me, upon my "honour, my Lord. And since we have "got upon this topic, I will be very ex-"plicit—I am determined on no account "to marry Lord Delamere. But that I "may give no room to charge me with ca-"price or coquetry (since your Lordship "believes I once had so great a regard for "him), or with that unforgiving temper "which I see you are disposed to accuse me "of, it is my fixed intention, if I obtain, "by your Lordship's generous interposi-"tion, the Mowbray estate, to retire to "Mowbray Castle, and never to marry at "all."

Lord Westhaven, at the solemnity and

gravity

gravity with which ſhe pronounced theſe words, began to laugh ſo immoderately, and to treat her reſolution with ridicule ſo pointed, that he firſt made her almoſt angry, and then obliged her to laugh too. At length, however, ſhe prevailed on him again to liſten to her apprehenſions about Delamere and Bellozane.

"Do not, my Lord, rally me ſo cruelly; "but for Heaven's ſake, before it is too "late, prevent any more meetings between "theſe two raſh and turbulent young men. "Why ſhould the Chevalier de Bellozane "ſtay here?"

"Becauſe it is his pleaſure. I do aſſure "you ſeriouſly, my dear Miſs Mowbray, "that I have almoſt every day ſince we "came hither attempted to ſend my fiery "couſin back to St. Alpin. But my anx-"iety has only piqued him; and he de-"termines more reſolutely to ſtay becauſe "he ſees my motive for wiſhing him gone. "He is exactly the character which I have "ſomewhere ſeen deſcribed by a French "poet.—A young man who,

——— "leger, impetueux,
"De ſoi meme rempli, jaloux, preſomptueux,
"Bouillant

" Bouillant dans ses passions; cedant a ses caprices
" Pour un peu de valeur, se passoit de tous ses vices."*

" Yet, among all his faults, poor Bello-
" zane has some good qualities; and I am
" really sorry for this strange perseverance
" in an hopeless pursuit, because it pre-
" vents my asking him to England. I
" give you my honour, Emmeline," con-
tinued his Lordship, in a more serious tone,
" that I have repeatedly represented to him
" the improbability of his success; but he
" answers that you have never positively
" dismissed him by avowing your prefer-
" ence to another; that he knows your
" engagement with Lord Delamere is dis-
" solved, and that he considers himself at
" liberty to pursue you till you have deci-
" dedly chosen, or even till you are actu-
" ally married. Nay, I doubt whether
" your being married would make any dif-
" ference in the attentions of this eccentric

* ——— Volatile—impetuous——
Full of himself—jealous—presumptuous—
Fiery in his passions; yielding to every caprice;
And who believes some courage an apology for all his vices.

" and

" and presuming Frenchman, for I do not
" consider Bellozane as a Swiss."

" Well, but my dear Lord, if the Che-
" valier will persist in staying, I must de-
" termine to go. I see not that my re-
" maining here will be attended with any
" good effects. It may possibly be the cause
" of infinite uneasiness to Lady Westhaven.
" Do, therefore, prevail upon her to let me
" go alone to St. Germains. When I am
" gone, Lord Delamere will think more
" of getting well than of forcing me into
" a new engagement. He will then soon
" be able to travel; and the Chevalier de
" Bellozane will return quietly to the Ba-
" ron."

" Why to speak ingenuously, Emme-
" line, it *does* appear to me that it were on
" every account more proper for you to be
" in England. Thither I wish you could
" hasten, before it will be possible for Lord
" Delamere, or indeed for my wife, who
" must travel slowly, to get thither. I do
" not know whether your travelling with
" us will be strictly proper, on other ac-
" counts; but if it were, it would be ren-

" dered

"dered uneasy to you by the company of "these two mad headed boys; for Bello-"zane I am sure intends, if you accompany "us, to go also."

"What objection is there then to my "setting out immediately for St. Ger-"mains, with Le Limosin and Madelon, "if Lady Westhaven would but consent "to it?"

"I can easily convince her of the necess-"sity of it; but I foresee another objec-"tion that has escaped you."

"What is that, my Lord?"

"That Bellozane will follow you."

"Surely he will not attempt it?"

"Indeed I apprehend he will. I have "no manner of influence over him; and he "is here connected with a set of military "men, who are the likeliest people in the "world to encourage such an enterprize— "and if at last this Paris should carry off "our fair Helen!"—

"Nay, but my Lord do not ridicule "my distress."

"Well then, I will most seriously and "gravely counsel you: and my advice is,

"that

"that you set out as soon as you can get "ready, and that my brother Godolphin "escort you."

Emmeline was conscious that she too much wished such an escort; yet fearing that her preference of him would engage Godolphin in a quarrel with Bellozane or Lord Delamere, perhaps with both, she answered, while the deepest blush dyed her cheeks—

"No, my Lord, I cannot—I mean not— "I should be sorry to give Captain Go- "dolphin the trouble of such a journey— "and I beg you not to think of it—."

"I shall speak to him of it, however."

"I beg, my Lord—I intreat that you "will not."

"Here he is—and we will discuss the "matter with him now."

Godolphin at this moment entered the room; and Lord Westhaven relating plainly all Emmeline's fears, and her wishes to put an end to them by quitting Besançon, added the proposal he had made, that Godolphin should take care of her till she joined Mrs. Stafford.

Tho' Godolphin saw in her apprehensions for the safety of Delamere, only a conviction of her tender regard for him, and considered his own attachment as every way desperate; yet he could not refuse himself, when it was thus offered him, the pleasure of being with her—the exquisite tho' painful delight of being useful to her. He therefore eagerly expressed the readiness, the happiness, with which he should undertake so precious a charge.

Emmeline, fearful of betraying her real sentiments, overacted the civil coldness with which she thought it necessary to refuse this offer. Godolphin, mortified and vexed at her manner as much as at her denial, ceased to press his services; and Lord Westhaven, who wondered what could be her objection, since of the honour and propriety of Godolphin's conduct he knew she could not doubt, seemed hurt at her rejection of his brother's friendly intention of waiting on her; and dropping the conversation, went away with Godolphin.

She saw that her conduct inevitably impressed on the mind of the latter a conviction

tion of her returning regard for Delamere; and she feared that to Lord Westhaven it might appear to be the effect of vanity and coquetry.

"Perhaps he will think me," said she, "so vain as to suppose that Godolphin has "also designs, and that therefore I decline "his attendance; and coquet enough to wish "for the pursuit of these men, whom I only "affect to shun, and for that reason prefer "going alone, to accepting the protection "of his brother. Yet as I know the sen-"timents of Godolphin, which it appears "Lord Westhaven does not, surely I had "better suffer his ill opinion of me, than "encourage Godolphin's hopes; which, till "Delamere can be diverted from prosecut-"ing his unwelcome addresses, will inevi-"tably involve him in a dispute, and such "a dispute as I cannot bear to think of."

Uncertain what to do, another day passed; and on the following morning, while she waited for Lady Westhaven, she was addressed by Godolphin, who calmly and gravely enquired if she would honour him with any commands for England?

"Are you going then, Sir, before my "Lord and Lady?"

"I am going, Madam, immediately."

"By way of Paris?"

"Yes, Madam, to Havre; whence I "shall get the quickest to Southampton, "and to the Isle of Wight. I am uneasy "at the entire solitude to which my ab-"sence condemns Adelina."

"You have heard no unfavourable news, "I hope, of Lady Adelina or your little "boy?"

"None. But I am impatient to return "to them."

"As you are going immediately, Sir," said Emmeline (making an effort to conquer a pain she felt rising in her bosom) "I will not detain you by writing to Lady "Adelina. Perhaps—as it is possible—"as I hope"—

She stopped. Godolphin looked anxious to hear what was possible, what she hoped.

"As I shall so soon, so very soon be in "England, perhaps we may meet," resumed she, speaking very quick—"possi-

"bly

"bly I may have the happiness of seeing "her Ladyship and dear little William."

"To meet *you*," replied Godolphin, very solemnly, "Adelina shall leave her "solitude; for certainly a journey to see "her in it will hardly be undertaken by "*Lady Delamere*."

He then in the same tone wished her health and happiness till he saw her again, and left her.

He was no sooner gone, than she felt disposed to follow him and apologize for her having so coldly refused his offers of protection. Pride and timidity prevented her; but they could not stop her tears, which she was obliged to conceal by hurrying to her own room. Lady Westhaven soon after sent for her to a late breakfast: she found Lord Delamere there; but heard that Godolphin was gone.

Soon after breakfast, Lady Westhaven and her brother, (who could not yet obtain a clear intermission of the fever which hung about him, and who continued extremely weak,) went out together for an airing; and Lord Westhaven, unusually grave,

was left reading in the room with Emmeline.

He laid down his book. "So," said he, "William is flown away from us."

It was a topic on which Emmeline did not care to truſt her voice.

"I wiſh you could have determined to "have gone with him."

"I wiſh, my Lord, I could have re-"conciled it to my ideas of propriety; "ſince certainly I ſhould have been happy "and ſafe in ſuch an eſcort; and ſince, "without any at all, I muſt, in a day or "two, go."

"I believe it will be beſt. Lord Dela-"mere is no better; and Bellozane has no "thought of leaving us entirely, tho' his "military friends take up ſo much of his "time that he his luckily leſs with Dela-"mere. Lord Delamere has again, Miſs "Mowbray, been imploring me to apply "to you. He wiſhes you only to hear "him. He complains that you fly from "him, and will not give him an oppor-"tunity of entering on his juſtification."

"I am extremely concerned at Lord

"Delamere's

"Delamere's unhappiness. But I must re-
"peat that I require of his Lordship no
"justification; that I most sincerely forgive
"him if he supposes he has injured me;
"but that as to any proposals such as he
"once honoured me with, I am absolutely
"resolved never to listen to them; and I
"entreat him to believe that any future
"application on the subject must be en-
"tirely fruitless."

"Poor young man!" said Lord Westhaven. "However you must consent to see
"him alone, and to tell him so yourself;
"for from me he will not believe you so
"very inflexible—so very cruel."

"I am inflexible, my Lord, but surely
"not cruel. The greatest cruelty of which
"I could be guilty, either to Lord Dela-
"mere or myself, would be to accept his
"offers, feeling as I feel, and thinking as
"I think."

"I do not know how we shall get him
"to England, or what will be done with
"him when he is there."

"He will do well, my Lord. Doubt
"it not."

"Upon my honour I *do* doubt it! It is
"to me aſtoniſhing that a young man ſo
"volatile, ſo high-ſpirited as Delamere,
"ſhould be capable of an attachment at
"once ſo violent and ſo ſteady."

"Steady!—Has your Lordſhip forgot-
"ten Miſs Otley?"

"His wavering then was, you well know,
"owing to ſome evil impreſſions he had
"received of you; which, tho' he refuſes
"to tell me the particulars, he aſſures me
"were conveyed and confirmed with ſo
"much art, that a more diſpaſſionate and
"cooler lover would have believed them
"without enquiry. How then can you
"wonder at *his* petulent and eager ſpirit
"ſeizing on probable circumſtances, which
"his jealouſy and apprehenſion immedi-
"ately converted into conviction? As
"ſoon as he knew theſe ſuſpicions were
"groundleſs, did he not fly to implore
"your pardon; and haſten, even at the
"hazard of his life, to find and appeaſe
"you? Such is the preſent ſituation of his
"mind and of his health, that I very ſe-
"riouſly

"riously assure you I doubt whether he "will survive your total rejection."

Emmeline, unable to answer this speech gravely, without betraying the very great concern it gave her, assumed a levity she did not feel.

"Your Lordship," said she, "is dis-"posed to think thus, from the warm and "vehement manner in which Lord Dela-"mere is accustomed to express himself. "If he is really unhappy, I am very sorry; "but I am persuaded time, and the more "fortunate alliance which he is solicited to "form, will effect a cure. Don't think "me unfeeling if I answer your melancholy "prophecy in the words of Rosalind—

"'Men have died from time to time, and worms have "eat them—but not for love.'

She then ran away, and losing all her forced spirits the moment she was alone, gave way to tears. She fancied they flowed entirely for the unhappiness of poor Delamere, and for her uncertain situation. But tho' the former uneasiness deeply affected her sensible heart, many of the tears she shed were because Godolphin was gone,

and she knew not when she should again see him.

Godolphin, repining and wretched, pursued his way to Paris. He thought that Emmeline's coldness and reserve were meant to put an end to any hopes he might have entertained; and that her reconciliation and marriage with Lord Delamere must inevitably take place as soon as he had, by her dissimulated cruelty, punished him for his raſhney and his errors. His daily observation confirmed him in this opinion: he saw, that in place of her candid and ingenuous manners, a studied conduct was adopted, which concealed her real sentiments—sentiments which he concluded to be all in favour of Delamere. And finding that he could not divest himself of his passion for her, he thought that it was a weakness, if not a crime, to indulge it in her presence, while it imposed on himself an insupportable torment; and that, by quitting her, he should at least conceal his hopeless attachment, and save himself the misery of seeing her actually married to Lord Delamere. He determined, therefore, to tear himself

himself away; and to punish himself for the premature expectations with which he had begun his journey to St. Alpin, by shutting himself up at East Cliff (his house in the Isle of Wight) and refusing himself the sight of her, of whom it would be sufficient misery to think, when she had given herself to her favoured and fortunate lover.

Full of these reflections, Godolphin continued his road, intending to take the passage boat at Havre. But at the hotel he frequented at Paris, he met a gentleman of his acquaintance who was going the next day to England by way of Calais; and as he had his own post chaise, and only his valet with him, he told Godolphin that if he would take a place in his chaise he would send his servant post. This offer Godolphin accepted: and altering his original design, went with his friend to Calais to cross to England.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was now impossible for Emmeline to avoid a conversation with Lord Delamere, which his sister urged her so earnestly to allow him. Bellozane was, by the French officers, with whom he principally lived, engaged out for two days; and Lord and Lady Westhaven easily found an opportunity to leave Emmeline with Delamere.

He was no sooner alone in her presence, than he threw himself on his knees before her—"Will you," cried he, "ah! will "you still refuse to hear and to forgive "me? Have I offended beyond all hopes "of pardon?"

"No, my Lord.—I do most readily and "truly forgive every offence, whether real "or imaginary, that you believe you have "committed against me."

"You forgive me—but to what pur-"pose?—Only to plunge me yet deeper

"into

" into wretchedneſs. You forgive me—
" but you deſpiſe, you throw me from
" you for ever. Ah! rather continue to
" be angry, than diſtract me by a pardon
" ſo cold and careleſs!"

" If your Lordſhip will be calm—if you
" will riſe, and hear me with temper, I will
" be very explicit with you; but while
" you yield to theſe extravagant tranſports,
" I cannot explain all I wiſh you to under-
" ſtand; and muſt indeed beg to be re-
" leaſed from a converſation ſo painful to
" me, and to you ſo prejudicial."

Delamere roſe and took a chair.

" I need not, Sir," ſaid Emmeline, collecting all her courage, " recall to your
" memory the time ſo lately paſſed, when
" I engaged to become your's, if at the ex-
" piration of a certain period Lord and
" Lady Montreville conſented, and you
" ſtill remained diſpoſed to beſtow on me
" the honour of your name."

" What am I to expect," cried Delamere, eagerly interrupting her—" Ah! what
" am I to expect from a preface ſo cold
" and cruel? You have indeed no occa-

" ſion

"sion to recall to my memory those days
" when I was allowed to look forward to
" that happiness, which now, thro' the
" villainy of others, and my own madness
" and idiotism, I have lost. But, Madam,
" it must not, it cannot be so easily relin-
" quished! By heaven I will not give
" you up!—and if but for a moment I
" thought——"

" You seemed just now, Sir, disposed
" to hear me with patience. Since, how-
" ever, you cannot even for a few minutes
" forbear these starts of passion, I really
" am unequal to the task of staying with
" you."

She would then have hastened away; but Delamere forcibly detaining her, again protested he would be calm, and again she went on.

" At that time, I will own to you, that
" without any prepossession, almost with-
" out a wish either to accept or decline the
" very high honour you offered me, I was
" content to engage myself to be your wife;
" because you said such an engagement
" would make *you* happy, and because I
" then

"then knew not that it would render me
"otherwise."

"Was you even then thus indifferent?
"Had I no place in your heart, Madam,
"when you would have given me your
"hand?"

"Yes, Sir—you had then the place I
"now willingly restore to you. I esteemed
"you; I looked upon you with a sisterly
"affection; and had I married you, it
"would have been rather to have made you
"happy, than because I had any wish to
"form other ties than those by which our
"relationship and early acquaintance had
"connected us."

"Ah! my angelic Emmeline! it will still
"make me happy! Let the reasons which
"then influenced you, again plead for me;
"and forget, O! forget all that has passed
"since my headlong folly urged me to in-
"sult and forsake you!"

"Alas! my Lord, that is not in my
"power! You have cancelled the en-
"gagements that subsisted between us;
"and, as I understand, have actually formed
"others more indissoluble, with a lady of
"high

"high rank and of immense fortune—one
"whose alliance is as anxiously courted by
"your family, as mine is despised. Can
"your Lordship again fly from your pro-
"mises? Can you quit at pleasure the af-
"fluent and high born heiress as you
"quitted the deserted and solitary orphan?"

"Cursed, cursed cruelty!" exclaimed Delamere, speaking thro' his shut teeth—"But go on, Madam! I deserve your se-
"verity, and must bear your reproaches!
"Yet surely you know that but for the ma-
"chinations of those execrable Crofts', I
"should never have acted as I did—you
"know, that however destitute of fortune
"chance had made you, I preferred you
"to all those who might have brought
"me wealth!"

"I acknowledge your generosity, Sir,
"and on that head meant not to reproach.
"I merely intended to represent to you
"what you seem to have forgotten—that
"where I disposed to restore you the hand
"you so lately renounced, you could not
"take it; since Miss Otley will certainly

"not

"not relinquish the claim you have given "her to your regard."

"You are misinformed.—I am under "no engagement to Miss Otley.—I am "not by heaven! by all that is sacred!"

"Were not all preparations for your "marriage in great forwardness, Sir, when "you left England? and must not your "consent have been previously obtained "before Lord Montreville would have "made them? However, to put an end to "all uncertainty, I must tell you, my "Lord, with a sincerity which will pro-"bably be displeasing to you, that my "affections——"

"Are no longer in your own power!" cried he, hastily interrupting her—"Speak, "Madam—is it not so?"

"I did not say that, Sir. I was going "to assure you that I now find it impos-"sible to command them—impossible to "feel for you that preference, without "which I should think myself extremely "culpable were I to give you my hand."

"I understand you, Madam! You give "that preference to another. The Cheva-

"lier

"lier de Bellozane has succeeded to your
"affections. He has doubtless made good
"use of the opportunities he has had to con-
"ciliate your favour; but before he carries
"his good fortune farther, he must discuss
"with me the right by which he pretends
"to it."

"Whether he has or has not a right to
"pretend to my regard, Sir," said Em-
meline, with great spirit, "this causeless
"jealousy, so immediately after you have
"been convinced of the fallacy of your
"supposition in regard to another person,
"convinces me, that had I unfortunately
"given you an exclusive claim to my
"friendship and affection, my whole life
"would have been embittered by suspicion,
"jealousy, and caprice. Recollect, my
"Lord, that I have said nothing of the
"Chevalier de Bellozane, nor have you
"the least reason to believe I have for him
"those sentiments you are pleased to im-
"pute to me."

"But can I doubt it!" exclaimed Dela-
mere, rising, and walking about in an
agony—"Can I doubt it; when I have
"heard

"to hear you disclaim me for ever!—when "you have told me your affections are no "longer in your power!"

"No, Sir, my meaning was, what I now "repeat—that as my near relation, as my "friend, as the brother of Lady West-"haven, I shall ever esteem and regard you; "but that I cannot command now in your "favour those sentiments which should in-"duce me to accept of you as my husband. "What is past cannot be recalled; and "tho' I am most truly concerned to see "you unhappy, my determination is fixed "and I must abide by it."

"Death and hell!" cried the agonized Delamere—"It is all over then! You "utterly disclaim me, and hardly think "it worth while to conceal from me for "whose sake I am disclaimed!"

Emmeline was terrified to find that he still persisted in imputing her estrangement from him to her partiality for Bellozane; foreseeing that he would immediately fly to him, and that all she apprehended must follow.

"I beg, I entreat, Lord Delamere, that "you will understand that I give no pre-

"ference

"ference to Mr. de Bellozane. I will not "only assure you of that, but I disclaim "all intention of marriage whatever! Suf- "fer me, my Lord, to entreat that you "will endeavour to calm your mind and "regain your health. Reflect on the "cruel uncertainty in which you have left "the Marquis and the Marchioness; reflect "on the uneasy situation in which you keep "Lord and Lady Westhaven, and on the "great injury you do yourself; and reso- "lutely attempt, in the certainty of suc- "ceeding, to divest yourself of a fatal par- "tiality, which has hitherto produced only "misery to you and to your family."

"Oh! most certainly, most certainly!" cried Delamere, almost choaked with passion—"I shall undoubtedly make all these "wise reflections; and after having gone "thro' a proper course of them, shall, possi- "bly, with great composure, see you in the "arms of that presumptuous coxcomb— "that vain, supercilious Frenchman!— "that detested Bellozane! No, Madam! "no! you may certainly give yourself to "him, but assure yourself I live not to see it!"

He

He flew out of the room at these words, tho' she attempted to stop and to appease him. Her heart bled at the wounds she had yet thought it necessary to inflict; and she was at once grieved and terrified at his menacing and abrupt departure. She immediately went herself after Lord Westhaven to intreat him to keep Bellozane and Delamere apart. His Lordship was much disturbed at what had passed, which Emmeline faithfully related to him: Bellozane was still out of town; and Lord Westhaven, who now apprehended that on Delamere's meeting him he would immediately insult him, said he would consider what could be done to prevent their seeing each other 'till Delamere became more reasonable. On enquiry, he found that the Chevalier was certainly engaged with his companions 'till the next day. He therefore came back to Emmeline about an hour after he had left her, and told her that he thought it best for her to set out that afternoon on her way to St. Germains.

"You will by this means make it difficult for Bellozane to overtake you, if he

"should

"should attempt it; and when he sees you "have actually fled from Delamere, he "will be little disposed to quarrel with "him, and will perhaps go home. As to "Delamere, his sister and I must manage "him as well as we can; which will be "the easier, as he is, within this half hour, "gone to bed in a violent access of fever. "Indeed, in the perturbation of mind he "now suffers, there is no probability of his "speedy amendment; for as fast as he re-"gains strength, his violent passions throw "his frame again into disorder.—But per-"haps when he knows you are actually in "England, he may try to acquire, by keep-"ing himself quiet, that share of health "which alone can enable him to follow "you."

Emmeline, eagerly embracing this advice, which she found had the concurrence of Lady Westhaven, prepared instantly for her departure; and embracing tenderly her two excellent friends, who hoped soon to follow her, and who had desired her to come to them to reside as soon as they were settled in London, where they had no house

at

at present, she got into a chaise, with Madelon, and attended by Le Limosin, who was proudly elated at being thus "*l'homme de confiance*"* to Mademoiselle Mowbray, she left Besançon; her heart deeply impressed with a sense of Delamere's sufferings, and with an earnest wish for the restoration of his peace.

Tho' Godolphin had been gone four days, and went post, so that she knew he must be at Paris long before her, she could not, as she proceeded on her journey, help fancying that some accident might have stopped him, and that she might overtake him. She knew not whether she hoped or feared such an encounter. But the disappointed air with which she left every post house where she had occasion to stop for horses, plainly evinced that she rather desired than dreaded it. She felt all the absurdity and ridicule of expecting to see him; yet still she looked out after him; and he was the object she sought when she cast her eyes round her at the several stages.

Without overtaking him, or being her-

* Confidential servant.

ſelf overtaken by Bellozane, ſhe arrived in ſafety and in the uſual time at Paris, and immediately went on to St. Germains; Le Limoſin being ſo well acquainted with travelling, that ſhe had no trouble nor alarm during her journey.

When ſhe got to St. Germains, ſhe was received with tranſport by Mrs. Stafford and her family. She found her about to depart in two days for England, where there was a proſpect of ſettling her huſband's affairs; and ſhe had undertaken to go alone over, in hopes of adjuſting them for his ſpeedy return; while he had agreed to remain with the children 'till he heard the ſucceſs of her endeavours. Great was the ſatisfaction of Mrs. Stafford to find that Emmeline would accompany her to England; with yet more pleaſure did ſhe peruſe thoſe documents which convinced her that her fair friend went to claim, with an abſolute certainty of ſucceſs, her large paternal fortune.

Lord Weſthaven had given her a long letter to the Marquis of Montreville, to whom he deſired ſhe would immediately

addreſs

addreſs herſelf; and he had alſo written to an eminent lawyer, his friend, into whoſe hands he directed her immediately to put the papers that related to her birth, and by no means to truſt them with any other perſon.

With money, alſo, Lord Weſthaven had amply furniſhed her; and ſhe propoſed taking lodgings in London, 'till ſhe could ſettle her affairs with Lord Montreville; and then to go to Mowbray Caſtle.

On the ſecond day after her reaching St. Germains, ſhe began her journey to Calais with Mrs. Stafford, attended by Le Limoſin and Madelon. When they arrived there, they heard that a paſſage boat would ſail about nine o'clock in the evening; but on ſending Le Limoſin to ſpeak to the maſter, they learned that there were already more cabin paſſengers than there was room to accommodate, and that therefore two ladies might find it inconvenient.

As the evening, however, was calm, and the wind favourable, and as the two fair travellers were impatient to be in England, they determined to go on board. It was

near ten o'clock before the veſſel got under way; and before two they were aſſured they ſhould be at Dover. They therefore heſitated not to paſs that time in chairs on the deck, wrapped in their cloaks; and would have preferred doing ſo, to the heat and cloſeneſs of the cabin, had there been room for them in it.

By eleven o'clock, every thing inſenſibly grew quiet on board. The paſſengers were gone to their beds, the veſſel moved calmly, and with very little wind, over a gently ſwelling ſea; and the ſilence was only broken by the waves riſing againſt it's ſide, or by the ſteerſman, who now and then ſpoke to another ſailor, that ſlowly traverſed the deck with meaſured pace.

The night was dark; a declining moon only broke thro' the heavy clouds of the horizon with a feeble and diſtant light. There was a ſolemnity in the ſcene at once melancholy and pleaſing. Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline both felt it. They were ſilent; and each loſt in her own reflections; nor did they attend to a ſlight interruption of the ſtillneſs that reigned on board, made

by

by a paſſenger who came from below, muffled in a great coat. He ſpoke in a low voice to the man at the helm, and then ſat down on the gunwale, with his back towards the ladies; after which all was again quiet.

In a few minutes a deep ſigh was uttered by this paſſenger; and then, after a ſhort pauſe, the two friends were aſtoniſhed to hear, in a voice, low, but extremely expreſſive, theſe lines, addreſſed to Night.

SONNET.

I love thee, mournful ſober-ſuited Night,
When the faint Moon, yet lingering in her wane
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the reſtleſs main.

In deep depreſſion ſunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell the embooſom'd grief, however vain,
To ſullen ſurges and the viewleſs wind.

Tho' no repoſe on thy dark breaſt I find,
I ſtill enjoy thee—cheerleſs as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, the exhauſted heart,
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeleſs, yet reſign'd.
While, to the winds and waves, it's ſorrows given,
May reach—tho' loſt on earth—the ear of heaven!

"Surely," ſaid Mrs. Stafford in a whiſper, "it is a voice I know."

"Surely," repeated the heart of Emmeline, for ſhe could not ſpeak, "it is the "voice of Godolphin!"

"Do you," reaſſumed Mrs. Stafford—"do you not recollect the voice?"

"Yes," replied Emmeline, "I think—"I believe—I rather fancy it is—Mr. "Godolphin."

"Shall I ſpeak to him?" aſked Mrs. Stafford, "or are you diſpoſed to hear "more poetry? He has no notion who "are his auditors."

"As you pleaſe," ſaid Emmeline.

Again the perſon ſighed, and repeated with more warmth—

"And reach, tho' loſt on earth—the ear of heaven!"

"Yes—if *ſhe* is happy, they will indeed "be heard! Ah! that cruel *if—if* ſhe is "happy! and can I bear to doubt it, yet "leave her to the experiment!"

There now remained no doubt but that the ſtranger was Godolphin; and Emmeline as little heſitated to believe herſelf the ſubject of his thoughts and of his Muſe.

"Why

"Why do *you* not ſpeak to him, Emme-
"line?" ſaid Mrs. Stafford archly.

"I cannot, indeed."

"I muſt ſpeak then, myſelf;" and raiſ-
ing her voice, ſhe ſaid—"Mr. Godolphin,
"is it not?"

"Who is ſo good as to recollect me?"
cried he, riſing and looking round him. It
was very dark; but he could juſt diſtin-
guiſh that two ladies were there.

Mrs. Stafford gave him her hand, ſaying
—"Have you then forgotten your friends?"

He ſnatched her hand, and carried it to
his lips.

"There is another hand for you," ſaid
ſhe, pointing to Emmeline—"but you
"muſt be at the trouble of taking it."

"That I ſhall be moſt delighted to do.
"But who is it? Surely it cannot be Miſs
"Mowbray, that allows me ſuch hap-
"pineſs?"

"Have you, in one little week," ſaid
the faultering Emmeline, "occaſion to aſk
"that queſtion?"

"Not now I hear that voice," anſwered
Godolphin in the moſt animated tone—

"Not when I hold this lovely hand. But "whence comes it that I find you, Madam, "here? or how does it happen that you "have left my brother and ſiſter, and the "happy Delamere?" He ſeemed to have recollected, after his firſt tranſport at meeting her, that he was thus warmly addreſſing *her* who was probably only going to England to prepare for her union with his rival.

"Do not be ſo unreaſonable," ſaid Mrs. Stafford, "as to expect Miſs Mowbray "ſhould anſwer all theſe queſtions. But "find a ſeat; and let us hear ſome account "of yourſelf. You have alſo to make your "peace with me for not ſeeing me in your "way."

Godolphin threw himſelf on the deck at their feet.

"I find a ſeat here," ſaid he, "which I "ſhould prefer to a throne. As to an ac-"count of myſelf, it is ſoon given. I met "a friend, whoſe company induced me to "come to Calais rather than travel thro' "Normandy; and the haſte he was in "made it impoſſible for me to ſtop him.

"Miſs

"Miſs Mowbray had refuſed to give me any "commiſſion for you; and I had nothing to "ſay to you that would have given you any "pleaſure. I was therefore unwilling to trou-"ble you merely with a paſſing enquiry."

"But whence comes it that you ſail only "to-night, if your friend was ſo much hur-"ried?"

"He went four days ago; but I—I was "kept—I was detained at Calais."

Emmeline felt a ſtrange curioſity to know what could have detained him; but dared not aſk ſuch a queſtion.

They then talked of Lord and Lady Weſthaven.

"Lord Delamere is, I conclude, much "better?" ſaid Godolphin.

"When I took leave of Lord and Lady "Weſthaven," coldly anſwered Emmeline, "I did not think him much better than when "we firſt ſaw him. His ſervant ſaid he was "almoſt as ill as when you, Sir, with friend-"ſhip ſo uncommon, attended him."

"Call it not uncommon, Madam!—It was "an office I would have performed, not only "for any Engliſhman in another country,

"but I hope for any human being in any "country who had needed it. Should I then "allow you to ſuppoſe there was any great "merit in my rendering a ſlight ſervice to "the brother of Lady Weſthaven; and who "is beſides *dear to one* to whom *I* owe obli-"gations ſo infinite."

The ſtreſs he laid on theſe words left Emmeline no doubt of his meaning. She was, however, vexed and half angry that he perſiſted in believing her ſo entirely attached to Delamere; and, for the firſt time ſhe had ventured to think ſteadily on the ſubject, meditated how to undeceive him. Yet when ſhe reflected on the character of Delamere; and remembered that his father would now claim an authority to controul her actions—that one would think himſelf at liberty to call any man to an account who addreſſed her, and the other to refuſe his conſent to any other marriage than that which would be now ſo advantageous to the family—ſhe ſaw only inquietude to herſelf, and hazard to the life ſo dear to her, ſhould ſhe ſuffer the paſſion of Godolphin openly to be avowed.

"Is it not remarkable," ſaid Mrs. Stafford, "that

"that you ſhould voluntarily have conducted "us to France, and by chance eſcort us "home?"

"Yes," anſwered Godolphin.—"And a "chance ſo fortunate for me I ſhould think "portended ſome good, was I ſanguine, and "had I any faith in omens."

"Are you going immediately to London?"

"Immediately."

"And from thence to Eaſt Cliff?"

"I believe I ſhall be obliged to ſtay in "town a week or ten days.—But my conti-"nuance there ſhall be longer, if you or "Miſs Mowbray will employ me."

The night now grew cold; and the dew fell ſo heavily, that Mrs. Stafford expreſſed her apprehenſions that Emmeline would find ſome ill effects from it, and adviſed her to go down.

"Oh! no," ſaid Godolphin, with uncommon anxiety in his manner—"do not go "down. There are ſo many paſſengers in "the cabin, and it is ſo cloſe, that you will "find it extremely diſagreeable. It will "not now be half an hour before we ſee the

"lights of Dover; and we ſhall preſently be "on ſhore."

Emmeline, who really apprehended little from cold, acquieſced; and they continued to converſe on general topics 'till they landed.

Godolphin ſaw them on ſhore immediately, and attended them to the inn. He then told them he muſt go back to ſee after the baggage, and left them haſtily. They ordered a ſlight refreſhment; and when it was brought in, Emmeline ſaid—"Shall we not wait for "Mr. Godolphin?"

"The gentleman is come in, Madam," ſaid the waiter, "with another lady, and is "aſſiſting her up ſtairs. Would you pleaſe "I ſhould call him?"

Emmeline felt, without knowing the nature of the ſenſation, involuntary curioſity and involuntary uneaſineſs.

"No, do not call him," ſaid Mrs. Stafford— "I ſuppoſe he will be here immediately. But "ſend the French ſervant to us."

Le Limoſin attending, ſhe gave him ſome requiſite orders, and then again enquired for Captain Godolphin.

Le Limoſin anſwered, that he was gone to

aſſiſt

assist a lady to her room, who had been very ill during the passage.

"Of which nation is she, Le Limosin?"

"I am ignorant of that, Madam, as I have "not heard her speak. *Monsieur Le Capitaine* "is very sorry for her, and has attended her "the whole way, only the little time he was "upon deck."

"Is she a young lady?" enquired Mrs. Stafford.

"Yes, very young and pretty."

The curiosity of Mrs. Stafford was now, in spite of herself, awakened. And the long stay Godolphin made, gave to Emmeline such acute uneasiness, as she had never felt before. It is extraordinary surely, said she to herself, that he should be thus anxious about an acquaintance made in a pacquet boat.

She grew more and more disturbed at his absence; and was hardly able to conceal her vexation from Mrs. Stafford, while she was ashamed of discovering it even to herself. In about ten minutes, which had appeared to her above an hour, Godolphin came in; apologised, without accounting, for his stay, and while they made all together a slight repast, enquired

how they intended to proceed to London and at what time.

On hearing that they thought of ſetting out about noon, in a chaiſe, he propoſed their taking a poſt coach; "and then," added he, "you may ſuffer me to occupy the fourth "place." To this Mrs. Stafford willingly agreed; and Emmeline, glad to find that at leaſt he did not intend waiting on his pacquet boat acquaintance to London, retired with ſomewhat leſs uneaſineſs than ſhe had felt on her firſt hearing that he had brought ſuch an acquaintance on ſhore.

After a few hours ſleep, the fair travellers aroſe to continue their journey. They heard that Mr. Godolphin had long left his room, and was at breakfaſt with the lady whom he had been ſo careful of the preceding morning. At this intelligence Emmeline felt all her anxiety revive; and when he came into the room where they were to ſpeak to them, hardly could ſhe command herſelf to anſwer him without betraying her emotion.

"Miſs Mowbray is fatigued with her voy-"age," ſaid he, tenderly approaching her—

"The

"The night air I am afraid has affected her "health?"

"No, Sir;" coldly and faintly anſwered Emmeline.

"How is the young lady you was ſo good "as to aſſiſt on ſhore, Sir?" ſaid Mrs. Stafford. "I underſtand ſhe was ill."

Godolphin bluſhed; and replied, with ſome little embarraſſment, "ſhe is better, Madam, "I thank you."

"So," thought Emmeline, "he makes "then no myſtery of having an intereſt in "this lady."

"Are you acquainted with her?" enquired Mrs. Stafford.

"Yes."

Politeneſs would not admit of another queſtion: yet it was impoſſible to help wiſhing to aſk it. Godolphin, however, turned the diſcourſe, and ſoon afterwards went out. Emmeline felt ready to cry, yet knew not for what, and dreaded to aſk herſelf whether ſhe had not admitted into her heart the tormenting paſſion of jealouſy.

"Why ſhould I be diſpleaſed," ſaid ſhe. "Why ſhould I be unhappy? Mr. Godol-

"phin

"phin believes me attached to Delamere, and "has ceased to think of me; wherefore should "I lament that he thinks of another, or what "right have I to enquire into his actions— "what right have I to blame them?"

The post coach was now ready. Emmeline, attended by Madelon, Mrs. Stafford, and Godolphin, got into it, and a lively and animated conversation was carried on between the two latter. Emmeline, in the approaching interview with her uncle, and in the wretchedness of Delamere, which she never ceased to lament, had employment enough for her thoughts; but in spite of herself they flew perpetually from those subjects to the acquaintance which Captain Godolphin had brought with him from Calais.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN they arrived at Canterbury, the ladies were ſhewn into a parlour, where Godolphin did not join them for near half an hour. Emmeline had accounted for her lowneſs of ſpirits by her dread of meeting her uncle on ſuch terms as they were likely to meet; but Mrs. Stafford knew the human heart too well to be ignorant that there was another and a concealed ſource of that melancholy which overwhelmed her. It was in vain ſhe had attempted to diſſemble. It was, to her friend, evident, that her compaſſion, her good wiſhes, were Delamere's, but that her heart was wholly Godolphin's, and was now pierced with the poignant thorns of new-born jealouſy and anxious miſtruſt.

While they waited together the return of Godolphin, Mrs. Stafford ſaid—"I fancy "that poſt chaiſe that paſſed us about half

"an

"On my arrival at Calais this day se'nnight, I found all the pacquet boats on the other side, and was obliged to wait with my friend Cleveland a whole day. As I was saunter-ing about the streets after dinner, I passed by an Englishman whose face I thought I recollected. The man looked confused, and took off his hat; and I then perfectly remembered him to have been one of the best sailors I had on board in the West Indies, where he received a dangerous wound in the arm.

"I stopped, and asked him by what accident he came to Calais, and why his appearance was no better; for his honest hard features seemed pinched with want, his dress was shabby, his person meagre, and his look dejected.

'I am ashamed to tell you, Captain,' said he, 'how I came hither; but in short 'because I could not live at home. You 'know I got prize money when I served 'under your honour. Mayhap I might 'have managed it better; but howsom-'dever 'tis gone, and there's an end on't. 'So as we are all turned a drift in the 'world,

'world, ſome of my ſhip mates adviſed me 'to try a little matter of ſmuggling with 'them, and come over here. I have lived 'among theſe Frenchmen now theſe two 'months, and can, to be ſure, juſt live; 'but rot 'em, if I could get any thing to do 'at home, I wouldn't ſtay another hour, 'for I hates 'em all, as your honour very 'well knows. A lucky voyage or two will 'put ſome money mayhap in my way, with 'this ſmuggling trade; and then I reckons 'to croſs over home once for all, and ſo go 'down to Liverpool to my friends, if any 'on um be alive yet.'

"I reproved my acquaintance ſeverely for his proceeding, and told him, that to enable him to go to his friends, I would ſupply him with money to buy him cloaths, which I found he principally wanted; being aſhamed to appear among his relations ſo ill equipped, after having received a conſiderable ſum in prize money.

"The poor fellow appeared to be very grateful, and aſſured me that to prove his ſincerity he would embark in the ſame pacquet boat. 'But Lord, Captain,' added

he,

he, 'I be'nt the only Engliſhman who ſtays 'in this raſcally country agin their will— 'your honour remembers Lieutenant Storn- 'away on board your honour's ſhip?'

"Aye, to be ſure I do."

'Well; he, poor lad, is got into priſon 'here for debt, and there I reckon he'll die; 'for nobody that ever gets into one of their 'confounded jails in this country, ever gets 'out again.'

"As I perfectly remembered Stornaway, a gallant and ſpirited young Scotſman, I was much hurt at this account, and aſked if I could be admitted to ſee him. I found it attended with infinite difficulty, and that I muſt apply to ſo many different perſons before I could be allowed to ſee my unfortunate countryman, that the pacquet boat of the next day muſt ſail without me. Cleveland therefore departed; and I, with long attendance on the Commandant and other officers, was at length introduced into the priſon. I will not ſhock you with a deſcription of it, nor with the condition in which I found the poor young man; who ſeemed to me likely to eſcape, by death, from the damp

and

and miſerable dungeon where he lay, without neceſſary food, without air, and without hope of relief. He related to me his ſorrowful and ſimple tale. He was brought up to the ſea; had no friends able to aſſiſt him; and on being diſcharged after the peace, had gone with what money he received, and on half pay, to France, in hopes of being able to live at leſs expence than in England, and to learn at the ſame time, a language ſo neceſſary in his profeſſion.

'And for ſome time,' ſaid he, 'I did pretty well; till going with one of my countrymen to ſee a relation of his, who was (tho' born of Scots parents) brought up as a penſioner in a convent, and a Catholic, I was no longer my own maſter, and tho' I knew that it was almoſt impoſſible for me to ſupport a wife, I yet raſhly married, and have made one of the loveliest young creatures in the world a beggar.

'She was totally deſtitute of fortune; and was afraid her friends, who were but diſtant relations, and people of rank in Scotland, would inſiſt on her taking the veil, as the moſt certain and eaſieſt means of providing for her. She had a decided averſion to a

'monaſtic

'monastic life; and poor as I was, (for I did
'not attempt to deceive her,) hesitated not to
'quit her convent with me, which it was easy
'enough to do by the management of her re-
'lation, with whom she was allowed to go out.
'We set out, therefore, together for England.
'I had about twenty Louis in my pocket,
'which would have carried us thither com-
'fortably: but calamity overtook us by the
'way. We travelled in stages and diligences,
'as we found cheapest; in one of which I ima-
'gine my poor girl caught the infection of the
'small pox, with which she fell ill at Amiens.
'I attended her with all the agonizing fear of
'a wretch who sees his only earthly good on
'the point of being torn from him for ever;
'and very, very ill she was for many days and
'nights. Yet her lovely face was spared;
'and in a month I saw her quite out of danger,
'but still too weak to travel. As I spared
'nothing that could contribute to her ease or
'her recovery, my money was dreadfully di-
'minished, and I had barely enough left to
'carry me alone to England. But as our
'credit was yet good, I purposed our living
'on it tell her strength was somewhat re-esta-
'blished

'blished, and that I would then go to England, get a supply of money, and return to 'pay my debts and fetch my wife.

'This was the only expedient,' said poor Stornaway, 'that I could think of, and perhaps 'was the very worst I could have adopted; 'since by this means we insensibly got into 'debt, and to creditors the most inexorable.

'At the end of three weeks, my wife was 'tolerably well. I divided with her the money 'I had left, and went off in the night to Calais, 'flattering myself I should return to her within 'a fortnight. But so vigilant were those to 'whom I owed money, and so active the *ma-* '*réchausses*, that I was pursued, and thrown, 'without hesitation and without appeal, into 'this prison; where my little money remaining 'being all exhausted in fees, to save me from 'even worse treatment, I have now lain near 'six weeks in the situation in which you see me. 'As to myself,' continued the poor young man, 'my life has been a life of hardship, and 'I have learned to hold it as nothing; but when 'I reflect on what must have been the condi- 'tion of my Isabel, I own to you, dear Sir, that 'my fortitude forsakes me, and the blackest 'despair takes possession of my soul.'

"I had

"I had but little occasion to deliberate," said Godolphin, continuing his narrative—"I had but little occasion to deliberate. I enquired into the debt. It was a trifle. I blushed to think, that while Englishmen were daily passing thro' the place in pursuit of pleasure, a gentleman, an officer of their nation, languished for such a sum in the horrors of a confinement so dreadful. The debt was easily discharged; and I took the unhappy Stornaway to my lodgings, from whence he was eagerly flying to Amiens, when I was called aside by one of the *maréchaussé*, who desired to speak to me.

'Sir,' said the man, 'you have been generous to me, and I will hazard telling you a secret. Orders are coming to stop your friend, whom you have released from prison, for stealing a pensioner out of a convent. Get him off to England immediately, or he will be taken, and perhaps confined for life.'

"I hastened Stornaway instantly into a boat, and sent him after a pacquet which had just sailed, and which I saw him overtake. He conjured me, in an agony of despair, to enquire for his wife, without whom he said he could

could not live, and that rather than attempt it, he would return and perish in prison. I promised all he desired; and as soon as I was sure he was safe, I set out post for Amiens, where I found the poor young woman in a situation to which no words can do justice. She had parted with almost every thing for her support; and was overwhelmed by the weight of misfortunes, which, young and inexperienced as she was, she had neither the means to soften or the fortitude to bear. I brought her away to Calais, and embarked with her yesterday, having only staid long enough to furnish her with cloaths, and to recruit her enfeebled frame after her journey. But sea sickness, added to her former ill state of health, has reduced her to a condition of deplorable weakness. She speaks so little English that she is unable to travel alone; and I was in hopes that by her chaise keeping up with the coach, I might have assisted her on the road; but she is now so extremely ill that I am afraid she must remain here."

During the first part of this short account, Emmeline, charmed more than ever with Godolphin, and ashamed of having for a mo-

ment entertained a ſuſpicion to the diſadvantage of ſuch a man, ſat ſilent; but at the concluſion of it, her eyes overflowed with tears; ſhe felt ſomething that told her ſhe ought to apologize to him for the error ſhe had been guilty of—tho' of that error he knew nothing; and impelled by an involuntary impulſe, ſhe held out her hand to him.—Dear, generous, noble-minded Godolphin! was uttered by her heart, but her lips only echoed the laſt word.

"Godolphin!" ſaid ſhe, "let us go to this "poor young creature—let us ſee her our-"ſelves."

"Certainly we will," cried Mrs. Stafford; "and indeed, Sir, you ought to have told us "before, that we might ſooner have offered "all the aſſiſtance in our power."

"I was afraid," anſwered he. "I knew not "whether I might not be deceived in the "character of Mrs. Stornaway; and dared "not intrude upon you, leſt it ſhould be "found that the object merited not your good "offices."

"But ſhe is in diſtreſs!" ſaid Emmeline—"ſhe is a ſtranger!—and ſhall we heſitate?—"

Godolphin,

Godolphin, who found in the tenderneſs of her addreſs to him, and in the approbation her eyes expreſſed, a reward as ſweet as that which the conſciouſneſs of doing good afforded from his own heart; kiſſed the hand ſhe had given him, in ſilence, and then went to enquire if the poor young woman could ſee the ladies. She expreſſed her joy at being ſo favoured, and Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline were introduced.

The compaſſion they expreſſed, and the aſſurances they gave her that ſhe would meet her huſband in London, and that ſhe ſhould ſtay with them 'till ſhe did, calmed and compoſed her; and as her illneſs was merely owing to fatigue and anxiety, they believed a few hours reſt, now her mind was eaſier, would reſtore her. Tho' they were impatient to get on to London, they yet heſitated not to remain at Canterbury all night, on the account of this poor ſtranger. Godolphin, on hearing their determination, warmly thanked them: the heart of Emmeline was at once eaſed of it's inquietude, and impreſſed with a deeper ſenſe than ever of Godolphin's worth: ſhe gave way, almoſt for the firſt time, to her

tenderneſs and eſteem, without attempting to check or conceal her ſentiments; while Mrs. Stafford, who ardently wiſhed to ſee her in poſſeſſion of her eſtate and married to Godolphin, rejoiced in obſerving her to be leſs reſerved; and Godolphin himſelf, hardly believing the happineſs he poſſeſſed real, forgot all his fears of her attachment to Lord Delamere, and dared again entertain the hopes he had diſcarded at Beſançon—as he thought, for ever.

The next day Mrs. Stornaway was ſo much recovered that they proceeded in their journey, taking her into the coach with them and directing Madelon to travel in the chaiſe, accompanied by her father. They arrived early in town; and Godolphin, leaving them at an hotel, went in ſearch of lodgings. He ſoon found apartments to accommodate them in Bond ſtreet; and thither they immediately went; Mrs. Stafford taking upon herſelf the protection of the poor forlorn ſtranger 'till Godolphin could find her huſband, on whoſe behalf he immediately intended to apply for a birth on board ſome ſhip in commiſſion. He had given him a direction to his banker,

and

and bid him there leave an addreſs where he might be found in London. The next day he brought the tranſported Stornaway to his wife; and the gratitude theſe poor young people expreſſed to their benefactor, convinced the fair friends that they had deſerved his kindneſs, and that there was no deception in the ſtory the Lieutenant had told them about his wife. Godolphin took a lodging for them in Oxford-ſtreet; and gave them money for their ſupport till he could get the young man employed, which his intereſt and indefatigable friendſhip ſoon accompliſhed.

In the mean time he ſaw Emmeline every day, and every day he roſe in her eſteem. Yet ſtill ſhe heſitated to diſcover to him all ſhe thought of him; and at times was ſo reſerved and ſo guarded, that Godolphin knew not what to believe. He knew ſhe was above the paltry artifice of coquetry; yet ſhe fearfully avoided being alone with him, and never allowed him an opportunity of aſking whether he had any thing to hope from time and aſſiduity.

"Is he not one of the beſt creatures in the "world?" ſaid Mrs. Stafford, after he left the

room, on the second day after their arrival, to go out in the service of the Stornaways.

"Yes."

"Yes! and is that all the praise you allow "to such a man? Is he not a perfect cha- "racter?"

"As perfect, I suppose, as any of them are."

"Ah! Emmeline, you are a little hypo- "crite. It is impossible you can be insensible "of the merit of Godolphin; and I wonder "you are not in more haste to convince him "that you think of him as he deserves."

"What would you have me do?"

"Marry him."

"Before I am sure he desires it?" smilingly asked Emmeline.

"You cannot doubt that, tho' you so anxi- "ously repress every attempt he makes to ex- "plain himself. Shall I tell you what he has "said to me? Shall I tell you what motive "carried him to St. Alpin?"

"No—I had rather not hear any thing "about it."

"And why not?"

"Because it is better, for some time, if not for "ever, that Godolphin should be ignorant

"of

" of those favourable thoughts I may have had
" of him—better that I should cease to enter-
" tain them."

" Why so, pray?"

" Because I dread the mortified pride and
" furious jealousy of Lord Delamere on one
" hand; and on the other the authority of my
" uncle, who, 'till I am of age, will probably
" neither restore my fortune nor consent to
" my carrying it out of his family."

" For those very reasons you should imme-
" diately marry Godolphin. When you are
" actually married, Delamere will reconcile
" himself to the loss of you. To an inevi-
" table evil, even his haughty and self-willed
" spirit must submit. And should Lord Mon-
" treville give you any trouble about your
" fortune, who can so easily, so properly oblige
" him to do you justice, as a man of spirit, of
" honour, of understanding, who will have
" a right to insist upon it."

It was impossible to deny so evident a truth. Yet still Emmeline apprehended the consequence of Delamere's rage and disappointment; and thought that there would be an indelicacy and an impropriety in withdrawing

herſelf from the protection of her own family almoſt as ſoon as ſhe could claim it, and that her uncle might make ſuch a ſtep a pretence for new contention and longer wrath. The result, therefore, of all her deliberations ended in a determination neither to engage herſelf or to marry 'till ſhe was of age; and, 'till then, not even to encourage any lover whatever. By that time, ſhe hoped that Lord Delamere, wearied by an hopeleſs paſſion, and convinced of her fixed indifference, would engage in ſome more ſucceſsful purſuit. She knew that by that time all affairs between her and Lord Montreville muſt be adjuſted. If the affection of Godolphin was, as ſhe hoped, fixed, and founded on his eſteem for her character, he would not love her leſs at the end of that period, when ſhe ſhould have the power of giving him her eſtate unincumbered with difficulties and unembarraſſed by law ſuits; and ſhould, ſhe hoped, eſcape the miſery of ſeeing Delamere's anguiſh and deſpair, on which ſhe could not bear to reflect.

She ingenuouſly explained to Mrs. Stafford her reaſons for refuſing to receive Godolphin's propoſals; in which her friend, tho' ſhe allowed

allowed them to be plausible, by no means acquiesced; still insisting upon it, that the kindest thing she could do towards Lord Delamere, as well as the propereſt in regard to the settlement of her estate, was immediately to accept Godolphin. But Emmeline was not to be convinced; and all she could obtain from Mrs. Stafford was an extorted promise, reluctantly given, that she would not give any advice or encouragement to Godolphin immediately to press his suit. Emmeline, tho' convinced she was right, yet doubted whether she had fortitude enough to persist in the conduct she wished to adopt; if exposed at once to the solicitations of a woman of whose understanding she had an high opinion, and to the ardent supplications of the man she loved.

The day after her arrival in London, she had sent to Berkley-square, and was informed that Lord Montreville and his family were in Norfolk.

Thither therefore she wrote, and enclosed the letter she had brought from Lord Westhaven. Her own was couched in the most modest and dutiful terms, and that of Lord Westhaven was equally mild and reasonable.

But they gave only disquiet and concern to the ambitious and avaricious bosom of Lord Montreville. Tho' already tortured by Delamere's absence and illness, and uncertain whether the object of his long solicitude would live to reap the advantage of his accumulated fortunes, he could not think but with pain and reluctance of giving up so large a portion of his annual income: still more unwilling did he feel to refund the produce of the estates for so long a period; and in the immediate emotion of his vexation at receiving Lord Westhaven's first letter, he had sent for Sir Richard Crofts, who, having at the time of Mr. Mowbray's death, been entrusted with all the papers and deeds which belonged to him, was the most likely to know whether any were among them that bore testimony to the marriage of Mr. Mowbray and Miss Stavordale.

The fact was, that a very little time before he died, his steward, Williamson, had received the memorandum of which Emmeline had found a copy; and, on the death of his master, had carried it to Sir Richard Crofts; Lord Montreville being then in the North of England.

land. Sir Richard eagerly enquired whether there were any other papers to the like purport. Williamson replied; he believed not; and very thoughtlessly left it in his hands. When, a few days afterwards, he called to know in whose name the business of the Mowbray estate was to be carried on, Sir Richard (then acting as an attorney, and only entering into life) told him that every thing was to be considered as the property of Lord Montreville; because there were many doubts about the marriage of Mr. Mowbray, and great reason to think that the paper in question was written merely with a view to pique and perplex his brother, with whom he was then at variance; but that Lord Montreville would enquire into the business, and certainly do justice to any claims the infant might have on the estate.

Soon after, Williamson applied again to have the paper restored; but Crofts answered, that he should keep it, by order of Lord Montreville, tho' it was of no use; his Lordship having obtained undoubted

information that his brother was never married.

Sir Richard had reflected on the great advantage that would accrue to his patron from the poſſeſſion of this eſtate; to which, beſides it's annual income, ſeveral boroughs belonged. He thought it was very probable that the little girl, then only a few weeks old, and without a mother or any other than mercenary attendants, might die in her infancy: if ſhe did not, that Lord Montreville might eaſily provide for her, and that it would be doing his friend a great ſervice, and be highly advantageous to himſelf, ſhould he conceal the legal claim of the child, even unknown to her uncle, and put him in immediate poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate.

Having again ſtrictly queſtioned Williamſon; repreſſed his curioſity by law jargon; and frightened him by threats of his Lord's diſpleaſure if he made any effort to prove the legitimacy of Emmeline; he very tranquilly deſtroyed the paper, and Lord Montreville never knew that ſuch a paper had exiſted.

Williamſon,

Williamſon, timid, and ignorant of every thing beyond his immediate buſineſs, returned in great doubt and uneaſineſs to Mowbray Caſtle. When he received the child and the two caſkets, he had queſtioned the Frenchman who brought her and heard an abſolute confirmation of the marriage of his maſter. He then examined the caſkets, and found the certificates. But without money or friends, he knew not how to proſecute the claim of the orphan againſt the power and affluence of Lord Montreville; and after frequent conſultations with Mrs. Carey, they agreed that the ſafeſt way would be carefully to ſecure thoſe papers till Emmeline was old enough to find friends; for ſhould they attempt previouſly to procure juſtice for her, they might probably loſe the papers which proved her birth, as they had already done that which Williamſon had delivered to Crofts. As long as Williamſon lived, he carefully locked up theſe caſkets. His ſudden death prevented him from taking any ſteps to eſtabliſh the claim of his orphan miſtreſs; and that of Mrs. Carey two years afterwards, involved the whole affair in ob-

ſcurity, which made Sir Richard quite eaſy as to any future diſcovery.

But as the aggreſſor never forgives, Sir Richard had conceived againſt Emmeline the moſt unmanly and malignant hatred, and had invariably oppoſed every tendency which he had obſerved in Lord Montreville to befriend and aſſiſt her, for no other reaſon but that he had already irreparably injured her.

He hoped, that as he had at length divided her from Lord Delamere, and driven her abroad, ſhe would there marry a foreigner, and be farther removed than ever from the family, and from any chance of recovering the property of which he had deprived her: inſtead of which, ſhe had, in conſequence of going thither, met the very man in whoſe power it was to prove the marriage of her mother; and, in Lord Weſtlaven, had found a protector too intelligent and too ſteady to be diſcouraged by evaſion or chicanery—too powerful and too affluent to be thrown out of the purſuit, either by the enmity it might raiſe or the expence it might demand.

Nothing

Nothing could exceed the chagrin of Sir Richard when Lord Montreville put into his hands the first letter he had on this subject from Lord Westhaven: Accustomed, however, to command his countenance, he said, without any apparent emotion, that as no papers in confirmation of the fact alledged had ever existed among those delivered to him on the death of Mr. Mowbray, it was probably some forgery that had imposed on Lord Westhaven.

"I see not how that can be," answered Lord Montreville. "It is not likely that "Emmeline Mowbray could forge such pa-"pers, or should even conceive such an idea."

"True, my Lord. But your Lordship "forgets and overlooks and passes by the "long abode and continuance and residence "she has made with the Staffords. Mrs. "Stafford is, to my certain knowledge and "conviction, artful and designing and in-"triguing, a woman, my Lord, who af-"fects and pretends and presumes to under-"stand and be competent and equal to bu-"siness and affairs and concerns with which "women should never interfere or meddle

"or

"or interest themselves. It is clearly and "evidently and certainly to the interest and "advantage and benefit of this woman, that "Miss Mowbray, over whom she has great "influence and power and authority, should "be established and fixed and settled in afflu-"ence, rather than remain and abide and "continue where nature and justice and rea-"son have placed her."

"I own, Sir Richard, I cannot see the "thing in this light. However, to do nothing "rashly, let us consider how to proceed."

Sir Richard then advised him by no means to answer Lord Westhaven's letter, but to wait till he saw his Lordship; as in cases so momentous, it was, he said, always wrong to give any thing in black and white. In a few days afterwards he heard out of Norfolk, (for he had come up from thence to consult with Sir Richard Crofts) that Lord Delamere was ill at Besançon. His precipitate departure had before given him the most poignant concern; and now his fears for his life completed the distress of this unfortunate father. On receiving, however, the second letter from Lord Westhaven, together with that of Emmeline,

his

his apprehenſions for the life of his ſon were removed, and left his mind at liberty to recur again to the impending loſs of four thouſand five hundred a year, with the unpleaſant accompanyment of being obliged to refund above ſixty thouſand pounds. Again Sir Richard Crofts was ſent for, and again he tried to quiet the apprehenſions of Lord Montreville. But his attempt to perſuade him that the whole might be a deception originating with the Staffords, obtained not a moment's attention. He knew Stafford himſelf was weak, ignorant, and indolent, and would neither have had ſagacity to think of or courage to execute ſuch a deſign; and that Mrs. Stafford ſhould imagine and perform it ſeemed equally improbable. He was perfectly aware that Lord Weſthaven had a thorough acquaintance with buſineſs, and was of all men on earth the moſt unlikely to enter warmly into ſuch an affair, (againſt the intereſt too of the family into which he had married) unleſs he was very ſure of having very good grounds for his interference.

But tho' Sir Richard could not prevail on him to diſbelieve the whole of the ſtory, he

saw that his Lordship thought with great reluctance of the necessity he should be under of relinquishing the whole of the fortune. He now therefore recommended it to him to remain quiet, at least 'till Lord Westhaven came to England; to send an answer to Miss Mowbray that meant nothing; and to gain time for farther enquiries. These enquiries he himself undertook; and leaving Lord Montreville in a political fit of the gout, he returned from Audley Hall to London, and bent all his thoughts to the accomplishment of his design; which was, to get the original papers out of the hands of Emmeline, and to bribe Le Limosin to go back to France.

While these things were passing in England, Lord Delamere (whose rage and indignation at Emmeline's departure the authority of Lord Westhaven could hardly restrain) had learned from his brother-in-law the real circumstances of the birth of his cousin, and he heard them with the greatest satisfaction. He now thought it certain that his father would press his marriage as eagerly as he had before opposed it; and that so great an obstacle being removed, and Emmeline wholly in the power of his family

mily, she would be easily brought to forgive him and to comply with the united wishes of all her relations.

In this hope, and being assured by Lord Westhaven that Bellozane was actually returned into Switzerland without any design of following Emmeline, (who had been induced, he said, to leave Besançon purely to avoid him) he consented to attempt attaining a greater command over his temper, on which the re-establishment of his health depended; and after about ten days, was able to travel. Lord and Lady Westhaven, therefore, at the end of that time, slowly began with him their journey to England.

CHAPTER IX.

EMMELINE had now been almost a week in London; and Mrs. Stafford, with the assistance of Godolphin, had succeeded so much better than she expected, in the arrangement of some of those affairs in which

which ſhe apprehended the moſt difficulty, that very little remained for her to do before ſhe ſhould be enabled to return to France (where her huſband was to ſign ſome papers to ſecure his ſafety); and that little depended on James Crofts, who ſeemed to be making artificial delay, and trying to give her all the trouble and perplexity in his power.

He had, however, another motive than merely to harraſs and diſtreſs her. His father had employed him to deal with Le Limoſin; well knowing that there was nothing ſo baſe and degrading that he would not undertake where his intereſt was in queſtion; and Sir Richard had promiſed him a conſiderable addition to his fortune if he had addreſs enough to prevent ſo capital a ſum as Emmeline claimed from being deducted from that of the family to whom his brother was allied; and from whence he had expectations, which could not but ſuffer from ſuch a diminution of it's wealth and intereſt.

The tedioufneſs therefore that the Croft's created promiſed ſtill to detain Emmeline in London; and her uncle's letter, which coldly and hardly with civility deferred any conference

rence on her affairs till the arrival of Lord Weſthaven, convinced her that from his tenderneſs ſhe had nothing, from his juſtice, little to hope.

Godolphin was very anxious to be allowed perſonally to apply to him on the claim of his niece. But this Emmeline poſitively refuſed, She would not even allow Mr. Newton, the lawyer to whom Lord Weſthaven had recommended her, and in whoſe hands her papers were ſafely depoſited, to write officially to Lord Montreville; but determined to wait quietly the return of Lord Weſthaven himſelf, on whom ſhe knew neither the anger of her uncle, or the artifices of Sir Richard, would make any impreſſion; while his Lordſhip's interference could not be imputed to ſuch motives as might poſſibly be thought to influence Godolphin, or would it give her the appearance of proceeding undutifully and harſhly againſt Lord Montreville, which appearances ſhe might be liable to, ſhould ſhe haſtily inſtitute a ſuit againſt him.

She grew, however, very uneaſy at the determined attendance of Godolphin, whoſe preſence ſhe knew was ſo neceſſary to poor Lady

Adelina.

Adelina. She ſaw that he was anxious about his ſiſter, yet could not determine to tear himſelf from *her*; and to inſiſt upon his returning to Lady Adelina, would be to aſſume a right, to which, on the footing they were, ſhe declined pretending. She failed not, however, every day to repreſent to him the long ſolitude in which Lady Adelina had been left, and to read to him parts of her letters which breathed only ſorrow and depreſſion. Whenever this happened, Godolphin heard her with concern, and promiſed to ſet out the next day; but ſtill ſomething was to be done for the ſervice of Emmeline, and ſtill he could not bear to reſign the delight he had now ſo long enjoyed of ſeeing her every day, and of indulging thoſe hopes ſhe had tacitly allowed him to entertain.

Mrs. Stafford, notwithſtanding her promiſe to Emmeline, had not been able to forbear diſcovering to him part of the truth. Yet when he reflected on the advantages Delamere had over him in fortune, in rank, in the influence his family connection and his former engagement might give him, he trembled leaſt, if he ſhould be himſelf abſent when Lord

Delamere

Delamere arrived, her tender and timid ſpirit would yield to the ſorrow of her lover and the authority of her family; and that almoſt in deſpite of herſelf, he might loſe her for ever. While he yet lingered, and continued to promiſe that he would go to the Iſle of Wight, the eight firſt days of their ſtay in town glided away. Early in the morning of the ninth, Godolphin entered the room where Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline were at breakfaſt.

"I muſt now indeed," ſaid he; "loſe no "time in going to Adelina. I am to day in-"formed that Mr. Trelawny is dead."

"Shall we then ſee Lady Adelina in town?" eagerly aſked Emmeline, who could not affect any concern at the death of ſuch a man.

"I apprehend not," replied Godolphin.

"Whatever buſineſs there may be to ſettle "with the Bancrafts, I am ſure will be more "proper for me than for her. To them I "muſt now go, at Putney; and only came to "inform you, Madam," addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Stafford, "of the reaſon of my ſudden "abſence."

"Shall you return again to London, Sir, "before you proceed into Hampſhire?"

"Not

"Not unless you or Miss Mowbray will "allow me to suppose that to either of you "my return may be in any way serviceable."

Mrs. Stafford assured him she had nothing to trouble him upon which required such immediate attention. Emmeline then attempted to make an answer of the same kind. But tho' she had for some days wished him to go, she could not see him on the point of departing without being sensible of the anguish his absence would occasion her; and instead of speaking distinctly her thanks, she only murmured something, and was so near bursting into tears, that fearing to expose herself, she was hurrying out of the room.

"No message—no letter—not one kind "word," said he, gently detaining her, "to "poor Adelina? Nothing to your little *pro-* "*tegé?*"

"My—love to them both, Sir?"

"And will you not write to my sister?"

"By the post," said Emmeline, struggling to get from him to conceal her emotion.

He then kissed her hand, and suffered her to go. While the explanation Mrs. Stafford gave of her real feelings, elated him to rapture, in

in which he departed, proteſting that nothing ſhould prevent his return, to follow the good fortune which he now believed might be his, as ſoon as he could adjuſt his ſiſter's buſineſs with her huſband's relations.

Mrs. Stafford recommended it to him to bring Lady Adelina to London with him, as the affection Emmeline had for her would inevitably give her great influence. Godolphin, in anſwer to this advice, only ſhook his head; and Mrs. Stafford remained uncertain of his intentions to follow it.

A few days now elapſed without any extraordinary occurrence. Emmeline thought leſs of the impending reſtoration of her fortune (for of it's reſtoration Mr. Newton aſſured her he had no doubt) than of him with whom ſhe hoped to ſhare it. She impatiently longed to hear from Lady Adelina that he was with her: and ſometimes her mind dwelt with painful ſolicitude on Lady Weſthaven and Delamere, for whoſe health and ſafety ſhe was truly anxious, and of whom ſhe had received no account ſince her arrival in London.

As ſhe was performing the promiſe ſhe had made to Godolphin of writing to Lady Ade-

lina by an early poſt, Le Limoſin announced Mr. James Crofts; who immediately entered the room with his uſual jerking and familiar walk. Emmeline, who incapable as ſhe was of hating any body, yet felt towards him a diſguſt almoſt amounting to hatred, received him with the coldeſt reſerve; and Mrs Stafford, with no more civility than was requiſite to prevent his alledging her rudeneſs and impatience as reaſons for not ſettling the buſineſs, on which ſhe concluded he came.

He began with general converſation; and when Mrs. Stafford, impatient to have done with him, introduced that which went more immediately to the adjuſtment of the affair ſhe wiſhed to ſettle, he told her, that being extremely unwilling to diſcuſs a matter of buſineſs with a *lady*, and apprehenſive of giving offence to one for whom he and his dear Mrs. Crofts had ſo ſincere a regard, he had determined to leave all the concerns yet between them to his attorney; a man of ſtrict honour and probity, to whom he would give her a direction, and to whom it would be better for *her* attorney to apply, than that they ſhould

themſelves

themſelves enter on a topic whereon it was probable they might differ.

Mrs. Stafford, vexed at his diſſimulation and fineſſe, again preſſed him to come to a concluſion without the interference of lawyers. But he again repeated the ſet ſpeech he had formed on the occaſion; and then addreſſing himſelf to Emmeline, aſked ſmilingly, and affecting an intereſt in her welfare, "whether the information he had received "was true?"

"What information, Sir?"

"That Miſs Mowbray has the moſt authen-"tic claim to the eſtate of her late father."

"It is by no means an eſtabliſhed claim, "Sir; and ſuch as you muſt excuſe me if I "decline talking of."

"I am told you have papers that put it out "of diſpute. If you would favour me with "a ſight of them, perhaps I could give you "ſome inſight into the proceedings you ſhould "commence; and I am ſure my friendſhip "and regard would make any ſervice I could "do you a real ſatisfaction to myſelf."

"I thank you, Sir, for your profeſſions. "The papers in queſtion are in the hands of

" Mr. Newton, of Lincolns Inn. If he will " allow you to ſee them I have no objection."

" You intend then," ſaid James Crofts, unable entirely to conceal his chagrin—" you " intend to begin a ſuit with my Lord Mon- " treville?"

" By no means, Sir. I am perſuaded there " will be no neceſſity for it. But as you have " juſt referred Mrs. Stafford to a lawyer, I " muſt beg leave to ſay, that if *you* have any " queſtions to aſk you muſt apply to mine."

James Crofts, quite diſconcerted notwithſtanding his preſumptuous aſſurance, was not ready with an anſwer; and Emmeline, who doubted not that he was ſent by his father to gain what intelligence he could, was ſo provoked, that not conceiving herſelf obliged to preſerve the appearance of civility to a man ſhe deſpiſed, ſhe left him in poſſeſſion of the room, from whence Mrs. Stafford had a few moments before departed. He therefore was obliged to withdraw; having found his attempt to ſhake the integrity of Le Limoſin as fruitleſs as that he had made to get ſight of the papers.

He had not long been gone, when a ſervant *brought* to Emmeline the following note.—

" I have

"I have heard you are in town with Mrs. "Stafford, and beg leave to wait on you. Do "not, *ma douce amie*, refuſe to grant me this "favour. Beſides the happineſs of ſeeing "you and your friend, I have another very "particular reaſon for ſoliciting you to grant "ſuch an indulgence to

GEORGE FITZ-EDWARD.

"I write this from a neighbouring coffee-"houſe, where I expect your anſwer."

Emmeline immediately carried this billet to Mrs. Stafford; who told her there was no reaſon why ſhe ſhould refuſe the requeſt it contained. She therefore wrote a card of compliment to Colonel Fitz-Edward, ſignifying that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee him.

In a few moments Fitz-Edward appeared; and Emmeline, tho' aware of his arrival, could not receive him without confuſion and emotion. Nor could ſhe without pity behold his altered countenance and manner, ſo different from what they were when ſhe firſt ſaw the gay and gallant Fitz-Edward at Mowbray Caſtle. He began by expreſſing, with great appearance of ſincerity, his joy at ſeeing her;

enquired after Lord Delamere, and mentioned his aſtoniſhment at what he had heard—that Delamere had ſo repeatedly enquired after him, and ſignified ſuch a wiſh to ſee him, yet had never written to him to explain his buſineſs.

Emmeline, who knew well on what he had ſo earneſtly deſired to meet him, bluſhed, but did not think it neceſſary to clear up a ſubject which Godolphin's explanation to Delamere had rendered no longer alarming.

"You know, perhaps" ſaid Fitz-Edward, "that Mr. Trelawny is dead."

"I do."

"And your fair unhappy friend?—May I "now—(or is it ſtill a crime,) enquire after "her?"

"She is, I believe, well," anſwered Emmeline, "and remains at the houſe of her bro-"ther."

"Tell me, Miſs Mowbray—will ſhe after "a proper time refuſe, do you think, her con-"ſent to ſee me? will *you*, my lovely friend, "undertake to plead for me? will you and "Mrs. Stafford, who know with what ſolici-"*tude* I ſought her, with what anguiſh I de-"*plored* her loſs, intercede on my behalf?—

"you,

"you, who know how fondly my heart has "been devoted to her from the moment of "our fatal parting?"

"I can undertake nothing of this kind, "Sir. The fate of Lady Adelina depends, "I apprehend, on her brothers. To them I "think you ſhould apply."

"And why not to herſelf? Is ſhe not now "at liberty? And when deſtiny has at length "broken the cruel chains with which ſhe was "loaded, will ſhe voluntarily bind herſelf "with others hardly more ſupportable? If "ſhe refers me to her brothers, I muſt deſpair: "—the cold-hearted Lord Weſthaven, the "inflexible and rigid Godolphin, will make "it a miſtaken point of honour to divide us "for ever!"

"You cannot ſuppoſe, Sir, that *I* ſhall un-"dertake to influence Lady Adelina to mea-"ſures diſapproved by her family. I know "not that Lord Weſthaven is cold and un-"feeling as you deſcribe him: on the con-"trary, I believe he unites one of the beſt "heads and warmeſt hearts. If your requeſt "is proper, you certainly riſk nothing by "referring it to him."

Of Godolphin ſhe ſpoke not; fearful of betraying to the penetrating and obſerving Fitz-Edward how little he anſwered in her idea the character of unfeeling and ſevere.

"I know not what to do," ſaid Fitz-Edward. "Should I addreſs myſelf to her "brothers without ſucceſs, I am undone; "ſince I well know that from their deciſion "there will be no appeal. I cannot live "without her, Emmeline—indeed I cannot; "and in the hope only of what has lately "happened, have I dragged on till now a "reluctant exiſtence. Once, and but once, "I dared write to her. But her brother re-"turned the letter. She ſuffered him cruelly "to return it, in a cover in which he inform-"ed me 'that the peace and honour of Lady 'Adelina Trelawny made it neceſſary for her 'to forget that ſuch a man exiſted as Colonel 'Fitz-Edward.' Godolphin," continued he, "Godolphin may carry this too far; he may "oblige me to remind him that there is more "than one way in which his inexorable punc-"tilio may be ſatisfied."

"Certainly," cried Emmeline, in great agita-

agitation, which ſhe vainly ſtruggled to conceal, "there is no method more likely to "convince Lady Adelina of your tenderneſs "for her, than that you hint at; and if you "ſhould be fortunate enough to deſtroy a "brother to whom ſhe owes every thing, "your triumph will be complete."

"Prevent then the neceſſity of my apply-"ing to Godolphin by ſpeaking to Lady "Adelina in my favour. Aſk her whether "ſhe can diveſt herſelf of all regard for me? "aſk her whether ſhe can condemn me to "eternal regret and deſpair?"

"I cannot indeed. I am not likely to ſee "her; and if I were, this is a ſubject on "which nothing ſhall induce me to influence "her."

Mrs. Stafford, who had been detained in another room by a perſon who came to her upon buſineſs, now joined them; and Fitz-Edward without heſitation repeated to her what he had been ſaying to Emmeline.

"I do not think indeed, Colonel, that Miſs "Mowbray can interfere; and I am of her "opinion, that as ſoon as ſuch propoſals as

"you intend to make are proper, you ſhould "addreſs them to her brothers."

"Mr. Godolphin, Madam, treats me in "a way which only my tenderneſs, my love "for his ſiſter, induces me to bear. I have "met him accidentally, and he paſſes rudely "by me. I ſent a gentleman to him to de-"ſire an amicable interview. He anſwered, "that as we could not meet as friends, he "muſt be excuſed from ſeeing me at all. "Had I been as raſh, as cruel as he ſeems "to be, I ſhould then have noticed, in the "way it demanded, ſuch a meſſage: but "conſcious that I had already injured him, "I bore with his petulance and his aſperity. "I love Godolphin," continued he—"from "our boyiſh days I have loved and reſpected "him. I know the nobleneſs of his nature, "and I can make great allowances for the "impatience of injured honour. But will "he not carry it too far, if now that his "ſiſter is releaſed from her deteſted marriage "he ſtill perſiſts in dividing us?"

"You are not ſure," ſaid Mrs. Stafford, "that he will do ſo. Have patience at "leaſt till the time is elapſed when you may

"try

"try the experiment. In the interim I will "consider what ought to be done."

"My ever excellent, ever amiable friend!" exclaimed Fitz-Edward warmly—"how much "do I owe you already! Ah! add yet to those "obligations the restoration of Adelina, and "I shall be indebted to you for more than "life. As to you, my sweet marble-hearted "Emmeline, I heartily pray that all your cold-"ness both towards me and poor Delamere "may be revenged by your feeling, on behalf "of him, all the pain you have inflicted."

Alas! thought Emmeline, your wicked wish is already accomplished, tho' not in favour of poor Delamere.

Fitz-Edward then obtained permission to wait on them again; tho' Mrs. Stafford very candidly told him, that after Captain Godolphin came to town, she begged he would forbear coming in when he heard of his being there.

"We will try," said she, "to conciliate "matters between you, so that ye may meet "in peace; and till then pray forbear to meet "at all."

Fitz-Edward, flattering himself that Mrs.

Stafford would intereſt herſelf for him, and that Emmeline, however reſerved, would be rather his friend than his enemy, departed in rather better ſpirits; and left the fair friends to debate on the means of preventing what was very likely to happen—a difference of the moſt alarming kind between him and Godolphin, ſhould the latter perſiſt in refuſing him permiſſion to addreſs, at a proper ſeaſon, Lady Adelina.

The long delays that ſeemed likely to ariſe before her own buſineſs would be adjuſted with Lord Montreville; the fiery and impatient ſpirits with which it appeared to be her lot to contend; the vexation to which ſhe ſaw Mrs. Stafford ſubjected by the ſordid and cruel conduct of the Crofts' towards her; and laſtly, her encreaſing diſquietude about Godolphin, whom ſhe feared to encourage, yet was equally unwilling and unable to repulſe; oppreſſed her ſpirits, and made her ſtay in London very diſagreeable to her. She had never before been in it for more than a night or two; and at this time of the year (it was the beginning of October) the melancholy, deſerted houſes in the faſhionable ſtreets, and the languor that appeared in the countenances of thoſe who

were

were obliged to be in town, offered no amuſement or variety to compenſate for the loſs of the pure air ſhe had been accuſtomed to breathe, or for the beautiful and intereſting landſcapes which ſhe remembered to have enjoyed in Autumn at Mowbray Caſtle; where ſhe ſo much languiſhed to be, that ſhe ſometimes thought, if her uncle would reſign it and the eſtate immediately around, to her, ſhe could be content to leave him in poſſeſſion of the reſt of that fortune he coveted with ſo much avidity.

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days longer paſſed, and Emmeline yet heard nothing of the return of Lord and Lady Weſthaven; a circumſtance at which ſhe grew extremely uneaſy. Not only as it gave her reaſon to fear for the health of Lord Delamere, for whom ſhe was very anxious; but for that of Lady Weſthaven, whom ſhe ſo tenderly loved.

She obſerved too, with concern, that under

pretence

pretence of waiting the arrival of his ſon and his ſon in law, Lord Montreville delayed all advances towards a ſettlement; and that Mrs. Stafford, wearied by the duplicity and chicanery of the Croſts,' and miſerable in being detained ſo long from her children, grew quite diſheartened, and was prevented only by her affection for Emmeline from returning to France and abandoning all hopes of an accommodation which every day ſeemed more difficult and more diſtant.

The arrival of Lord Weſthaven was on her account particularly deſirable, as he had promiſed Emmeline to make a point of aſſiſting her; and on his aſſurances ſhe knew it was ſafe to rely, ſince they were neither made to give himſelf an air of importance, nor meant to quiet the trouble of preſent importunity, by holding out the proſpect of future advantage never thought of more.

Nothing however could be done to haſten this important arrival; and the fair friends, tho' uneaſy and impatient, were obliged to ſubmit. But from the reſtleſſneſs of daily ſuſpence, they were rouſed by two letters; which brought in it's place only poignant concern.

That

That to Mrs. Stafford was from her husband; who, tho' he had neither relish for her conversation nor respect for her virtues, was yet dissatisfied without her; and even while she was wholly occupied in serving him, tormented her with murmurs and suspicions. He scrupled not to hint, "that as she was with her beloved Miss "Mowbray, she forgot her duty to her family; "and that as she had been now gone near a "month, he thought it quite long enough, "not only to have done the business she un-"dertook, but to have enjoyed as much plea-"sure as was in her situation reasonable. He "therefore expected her to return to France, "and supposed that she had settled every thing "to facilitate his coming back to England." The unreasonable expectations, and ungrateful suspicions, which this letter contained, overwhelmed her with mortification. To return without having finished the business on which she came, would be to expose herself to insult and reproach; yet to stay longer, without a probability of succeeding by her stay, would only occasion an aggravation of his ill humour, and probably a worse reception when she rejoined him.

The

The letter to Emmeline was from Lady Adelina, and ran thus—

East Cliff, Oct. 16.

"Godolphin, my Emmeline, is at length "returned to your unhappy friend, who has "passed many, many melancholy days since "he left her. My dear brother appears not "only in better health, but in better spirits than "when he went from hence. Ought I then "to repine? when I see him, and when he tells "me that you are well; and that affluence, "and with it, I hope, happiness will be your's? "The very name of happiness and of Adelina "should not come in the same page! Ah! "never must they any where meet again. "Pardon me for thus recurring to myself: "but the mournful topic will intrude! Un-"happy Trelawny! he had not quite com-"pleated his twenty-fifth year. Tho' I never "either loved or esteemed him, and tho' to "my early and hasty marriage I owe all the "misery of my life, his death has something "shocking in it. My weak spirits, which have "of late been unusually deranged, are sadly "affected by it. Yet surely in regard to *him*

"I have

"I have little to reproach myſelf. Did he not "abandon me to my deſtiny? did he not "plunge headlong into follies from which he "reſented even an effort to ſave him? Alas! "unleſs I could have given him that under-"ſtanding which nature had denied him, my "ſolicitude muſt ever have been vain! It is "ſome alleviation, too, to my concern, to re-"flect, that as much of his honour as depended "on me, has not, by the breath of public fame, "been ſullied. And I try to perſuade myſelf, "that ſince his life was uſeful to nobody, and "had long been, from intemperance, burthen-"ſome to himſelf, I ſhould not ſuffer his death "to dwell ſo heavily upon me. Yet in ſpite "of every effort to ſhake off the melancholy "which devours me, it encreaſes upon me; "and to you I may ſay, for you will hear and "pity me, that there exiſts not at this mo-"ment ſo complete a wretch as your Adelina!

"To my brother William, all gentle and "generous as he is, I cannot complain. It "were ingratitude to let him ſee how little all "his tenderneſs avails towards reconciling me "to myſelf; towards healing the wounds of "my depreſſed ſpirit, and quieting the mur-

"murs

"murs of this feeble heart. Yet methinks to "have a friend, in whose compassionate bo-"som I might pour out its weakness and its "sorrows, would mitigate the extreme severity "of those sufferings which are now more "than I can bear.

"Where have I on earth such a friend but "in my Emmeline? And will she refuse to "come to me? Ah! wherefore should she "refuse it? I shall be alone; for Godolphin "is obliged to go immediately to London to "settle all the business I shall now ever have "with the family of Trelawny, and put it "on such a footing as may preclude the ne-"cessity of my ever meeting any of them "hereafter. He tells me that your affairs ad-"vance nothing till Lord Westhaven's re-"turn; and that our dear Mrs. Stafford talks "of being obliged to go back to her family. "If she must do so, you will not stay in "London alone; and where is your com-"pany so fondly desired, where can you have "such an opportunity of exercising your ge-"nerous goodness, as in coming hither? "Our little boy—do you not long to embrace "him? Ah! lovely as he is, why dare I not

"indulge

"indulge all the pleasure and all the pride I
"might feel in seeing him; and wherefore
"must anguish so keen mingle with tender-
"ness so delicious!

"Ah! my friend, come to me, I entreat,
"I implore you! The reasons why I cannot
"see London, are of late multiplied rather
"than removed, and I can only have the hap-
"piness of embracing you here. Hesitate
"not to oblige me then; for I every hour wish
"more and more ardently to see you. When
"I awake from my imperfect slumbers, your
"presence is the first desire of my heart. I
"figure you to myself as I wander forth on
"my solitary walks. And when I *do* sleep,
"the image of my angelic friend, consolatory
"and gentle, makes me some amends for vi-
"sions less pleasant, that disturb it.

"Ah! let me not see you in dreams alone;
"for above all I want you—'when I am
'alone with poor Adelina.' Come, O come;
"and if it be possible—save me—from my-
"self!

A. T."

The melancholy tenor of this letter greatly affected Emmeline. She wished almost as ea-

gerly

gerly as her friend to be with her. But how could ſhe determine to become an inmate at the houſe of Godolphin, even tho' he was himſelf to be abſent from it? She communicated, however, Lady Adelina's requeſt to Mrs. Stafford, who could ſee no objection to any plan which might promote the intereſt of Godolphin. She repreſented therefore to Emmeline how very diſagreeable it would be to her to be left alone in town, when ſhe ſhould herſelf be obliged to leave her, as muſt now ſoon happen. That there was, in fact, no very proper aſylum for her but the houſe of her uncle, which he ſeemed not at all diſpoſed to offer her. But that to Lady Adelina's propoſal there could be no reaſonable objection, eſpecially as Godolphin was not to be there.

Emmeline yet heſitated; till another letter from Stafford, more harſh and unreaſonable than the firſt, obliged her friend to fix on the following Thurſday for her departure; the abſurd impatience of her huſband thus defeating its own purpoſe; and Emmeline, partly influenced by her perſuaſions, and yet more by her own wiſhes, determined at length to fix the

ſame

ſame time for beginning her journey to the Iſle of Wight.

There was yet two days to intervene; and Mrs. Stafford was obliged to employ the firſt of them in the city, among lawyers and creditors of her huſband. From ſcenes ſo irkſome ſhe readily allowed Miſs Mowbray to excuſe herſelf; who therefore remained at home, and was engaged in looking over ſome poems ſhe had purchaſed, when ſhe heard a rap at the door, and the voice of Godolphin on the ſtairs, enquiring of Le Limoſin for Mrs. Stafford. Le Limoſin told him that ſhe was from home, but that Mademoiſelle Mowbray was in the dining room. He ſent up to know if he might be admitted. Emmeline had no pretence for refuſing him, and received him with a mixture of confuſion and pleaſure, which ſhe ineffectually attempted to hide under the ordinary forms of civility.

The eyes of Godolphin were animated by the delight of beholding her. But when ſhe enquired after Lady Adelina, as ſhe almoſt immediately did, they aſſumed a more melancholy expreſſion.

"Adelina

"Adelina is far from being well," ſaid he. "Has ſhe not written to you?"

"She has."

"And has ſhe not preferred a requeſt to "you?"

"Yes."

"What anſwer do you mean to give it? "Will you refuſe once more to bleſs and re- "lieve, by your preſence, my unhappy ſiſter?"

"I do not know," ſaid Emmeline, deeply bluſhing, "that I ought, (eſpecially without "the concurrence of my uncle) to conſent; "yet to contribute to the ſatisfaction of Lady "Adelina—to give her any degree of happi- "neſs—what is there I can refuſe?"

"Adorable, angelic goodneſs!" eagerly cried Godolphin. "Beſt, as well as loveliest "of human creatures! You go then?"

"I intended beginning my journey on "Thurſday."

"And you will allow me to ſee you ſafe "thither?"

"There can ſurely be no occaſion to give "you that trouble, Sir," ſaid Emmeline apprehenſively; "nor ought you to think of it, "ſince

"ſince Lady Adelina's affairs certainly re-
"quire your attendance in London."

"They do; but not ſo immediately as to
"prevent my attending you to Eaſt Cliff.
"If you will ſuffer me to do that, I promiſe
"inſtantly to return."

"No. I go only attended by my ſervants,
"or go not at all."

Godolphin was mortified to find her ſo determined. And eaſily diſcouraged from thoſe hopes which he had indulged rather from the flattering proſpects offered to him by Mrs. Stafford than preſumption founded on his own remarks, he now again felt all his apprehenſions renewed of her latent affection for Delamere. The acute anguiſh to which thoſe ideas expoſed him, and their frequent return, determined him now to attempt knowing at once, whether he had or had not that place in Emmeline's heart which Mrs. Stafford had aſſured him he had long poſſeſſed.

Sitting down near her, therefore, he ſaid, gravely—"As I may not, Miſs Mowbray,
"ſoon have again the happineſs I now enjoy,
"will you allow me to addreſs you on a ſub-
"ject which you muſt long have known to

"be

"be nearest my heart; but on which you have "so anxiously avoided every explanation I have "attempted, that I fear intruding too much "on your complaisance if I enter upon it."

Emmeline found she could not avoid hearing him; and sat silent, her heart violently beating. Godolphin went on.—

"From the first moment I beheld you, my "heart was your's. I attempted, indeed, at "the beginning of our acquaintance—ah! "how vainly attempted!—to conquer a pas- "sion which I believed was rendered hopeless "by your prior engagement. While I sup- "posed you the promised wife of Lord Dela- "mere, I concealed, as well as I was able, my "sufferings, and never offended you with an "hint of their severity. Had you married "him, I think I could have carried them in "silence to the grave. Those ties, however, "Lord Delamere himself broke; and I then "thought myself at liberty to solicit your fa- "vour. It was for that purpose I took the "road to St. Alpin, when the unhappy De- "lamere stopped me at Besançon.

"When I afterwards related to you his ill- "ness; the sorrow, the lively and generous

"sorrow

"ſorrow, you expreſſed for *him*, and the cold
"and reſerved manner in which you received
"*me*, made me ſtill believe, that tho' he had
"relinquiſhed your hand he yet poſſeſſed
"your heart. I ſaw it with anguiſh, and con-
"tinued ſilent. All that paſſed at Beſançon
"confirmed me in this opinion. I deter-
"mined to tear myſelf away, and again con-
"ceal in ſolitude a paſſion, which, while I
"felt it to be incurable, I feared was hopeleſs.
"Accident, however, detaining me at Calais,
"again threw me in your way; and I heard,
"that far from having renewed your engage-
"ment with Lord Delamere, you had left him
"to avoid his eager importunity. Dare I
"add—that *then*, my pity for him was loſt in
"the hopes I preſumed to form for myſelf;
"and ſtudiouſly as you have avoided giving
"me an opportunity of ſpeaking to you, I
"have yet ventured to flatter myſelf that you
"beheld not with anger or ſcorn, my ardent,
"my fond attachment."

From the beginning of this ſpeech to it's conclusion, the encreaſing confuſion of Emmeline deprived her of all power of anſwering it. With deepened bluſhes, and averted eyes,

ſhe at firſt ſought for refuge in affecting to be intent on the netting ſhe drew from her work box; but having ſpoiled a whole row, her trembling hands could no longer go on with it; and as totally her tongue refuſed to utter the anſwer, which, by the pauſe he made, ſhe concluded Godolphin expected. After a moment, however, he went on.

"I have by no means encouraged viſions "ſo delightful, without a ſevere alloy of fear "and miſtruſt. Frequently, your coldneſs, "your unkindneſs, gives me again to deſpon-"dence; and every lovely proſpect I had ſuf-"fered my imagination to draw, is loſt in "clouds and darkneſs. Yet I am convinced "you do not *intend* to torture me; and that "from Miſs Mowbray I may expect that can-"dour, that explicit conduct, of which com-"mon minds are incapable. Tell me then, "deareſt and lovelieſt Emmeline, may I ven-"ture to hope that tender boſom is not wholly "inſenſible? Will you hear me with patience, "and even with pity?"

"What, Sir, can I ſay?" faulteringly aſked Emmeline. "I am in a great meaſure de-"pendant, at leaſt for ſome time, on Lord

"Montreville;

"Montreville; and till I am of age, have de-
"termined to hear nothing on the ſubject on
"which you are pleaſed to addreſs me."

"Admitting it to be ſo," anſwered Godolphin, "give me but an hope to live upon till "then!"

"I will not deny, Sir," ſaid Emmeline ſtill more faintly, "I will not deny that my "eſteem for your character—my—my—"

"Oh! ſpeak!" exclaimed Godolphin eagerly—"ſpeak, and tell me that———"

At this moment Le Limoſin haſtily came into the room, and ſaid—"*Mademoiſelle, le "Chevalier de Bellozane demande permiſſion de "vous parler.*"*

Godolphin, vex[illegible] interruption, and embar[illegible] at the arrival of the [illegible] ſaid haſtily—"You will not ſee him?"

"How can I refuſe him?" anſwered ſhe; "perhaps he comes with ſome intelligence "of your brother—of my dear Lady Weſt-"haven."

By this time the Chevalier was in the room. Emmeline received him with anxious and

* The Chevalier is below.

confused looks, arising entirely from her apprehensions about Lady Westhaven and Lord Delamere; but the vanity of Bellozane saw in it only a struggle between her real sentiments and her affectation of concealment. She almost instantly, however, enquired after her friends.

"I left them," said Bellozane, "almost as "soon as you did, and went (because I wanted "money and my father wanted to see *me*,) "back to St. Alpin, where I staid almost a "fortnight; and having obtained a necessary "recruit of cash, I set off for Paris; where "(my leave of absence being to expire in "another month) I was forced to make in-"terest to obtain a further permission, in or-"der to throw myself, lovely Mrs. Mowbray, "at your feet, and to pass the winter in the "delights of London, which they tell me I "shall like better than Paris."

Emmeline, disgusted at his presumption and volatility, enquired if he knew nothing since of Lord and Lady Westhaven.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I saw them all at "Paris, and asked them if they had any com-"mands to you? But I could get nothing

"from

"from my good cousin but sage advice,
"and from Lady Westhaven only cold looks
"and half sentences; and as to poor Dela-
"mere, I knew he was too much afraid of my
"success to be in a better temper with me
"than the other two; so we had but little
"conversation."

"But they are well, Sir?"

"No; Delamere has been detained all this
"time by illness, at different places. He was
"better when I saw him; but Lady West-
"haven was herself ill, and my cousin was, in
"looks, the most rueful of the three."

"But, Sir, when may they be expected in
"England?"

"That I cannot tell. The last time I saw
"Lord Westhaven was above a week before
"I left Paris; and then he said he knew not
"when his wife would be well enough to be-
"gin their journey, but he hoped within a
"fortnight."

"Good God!" thought Emmeline, "what
"can have prevented his writing to me all
"this time?"

Godolphin, after the first compliments passed with the Chevalier, had been quite

ſilent. He now, however, aſked ſome queſtions about his brother; by which he found, that in conſequence of endeavouring to diſcourage Bellozane's voyage to England, Lord Weſthaven had offended him, and that a coldneſs had taken place between them. Bellozane had ceaſed to conſider Godolphin as a rival, when he beheld Lord Delamere in that light; and was now rather pleaſed to meet him, knowing that his introduction into good company would greatly be promoted by means of ſuch a relation.

"Do you know," ſaid the Chevalier, addreſſing himſelf to Emmeline, "that I have "had ſome trouble, my fair friend, to find "you?"

"And how," enquired Godolphin, "did "you accompliſh it?"

"Why my Lord Weſthaven, to whom I "applied at Paris, proteſted that he did not "know; ſo remembering the name of le "Marquis de Montreville, I wrote to him to "know where I might wait on Mademoiſelle "Mowbray. Monſiegneur le Marquis be-"ing at his country houſe, did not imme-"diately anſwer my letter. At length I had

"a card

" a card from him, which he had the com-
" plaiſance to ſend by a gentleman, un
" Monſieur—Monſieur *Croff*, who invited
" me to his houſe, and introduced me to
" Milady *Croff*, his wife, who is daughter to
" Milor Montreville. *Mon Dieu! que cette*
" *femme la, eſt vive, aimable; qu'elle a l'air*
" *du monde, et de la bonne compagnie.*"*

" You think Lady Frances Croſts, then,
" handſomer than her ſiſter?" aſked Godolphin.

" *Mais non—elle n'eſt pas peut-etre ſi belle—*
" *mais elle a cependant un certain air. Enfin*
" *—je la treuve charmante.*"†

Godolphin then continuing to queſtion him, found that the Croſts' had invited Bellozane with an intention of getting from him the purpoſe of his journey, and what his buſineſs was with Emmeline; and finding it was his gallantry only brought him over, and that he knew nothing of the late

* How lively and agreeable ſhe is—how much ſhe has the air of a woman of faſhion and of the world.

† Not ſo handſome, perhaps—but there is a ſomething—in ſhort, I think her charming.

Mr. Mowbray's affairs, had no longer made any attempt to oppoſe his ſeeing her.

Godolphin, tho' he believed Emmeline not only indifferent but averſe to him, was yet much diſquieted at finding ſhe was likely again to be expoſed to his importunities. He trembled leaſt if he diſcovered her intentions of going to Eaſt Cliff, he ſhould follow her thither; for which his relationſhip to Lady Adelina would furniſh him with a pretence; and deſirous of getting him away as ſoon as poſſible, he aſked if he would dine with him at his lodgings.

Bellozane anſwered that he was already engaged to Mr. Crofts'; and then turning to Emmeline, offered to take her hand; and enquired whether ſhe had a ſofter heart than when ſhe left Beſançon?

Emmeline drew away her hand; and very gravely entreated him to ſay no more on a ſubject already ſo frequently diſcuſſed, and on which her ſentiments muſt ever be the ſame. Bellozane gaily proteſted that he had been too long a ſoldier to be eaſily repulſed. That he would wait on her the next day, and doubted not but he ſhould find her

her more favourably diſpoſed. "*Je* "*reviendrai demain vous offrir encore mon* "*hommage. Adieu! nympthe belle et cruelle.* "*La chaine que je porte fera toute ma gloire.*"* He then ſnatched her hand, which in ſpite of her efforts he kiſſed, and with his uſual gaiety went away, accompanied by Godolphin.

Hardly had Emmeline time to recollect her diſſipated ſpirits after the warm and ſerious addreſs of Godolphin, and to feel vexation and diſguſt at the preſumptuous forwardneſs of Bellozane, from which ſhe apprehended much future trouble, before a note was brought from Mrs. Stafford, to inform her, that after waiting ſome hours at the houſe of the attorney ſhe employed, the people who were to meet her had diſappointed her, and that there was no proſpect of her getting her buſineſs done till a late hour in the evening; ſhe therefore deſired Emmeline to dine without her, and not to expect her till ten or eleven at night.

* I ſhall come again to-morrow to offer my homage. Adieu! fair, cruel nymph! I place my glory in wearing your chains.

As it was now between four and five, ſhe ordered up her dinner, and was ſitting down to it alone, when Godolphin again entered the room. Vexation was marked in his countenance: he ſeemed hurried; and having apologized for again interrupting her, tho' he did not account for his return, he ſat down.

"Surely," cried Emmeline, alarmed, "you have heard nothing unpleaſant from "France?"

"Nothing, upon my honour," anſwered he. "The account the Chevalier gives is "indeed far from ſatisfactory, yet I am "perſuaded there is nothing particularly "amiſs, or we ſhould have heard."

"It is that conſideration only which has "made me tolerably eaſy. Yet it is ſtrange "I have no letter from Lady Weſthaven. "Will you dine with me?" added Emmeline. It was indeed hardly poſſible to avoid aſking him, as Le Limoſin at that moment brought up the dinner.

"Where is Mrs. Stafford?" ſaid he.

"Detained in the city."

"And

"And you dine alone, and will allow "me the happineſs of dining with you?"

"Certainly," replied Emmeline, bluſhing, "if you will favour me with your com-"pany."

Godolphin then placed himſelf at the end of the table; and in the pleaſure of being with her, thus unmarked by others, and conſidering her invitation as an aſſurance that his declaration of the morning was favourably received, he forgot the chagrin which hung upon him at his firſt entrance, and thought only of the means by which he might perpetuate the happineſs he now poſſeſſed.

Emmeline tried to ſhake off, in common converſation, her extreme embarraſſment. But when dinner was over, and Le Limoſin left the room, in whoſe preſence ſhe felt a ſort of protection, ſhe foreſaw that ſhe muſt again hear Godolphin, and that it would be almoſt impoſſible to evade anſwering him.

She now repented of having aſked him to dine with her; then blamed herſelf for the reſerve and coldneſs with which ſhe had almoſt always treated a man, who, deſerv-

ing all her affections, had ſo long poſſeſſed them.

But the idea of poor Delamere—of his ſadneſs, his deſpair, aroſe before her, and was ſucceeded by yet more frightful images of the conſequences that might follow his frantic paſſions. And impreſſed at once with pity and terror, ſhe again reſolved to keep, if it were poſſible, the true ſtate of her heart from the knowledge of Godolphin.

"I have ſeldom ſeen one of my relations "with ſo little pleaſure," ſaid he, after the ſervant had withdrawn, "as I to day met "my volatile couſin de Bellozane. I hoped "he would have perſecuted you no farther "with a paſſion to which I think you are "not diſpoſed to liſten."

"I certainly never intend it."

"Pardon me then, deareſt Miſs Mow-"bray, if I ſolicit leave to renew the con-"verſation his abrupt entrance broke off. "You had the goodneſs to ſay you had "ſome eſteem for my character—Ah! tell "me, if on that eſteem I may preſume to "build thoſe hopes which alone can give "value to the reſt of my life?"

Emmeline,

Emmeline, who ſaw he expected an anſwer, attempted to ſpeak; but the half-formed words died away on her lips. It was not thus ſhe was uſed to receive the addreſſes of Delamere: her heart then left her reaſon and her reſolution at liberty, but now the violence of its ſenſations deprived her of all power of uttering ſentiments foreign to it, or concealing thoſe it really felt.

Godolphin drew from this charming confuſion a favourable omen.—"You hear me "not with anger, lovely Emmeline!" cried he—"You allow me, then, to hope?"

"I can only repeat, Sir," ſaid Emmeline, in a voice hardly audible, "that until I am "of age, I have reſolved to hear nothing "on this ſubject."

"And why not? Are you not now nearly "as independent as you will be then?"

"Alas!" ſaid Emmeline, "I am in-"deed!—for my uncle concerns not him-"ſelf about me, and it is doubtful whether "he will do me even the juſtice to acknow-"ledge me."

"He muſt! he ſhall!" replied Godolphin warmly—"Ah! entruſt me with your in-

"tereſt;

"tereſt; let me, in the character of the for-
"tunate man whom you allow to hope for
"your favour—let me apply to him for
"juſtice."

"That any one ſhould make ſuch an ap-
"plication, except Lord Weſthaven, is
"what I greatly wiſh to avoid. I ſhall
"moſt reluctantly appeal to the interference
"of friends; and ſtill more to that of *law*.
"The laſt is, you know, very uncertain.
"And inſtead of the heireſs to the eſtate of
"my father, as I have lately been taught to
"believe myſelf, I may be found ſtill to be
"the poor deſtitute orphan, ſo long de-
"pendent on the bounty of my uncle."

"And as ſuch," cried Godolphin, greatly animated, "you will be dearer to me than
"my exiſtence! Yes, Emmeline; whe-
"ther you are miſtreſs of thouſands, or
"friendleſs, portionleſs and deſerted; your
"power over this heart is equally abſolute
"—equally fixed! Ah! ſuffer not any
"conſideration that relates to the uncertainty
"of your ſituation, to delay a moment the
"permiſſion you muſt, you will give me,
"to avow my long and ardent paſſion."

"It

"It muſt not be, Mr. Godolphin!" (and tears filled her eyes as ſhe ſpoke) "Indeed "it muſt not be! It is not now *poſſible*, at "leaſt it is very *improper*, for me to liſten "to you. Ah! do not then preſs it. I "have indeed already ſuffered you to ſay "too much on ſuch a topic."

Godolphin then renewed his warm entreaties that he might be permitted openly to profeſs himſelf her lover: but ſhe ſtill evaded giving way to them, by declaring that till ſhe was of age ſhe would not marry. "Had I no other objections," continued ſhe, "the ſingularity of my circumſtances "is alone ſufficient to determine me. I "cannot think of accepting the honour you "offer me, while my very *name* is in ſome "degree doubtful; it would, I own, mor-"tify me to take any advantage of your "generoſity; and ſhould I fail of obtain-"ing from Lord Montreville that to which "I am now believed to have a claim, his "Lordſhip, irritated at the attempt, will "probably withdraw what he has hitherto "allowed me—ſcanty ſupport, and occa-"ſional protection."

"Find

"Find protection with your lover, with "your husband!" exclaimed he—"And "may that happy husband, that adoring "lover, be Godolphin! May Adelina for-"get her own calamities in contemplating "the felicity of her brother; and may her "beauteous, her benevolent friend, become "her sister indeed, as she has long been "the sister of her heart."

"You will oblige me, Sir," said Emmeline, feeling that notwithstanding all her attempts to conceal it, the truth trembled in her eyes and faultered in her accents—"you will oblige me if you say no more of "this."

"I will obey you, if you will only tell me "I may hope."

"How can I say so, Sir, when so long a "time must intervene before I shall think "of fixing myself for life."

"Yet surely you know, the generous, "the candid Miss Mowbray knows, whe-"ther her devoted Godolphin is agreeable "to her, or whether, if every obstacle which "exists in her timid imagination were re-"moved, he would be judged wholly un-

"worthy

"worthy of pretending to the honour of
"her hand?"

"Certainly not unworthy," tremblingly
ſaid Emmeline.

"Let me then, thus encouraged, go farther
"—and aſk if I have a place in your eſteem?"

"Do not aſk me—indeed I cannot tell—
"Nay I beg, I entreat," added ſhe, trying
to diſengage her hands from him, "that you
"will deſiſt—do not force me to leave you."

"Ah! talk not, think not of leaving me;
"think rather of confirming thoſe fortunate
"preſages I draw from this lovely timidity.
"I cannot go till I know your thoughts of
"me—till I know what place I hold in that
"ſoft boſom."

"I think of you as an excellent brother;
"as a generous and diſintereſted friend; for
"ſuch I have found you; as a man of
"great good ſenſe, of noble principles, of
"exalted honour!"

"As one then," ſaid Godolphin, vehe-
mently interrupting her, "not unworthy
"of being entruſted with your happineſs;
"who may hope to be honoured with a de-
"poſit ſo ineſtimable, as the confidence

"and

"and tenderneſs of that gentle and gene-
"rous heart?"

"I do indeed think very highly of you.
"—I cannot, if I would, deny it."

"And you allow me, then, to go in-
"ſtantly to Lord Montreville?"

"Oh! no! no!—ſurely nothing I have
"ſaid implied ſuch a conſent."

Godolphin, however, was ſtill preſſing; and at length brought her to confeſs, with bluſhes, and even with tears, her early and long partiality for him, and her reſolution either to be his, or die unmarried. She found, indeed, all attempts to diſſimulate, vain; the reſerve ſhe had forced herſelf to aſſume, gave way to her natural frankneſs; and having once been induced to make ſuch an acknowledgement of the ſtate of her heart, ſhe determined to have no longer any ſecrets concealed from him who was it's maſter.

She therefore candidly told him how great was her compaſſion for Lord Delamere, and how ſevere her apprehenſions of his rage, reſentment, and deſpair.

He allowed the force of the firſt; but as

to

to the other, he would not ſuppoſe it a reaſon for her delaying her marriage.

"Poor Delamere," ſaid he, "is of a temper which oppoſition and difficulty renders more eager and more obſtinate. Yet when you are for ever out of his reach; as the obſtacle will become invincible, he muſt yield to neceſſity. While you remain ſingle, he will ſtill hope. The greateſt kindneſs, therefore, that you can do him, will be to convince him that he has nothing to expect from you; and put an end at once to the uncertainty which tortures him."

"To drive him to deſpair? Ah! I know ſo well the dreadful force of his paſſions, and the exceſſes he is capable of committing when under their influence, that I dare not, I poſitively will not, riſk it. I love Delamere as my brother; I love him for the reſemblance he is ſaid to bear to my father. I pity him for the errors which the natural impetuoſity of his temper, inflamed by the unbounded indulgence of his mother, continually leads him into; and the misfortunes theſe cauſes are ſo frequently

inflict-

"inflicting on him; and ſhould his fatal in-
"clination for me, be the means of bringing
"on himſelf and on his family yet other miſe-
"ries, I ſhould never forgive myſelf, or him
"by whoſe means they were incurred."

"From me, at leaſt, you have nothing of
"that ſort to apprehend: I truly pity Dela-
"mere; I feel what it muſt be to have relin-
"quiſhed the woman he loves; and to find
"her loſt to his hopes, while his paſſion is un-
"abated:—be aſſured my compaſſion for him
"will induce me rather to ſoothe his unhap-
"pineſs than to inſult him with an oſten-
"tatious diſplay of my enviable fortune. Yet if
"you ſuffer me to believe my attachment not
"diſagreeable to you, how ſhall I wholly con-
"ceal it? how appear as not *daring* to avow
"that which is the glory and happineſs of my
"life? and by your being ſuppoſed diſen-
"gaged and indifferent, ſee you expoſed to
"the importunities of an infinite number of
"ſuitors, who, however inconſequential they
"may be to *you*, will torment *me*. I do not
"know that I have much of jealouſy in my
"nature; yet I cannot tell how I ſhall bear

"to

"to ſee Delamere preſuming again on your "former friendſhip for him—Even the vola- "tile and thoughtleſs Bellozane has the power "to make me uneaſy, when I ſee him ſo per- "ſuaded of his own merit, and ſo confident "of ſucceſs."

"While you aſſert that you are but little "diſpoſed to jealouſy, you are perſuading me "that you are extremely prone to it. You "know Bellozane can never have the ſmalleſt "intereſt in my heart. But as to Delamere, "I am decided againſt inflaming his irritable "paſſions, by encouraging an avowed rival, "tho' I will do all I can by other means, to "diſcourage him. The only condition on "which I will continue to ſee you is, that "you appear no otherwiſe intereſted about "me, than as the favoured friend of your ſiſ- "ter, your brother, and Lady Weſthaven. "Preſs me, therefore, no farther on the ſub- "ject, and let us now part."

"Tell me, firſt, whether your journey re- "mains fixed for Thurſday?—whether you "ſtill hold your generous reſolution of going "to Adelina?"

"I do. But I muſt inſiſt on going alone."

"And

him in ſome meaſure the director of her actions. She hoped that ſhe might conceal her partiality 'till ſhe had nothing to fear from Delamere; at preſent ſhe was ſure he had no ſuſpicion that Godolphin was his rival; and ſhe flattered herſelf, that on his return to England, the conviction of her coldneſs would by degrees wean him from his attachment, and that he would learn to conſider her only as his ſiſter.

Theſe pleaſing hopes, however, were inſufficient to balance the concern ſhe felt for Mrs. Stafford; who having long ſtruggled againſt her calamities, now ſeemed on the point of ſinking under their preſſure, and of determining to attend, in deſpondent reſignation, the end of her unmerited ſufferings.

Emmeline attempted to re-animate her, by repeating all the promiſes of Lord Weſthaven, on whoſe word ſhe had the moſt perfect reliance. She aſſured her, that the moment her own affairs were ſettled, her firſt care ſhould be the re-eſtabliſhment of thoſe of her beloved friend. For ſome time the oppreſſed ſpirits of Mrs. Stafford would only allow her to an-

ſwer

ſwer with her tears theſe generous aſſurances. At length ſhe ſaid—

"It is to you, my Emmeline, I could per-
"haps learn to be indebted without being
"humbled; for you have an heart which
"receives while it confers an obligation.
"But think what it is for one, born with a
"right to affluence and educated in it's ex-
"pectation, with feelings keen from nature,
"and made yet keener by refinement, to be
"compelled, as I have been, to ſolicit favours,
"pecuniary favours, from perſons who have
"no feeling at all—from the ſhifting, paltry-
"ſpirited James Crofts, forbearance from the
"claim of debts; from the callous-hearted
"and ſelfiſh politician, his father, pity and
"aſſiſtance; from Rochely, who has no
"ideas but of getting or ſaving money, to aſk
"the loan of it! and to bear with humility a rude
"refuſal. I have endured the brutal unkind-
"neſs of hardened avarice, the dirty chicane
"of law, exerciſed by the moſt contemptible
"of beings; I have been forced to attempt
"ſoftening the tradeſman and the mechanic,
"and to ſuffer every degree of humiliation
"which the inſolence of ſudden proſperity

"or the insensible coolness of the determined "money dealer, could inflict. Actual po-"verty, I think, I could have better borne;

'I should have found, in some place of my soul,
'A drop of patience!'

"but ineffectual attempts to ward it off "by such degradation I can no longer sub-"mit to. While Mr. Stafford, for whom I "have encountered it all, is not only unaf-"fected by the poignant mortifications which "torture me; but receives my efforts to serve "him, if successful, only as a duty—if unsuc-"cessful, he considers my failure as a fault; "and loads me with reproach, with invective, "with contempt! others have, in their hus-"bands, protectors and friends; mine, not "only throws on me the burthen of affairs "which he has himself embroiled, but adds "to their weight by cruelty and oppression. "Such complicated and incurable misery "must overwhelm me, and then—what will "become of my children?"

Penetrated with pity and sorrow, Emmeline listened, in tears, to this strong but too faithful picture of the situation of her unfortunate friend; and with difficulty said, in a voice of the tendereſt pity—

"Yet

"Yet a little patience and ſurely things "will mend. It cannot be very long, before "I ſhall either be in high affluence or reduced "to my former dependence; perhaps to actual "indigence. Of theſe events, I hope the for-"mer is the moſt probable: but be it as it "may, you and your children will be equally "dear to me.—If I am rich, my houſe, my "fortune ſhall be your's—if I am poor, I will "live with you, and we will work together. "But for ſuch reſources as the pencil or the "needle may afford us, we ſhall, I think, have "no occaſion. You, my dear friend, will "continue to exert yourſelf for your chil-"dren; Lord Weſthaven is greatly intereſted "for you; and all will yet be well."

"I am afraid not," replied Mrs. Stafford. "Among the various misfortunes of life, "there are ſome that admit of no cure; "ſome, which even the tender and generous "friendſhip of my Emmeline can but palli-"ate. Of that nature, I fear, are many of "mine. My paſt life has been almoſt all "bitterneſs; God only knows what the re-"mainder of it may be, but

'Shadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.'

"Ah! give not up your mind to these "gloomy thoughts," said Emmeline. "Setting aside all hopes I have of being able, "without the assistance of any one, to clear "those prospects, I have a firm dependence "on Lord Westhaven, and am sure I shall "yet see you happy."

"Never, I believe, in this world!" dejectedly answered Mrs. Stafford. "But why "should I distress you, my best Emmeline, "with a repetition of my hopeless sorrows; "why cannot I now refrain, as I have hitherto "done, from taxing with my complaints your "lively sensibility?" She then began to talk of their journey for the next day, for which every thing was now ready. It would have been very agreeable to Emmeline could Mrs. Stafford have gone by Southampton, and have accompanied her for a few days to East Cliff; but she said, that besides her suffering so much at sea, which made the long passage to France very dreadful to her, she had already, in a letter to her husband, fixed to go by Calais; and as he might either send or come to meet her on that road, he might be offended if she took the other: besides these reasons, she had

yet

yet another in the chance the Calais road afforded of meeting Lord and Lady Weſthaven. The two laſt arguments were unanſwerable: Emmeline relinquiſhed the project of their going together; and they paſſed the reſt of the day in the laſt preparations for their ſeparate journeys. In the courſe of it, Bellozane called twice, but was not admitted. Godolphin was allowed to ſup with them; and early the next morning came again to ſee them ſet out. They parted on all ſides with tears and reluctance—Emmeline, with Madelon in the chaiſe with her, and Le Limoſin on horſeback, took the road to Southampton, and Mrs. Stafford purſued her melancholy journey to Dover.

Emmeline arrived at Southampton late the ſame evening, where ſhe ſlept; and the next morning landed on the Iſle of Wight.

It was a clear and mild day, towards the end of October; and ſhe walked, attended by her ſervants, to Eaſt Cliff. As ſhe approached the door of Godolphin's houſe, her heart beat quick; a thouſand tender recollections aroſe that related to it's beloved maſter, and ſome mournful apprehenſions for the fate of it's preſent lovely and unhappy inhabitant.

The maid who had ſo long waited on Lady Adelina opened the door, and expreſſed the utmoſt delight at ſeeing Emmeline. "Ah! "dereſt Madam!" ſaid ſhe, "how good it "is in you to come to my lady! Now, I "hope, both her health and her ſpirits will be "better. But the joy of knowing you are "here, will overcome her, unleſs I inform her "of it with caution; for though ſhe rather "expected you, I know it will be extreme."

Barret then ran to execute this welcome commiſſion, and in a few moments Lady Adelina, ſupported by her, walked into the room, holding in her hand little William, and fell, almoſt inſenſible, into the arms of her friend.

The expreſſion of her countenance, faded as it was, where a gleam of exquiſite pleaſure ſeemed to lighten up the ſoft features which had long ſunk under the blighting hand of ſorrow; her weeds, forming ſo ſtriking a contraſt to the fairneſs of her tranſparent ſkin; and the lovely child, now about fourteen months old, which hung on her arm; made her altogether appear to Emmeline the moſt intereſting, the moſt affecting figure, ſhe had ever ſeen. Neither of them could ſpeak. Lady

Adelina

Adelina murmured ſomething, as ſhe fondly preſſed Emmeline to her heart; but it was not till it's oppreſſion was relieved by tears, that ſhe could diſtinctly thank her for coming. Emmeline, with equal marks of tenderneſs, embraced the mother and careſſed the ſon, whoſe infantine beauty would have charmed her had he been the child of a ſtranger. After a little, they grew more compoſed; and Emmeline, while Lady Adelina in the moſt melting accents ſpoke of her brother William, and enquired tenderly after her elder brother and his wife, had time to contemplate her lovely but palid face; from which the faint glow of tranſient pleaſure, the animated vivacity of momentary rapture, was gone; and a languor ſo great ſeemed to hang over her, ſuch penſive and ſettled melancholy had taken poſſeſſion of her features, that Emmeline could hardly diveſt herſelf of the idea of immediate danger; and fancied that ſhe was come thither only to ſee the beauteous mourner ſink into the grave. She trembled to think on the conſequence which, in ſuch a ſtate of health, might ariſe from the conflict ſhe would probably have to undergo in regard to Fitz-Edward.

ward. Emmeline herſelf dared not name him to Godolphin in their long conference. It was a ſubject, on which (however ſlightly touched) he had always expreſſed ſuch painful ſenſibility, that ſhe could not reſolve to enter upon it with him. Yet ſhe foreſaw, that on Lord Weſthaven's arrival either a general explanation muſt take place, or that his Lordſhip would accept, for his ſiſter, the offer of Fitz-Edward, to which there would be in his eyes, (while he yet remained ignorant of their former unfortunate acquaintance,) no poſſible objection. She ſuppoſed that Lord and Lady Clancarryl, equally ignorant of that error (which had been partly owing to their own confidence in Fitz-Edward) would preſs Lady Adelina to accept him; and that Godolphin muſt either conſent to forgive, and receive him as his brother, or give ſuch reaſons for oppoſing his alliance with Lady Adelina, as would probably deſtroy the peace of his family and the fragile exiſtence of his ſiſter. Sometimes, ſhe thought that his inflexible honour would yield, and induce him to bury the paſt in oblivion. But then ſhe recollected all the indignation he had but lately expreſſed againſt

Fitz-

Fitz-Edward, and doubted, with fearful apprehenſion, the event.

The firſt day paſſed without that mutual and unreſerved confidence being abſolutely eſtabliſhed, which the lovely friends longed to repoſe in each other. Lady Adelina languiſhed to enquire after, to talk of Fitz-Edward, yet dared not truſt herſelf with his name; and Emmeline, tho' well aſſured that the knowledge of thoſe terms which ſhe was now on with Godolphin, would give infinite pleaſure to his ſiſter, yet had not courage to reveal that truth which her conſcious heart ſecretly enjoyed. Affected with her friend's depreſſion, and unwilling to keep her up late, ſhe complained of fatigue ſoon in the evening, and retired to her own room. She there diſmiſſed Madelon, and bade her, as ſoon as Mrs. Barret came from her lady's apartment, let her know that ſhe deſired to ſpeak to her.

She wiſhed to enquire of this faithful ſervant her opinion of her lady's health. And as ſoon as ſhe came to her, expreſſed her fears about it in terms equally anxious and tender.

"Ah! Madam," ſaid Barret, "all you ob-
"ſerve as to my lady is but too juſt; and

" what I go thro' about her, (especially when
" the Captain is not here) I am sure no tongue
" can tell. Sometimes, Ma'am, when I have
" left her of a night, and she tells me she is go-
" ing to bed, I hear her walk about the room
" talking; then she goes to the bed (for I have
" looked thro' the key hole) where Master
" Godolphin sleeps, and looks at him, and
" bursts into tears and laments herself over
" him, and again begins to walk about the
" room, and speaks as it were to herself; and
" at other times, she will open the window, and
" leaning her head on her two hands, sit and
" look at the clouds and the stars; and sighs
" so deeply, and so often, that it makes my
" heart quite ache to hear her. The child was
" very ill once with a tooth fever, while the
" Captain was gone to France; and then in-
" deed I thought my poor lady would have
" been quite, quite gone in her head again;
" for she talked *so* wildly of what she would do
" if he died, and said such things, as almost
" frightened me to death. We sent to Win-
" chester for a physician: and before he could
" come, for you know, Ma'am, what a long
" way tis to send, she grew so impatient, and

" bad

" had terrified herſelf into ſuch agonies, that
" when the doctor did come, he ſaid ſhe was
" in a great deal the moſt danger of the two.
" Thank God, Maſter Godolphin ſoon got
" well; but it was a long time before my lady
" was quite herſelf again; and ſince that,
" Ma'am, ſhe will hardly ſuffer Maſter out of
" her ſight at all; but makes either his own
" maid or me ſit in the room to attend upon
" him while ſhe reads or writes. When ſhe
" walks out, ſhe generally orders one of us to
" take him with her; and only goes out alone
" after he is in bed of a night. Then, indeed,
" ſhe ſtays out long enough, and tho' you ſee,
" Ma'am, how ſadly ſhe looks, ſhe never ſeems
" to care at all about her own health, but does
" things that really would kill a ſtrong perſon."

" What then does ſhe do?" enquired Emmeline.

" Why, Ma'am, quite late ſometimes of a
" night, when every body elſe is aſleep, ſhe
" will go away by herſelf perhaps to that wood
" you ſee there, or down to the ſea ſhore;
" and ſhe orders me to let nobody follow her.
" Quite of cold nights this autumn, when the
" wind blew, and the ſea made a noiſe ſo loud

" and dismal, she has staid there whole hours
" by herself; only I ventured to disobey her so
" far as to see that no harm came to her. But
" three or four times, Ma'am, she remained
" so long that I concluded she must catch her
" death. At last, I bethought me of getting
" one of the maids to go and tell her Master
" was awake; and I have got her to come in
" by that means out of the wind and the cold.
" Then, Ma'am, she seems to take pleasure in
" nothing but sorrow and melancholy. The
" books she reads are so sad, that sometimes,
" when her own eyes are tired and she makes
" me read them to her, I get quite horrible
" thoughts in my head. But my lady, instead
" of trying, as I do, to shake them off, will go
" directly to her music, and play such mourn-
" ful tunes, that it really quite overcomes me,
" as I am at work in another room. At other
" times she goes and writes verses about her
" own unhappiness. How is it possible, Ma'am,
" that with such ways of passing her time, my
" lady, always so delicate as she was in health,
" should be well: for my part I only wonder
" she is not quite dead."

" But how do you know, Barret, that your
" lady

"lady employs herſelf in writing verſes about "her own unhappineſs?"

"Dear Ma'am, I have found them about "every where. When the Captain is abſent, "my lady is indifferent where ſhe leaves them. "Sometimes four or five ſheets lay open on "the table in her little dreſſing room, and "ſometimes upon her muſic."

Emmeline was too certain that ſuch were the occupations of her poor friend. During the ſhort time they had been together, Lady Adelina had ſhewn her ſome work; and as ſhe took it out of her drawer, ſhe drew out ſome papers with it.

"I do but little work," ſaid ſhe. "I find even "embroidery does not ſerve to call off my "thoughts ſufficiently from myſelf. I read a "good deal in books of mere amuſement, for "of ſerious application I am incapable; and "here is another ſpecimen of my method of "employing myſelf, which perhaps you will "not think a remedy for melancholy "thoughts."

She put a written paper into Emmeline's hand, who was about to open it; but Lady Adelina added, with a penſive ſmile, "do

"not

"not read it now; rather keep it till you are "alone."

This paper Emmeline took out to peruſe as ſoon as ſhe had diſmiſſed Barret. Her heart bled as ſhe ran over this teſtimony of the anguiſh and deſpondence which preyed on the heart of Lady Adelina. It was an

ODE TO DESPAIR.

Thou ſpectre of terrific mien,
Lord of the hopeleſs heart and hollow eye,
In whoſe fierce train each form is ſeen
That drives ſick Reaſon to inſanity!
I woo thee with unuſual prayer,
"Grim viſaged, comfortleſs Deſpair!"
Approach; in me a willing victim find,
Who ſeeks thine iron ſway—and calls thee kind!

Ah! hide for ever from my ſight
The faithleſs flatterer Hope—whoſe pencil, gay,
Portrays ſome viſion of delight,
Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;
While in dire contraſt, to mine eyes
Thy phantoms, yet more hideous, riſe;
And Memory draws, from Pleaſure's wither'd flower,
Coſmoſives for the heart—of fatal power!

I bid

I bid the traitor Love, adieu!
Who to this fond, believing bosom came,
A guest insidious and untrue,
With Pity's soothing voice—in Friendships's name;
The wounds he gave, nor Time shall cure,
Nor Reason teach me to endure.
And to that breast mild Patience pleads in vain,
Which feels the curse—of meriting it's pain.

Yet not to me, tremendous power!
Thy worst of spirit-wounding pangs impart,
With which, in dark conviction's hour,
Thou strik'st the guilty unrepentant heart!
But of Illusion long the sport,
That dreary, tranquil gloom I court
Where my past errors I may still deplore,
And dream of long-lost happiness no more!

To thee I give this tortured breast,
Where Hope arises but to foster pain;
Ah! lull it's agonies to rest!
Ah! let me never be deceiv'd again!
But callous, in thy deep repose
Behold, in long array, the woes
Of the dread future, calm and undismay'd,
Till I may claim the hope—that shall not fade!

The feelings of a mind which could dictate such an address, appeared to Emmeline so greatly to be lamented, and so unlikely to be relieved

relieved, that the tender and painful compaſſion ſhe had ever been ſenſible of for her unhappy friend, was if poſſible augmented. Full of ideas almoſt as mournful as thoſe by which they had been inſpired, ſhe went to bed, but not to tranquil ſleep. Her ſpirits, worn by her journey, and oppreſſed by her concern for Lady Adelina, were yet buſy: and inſtead of the uneaſy images which had purſued her while ſhe waked, they repreſented to her others yet more terrifying. She beheld, in her dreams, Godolphin wildly ſeeking vengeance of Fitz-Edward for the death of his ſiſter. Then, inſtead of Fitz-Edward, Lord Delamere appeared to be the object of his wrath, and mutual fury ſeemed to animate them againſt the lives of each other. To them, her uncle, in all the phrenzy of grief and deſpair, ſucceeded; overwhelmed her with reproaches for the loſs of his only ſon, and tore her violently away from Godolphin, who in vain purſued her.

Theſe horrid viſions returned ſo often, dreſt in new forms of terror, that Emmeline, having long reſiſted the impreſſion they made upon her, could at length bear them no longer; but

but ſhaking off all diſpoſition to indulge ſleep on ſuch terms, ſhe aroſe from her bed, and wrapping herſelf up in her night gown, went to the window. The dawn did not yet appear; but ſhe ſat down by the window, of which ſhe had opened the ſhutter to watch it's welcome approach.

The morning, for it was between three and four, was mild; the declining ſtars were obſcured by no cloud, and ſerved to ſhew dimly the objects in the garden beneath her. She ſoftly opened the ſaſh; liſtened to the low, hollow murmur of the ſea; and ſurveyed the lawn and the hill behind it, which, by the faint and uncertain light, ſhe could juſt diſcern. All breathed a certain ſolemn and melancholy ſtillneſs calculated to inſpire horror. Emmeline's blood ran cold; yet innocence like her's really fears nothing if free from the prejudices of ſuperſtition. She endeavoured to conquer the diſagreeable ſenſations ſhe felt, and to ſhake off the effects of her dreams; but the ſilence, and the gloomineſs of the ſcene, aſſiſted but little her efforts, and ſhe caſt an eye of ſolicitude towards the Eaſtern horizon, and wiſhed for the return of the ſun.

In

In this disposition of mind, she was at once amazed and alarmed, by seeing the figure of a man, tall and thin, wrapped in a long horseman's coat, as if on purpose to disguise him, force himself out from between the shrubs which bounded one part of the lawn. He looked not towards the windows; but with folded arms, and his hat over his eyes, was poring on the ground, while with slow steps he crossed the lawn and came immediately under the windows of the house.

When she first perceived him, she had started back from that where she sat; but tho' greatly surprized, she could not forbear watching him: on longer observing his figure, she fancied it was that of a gentleman; and by his slow walk and manner he did not appear to have any design to attack the house. Her presence of mind never forsook her unless where her heart was greatly affected; and she had now courage enough to determine that she would still continue for some moments to observe him, and would not alarm the servants till she saw reason to believe he had ill intentions. She sat therefore quite still; and saw, that instead of making any attempt to enter

the

the houſe, he traverſed the whole ſide of it next the lawn, with a meaſured and ſolemn pace, ſeveral times; then ſtopped a moment, again went to the end, and ſlowly returned; and having continued to do ſo near an hour, he croſſed the graſs, and diſappeared among the ſhrubs from whence he had iſſued.

Had not Emmeline been very ſure that ſhe not only heard his footſteps diſtinctly as he paſſed over a gravel walk in his way, but even heard him breath hard and ſhort, as if agitated or fatigued, ſhe would almoſt have perſuaded herſelf that it was a phantom raiſed by her diſordered ſpirits. The longer ſhe reflected on it, the more incomprehenſible it ſeemed, that a man ſhould, at ſuch an hour, make ſuch an excurſion, apparently to ſo little purpoſe. That it was with a diſhoneſt deſign, there ſeemed no likelihood, as he made no effort to force his way into the houſe, which he might eaſily have done; and had he come on a clandeſtine viſit to any of the ſervants, he would probably have had ſome ſignal by which his confederates would have been informed of his approach. But he ſeemed rather fearful of diſturbing the ſleeping inhabitants; his ſtep

was

was ſlow and light; and on perceiving the firſt rays of the morning, he "ſtarted like a "guilty thing," and ſwiftly ſtepped away to his concealment.

Emmeline continued ſome time at the window after his diſappearance, believing he might return. But it ſoon grew quite light: the gardener appeared at his work; and ſhe was then convinced that he would for that time come no more.

So extraordinary a circumſtance, however, dwelt on her mind; nor could ſhe entirely diveſt herſelf of alarm. A ſtrange and confuſed idea that this viſitor might be ſome one not unknown to her, croſſed her mind. His height anſwered almoſt equally to that of Bellozane, Godolphin, and Fitz-Edward. The latter, indeed, was rather the talleſt, and to him ſhe thought the figure bore the greateſt reſemblance. Yet he had taken leave of her ten days before ſhe left London, and told her he was going down to Mr. Percival's, in Berkſhire; where, as he was very anxious to hear of Lady Adelina, he had deſired Mrs. Stafford to write to him; (who had done ſo, and had received an anſwer of thanks dated from

thence

thence before the departure of Emmeline from London). That Fitz-Edward, therefore, ſhould be the perſon, ſeemed improbable; yet it was hardly leſs ſo that a night ruffian ſhould be on foot ſo long, without any attempt to execute miſchief, or even the appearance of examining how it might be perpetrated. After long conſideration, ſhe determined, that leſt the firſt conjecture ſhould be true, ſhe would ſpeak to nobody of the ſtranger ſhe had ſeen; but would watch another night, before ſhe either terrified Lady Adelina with the apprehenſion of robbers, or gave riſe to conjectures in her and the ſervants of yet more diſquieting tendency. Having taken this reſolution, and argued herſelf out of all thoſe fears for her perſonal ſafety which might have enfeebled a leſs rational mind, ſhe met Lady Adelina at breakfaſt with her uſual eaſe, and almoſt with her uſual cheerfulneſs: but ſhe was pale, and her eyes were heavy: Lady Adelina remarked it with concern; but Emmeline, making light of it, imputed it intirely to the fatigue of her journey; and when their breakfaſt was finiſhed, propoſed a walk. To this her friend aſſented; and while ſhe went to give ſome orders,

and

and to fetch the crape veil in which ſhe uſually wrapped herſelf, (for even her dreſs partook ſomething of the mournful caſt of her mind), Emmeline, already equipped, went into the lawn, and ſaw plainly where the ſtranger had made his way through the thick ſhrubs, and where the flexible branches of a young larch were twiſted away, a laurel broken, and that ſome deciduous trees behind them had loſt all their lower leaves; which, having ſuſtained the firſt froſts, fell on the ſlighteſt violence. She marked the place with her eye; and determined to obſerve whether, if he came again, it was from thence.

Emmeline now deſired that Madelon might come with them to wait on little William, rather than his own maid; as ſhe underſtood Engliſh ſo ill, that ſhe would be no interruption to their diſcourſe. They then walked arm in arm together towards the ſea; and there Lady Adelina, who now enjoyed the opportunity ſhe had ſo long languiſhed for, opened to her ſympathizing friend the ſorrows of an heart ſtruggling vainly with a paſſion ſhe condemned, and ſinking under ineffectual efforts to vindicate her honour and eradicate her love.

She

She knew not that Fitz-Edward had ever written to her. Godolphin, well acquainted with his hand, had kept the letter from her. She knew not that he had applied to Emmeline: and tho' ſhe had torn herſelf from him, and had vowed never again to write to him, to name him, to hear from him, ſhe involuntarily felt diſpoſed to accuſe him of neglect, of ingratitude, of cruelty, for having never attempted to write to her or ſee her; and added the poignant anguiſh of jealouſy to the dreary horrors of deſpair. That Fitz-Edward was for ever loſt to her, ſhe ſeemed to be convinced; yet that he ſhould forget her, or attach himſelf to another, ſeemed a torment ſo entirely inſupportable, that when her mind dwelt upon it, as it perpetually did, her reaſon was inadequate to the pain it inflicted; and when ſhe touched on that ſubject, Emmeline too evidently ſaw ſymptoms of that derangement of intellect to which ſhe had once before been a melancholy witneſs.

With a mind thus unſettled, and a heart thus oppreſſed, the conſequences of touching on the application of Fitz-Edward to herſelf, might, as Emmeline believed, have the moſt

alarming

alarming effect on Lady Adelina. And she dared not therefore name it unless she had the concurrence of Godolphin. She only attempted to soothe and tranquillize her mind, without giving her those assurances of his undiminished attachment, which, she thought, might in the event only encrease her anguish, if her brother remained inflexible. On the other hand, she forbore to remonstrate with her on the necessity there might be to forget him; being too well convinced that the arguments which were to enforce that doctrine, would be useless, and perhaps appear cruel, to a heart so deeply wounded as was that of the luckless, lovely Adelina.

But in pouring her sorrows into the bosom of her friend she appeared to find consolation. The tender pity of Emmeline was a balm to her wounded mind; and growing more composed, she began to discourse on the singular discovery Emmeline had made, and to enter with some interest into the affairs depending between her and the Marquis of Montreville; and by questions, aided by the natural frankness of Emmeline, at length became acquainted with the happy prospects, which, tho' distant, opened to Godolphin.

This

This was the only information that ſeemed to have the power of ſuſpending for a moment the weight of thoſe afflictions which Lady Adelina ſuffered. "My brother then," cried ſhe —"my dear Godolphin, will be happy! And "you, my moſt amiable friend, will conſti-"tute, while you ſhare his felicity. Ah! for-"tunate, thrice fortunate for ye both, was the "hour of your meeting; for heaven and nature "ſurely deſigned ye for each other! Fortunate, "too, were thoſe circumſtances which divided "my Emmeline from Delamere, before indiſ-"ſoluble bonds enchained you for ever. Had "it been otherwiſe; had *your* guardian angel "ſlumbered as *mine did*; you too, all lovely "and deſerving as you are, would have been "condemned to the bitterest of all lots, and "might have diſcovered all the excellence "and worth of Godolphin, when your duty "and your honour allowed you no eyes but "for Delamere. *Your* deſtiny is more happy "—yet not happier than you deſerve. Oh! "may it quickly be fixed unalterably; and "long, very long, may it endure! So ſhall "your Adelina, for the little while ſhe drags "on a reluctant exiſtence, have ſomething on

"which to lean for the alleviation of her for-
"rows; and when ſhe ſhall interrupt your fe-
"licity no longer by the ſight of cureleſs cala-
"mity, ſhe will, in full confidence, entruſt the
"ſole tie ſhe has on earth, the dear and inno-
"cent victim of her fatal weakneſs, to the
"compaſſionate boſoms of Godolphin and his
"Emmeline!"

The tremulous voice and ſingular manner in which Lady Adelina uttered theſe words, made Emmeline tremble. She now tried to divert the attention of her poor friend, from dwelling too earneſtly either on her own wretchedneſs or the promiſed felicity of her brother: but, as if exhauſted by the mingled emotions of pain and pleaſure, ſhe ſoon afterwards fell into a deep ſilence; ſcarce attending to what was ſaid; and after a long pauſe, ſhe ſuddenly called to Madelon, in whoſe arms her little boy had fallen aſleep, and looking at him earneſtly a moment, took him from the maid, and carried him towards the houſe. Emmeline, more and more convinced of her partial intellectual derangement, followed her, dreading leſt ſhe ſhould ſee it encreaſe, without the power of applying any remedy. Before

Lady

Lady Adelina reached the gate which opened from the cliffs to the lawn, ſhe was fatigued by her lovely burthen and forced to ſtop. Emmeline would then have taken him; but ſhe ſaid "No!" and ſitting down on the ground, held him in her lap, till Barret, who had ſeen her from a window, came out and took him from her; to which, as to a thing uſual, ſhe conſented, and then walked calmly home with Emmeline, who, extremely diſcompoſed by the wildneſs of her manner, was fearful of again introducing any intereſting topic, leſt ſhe ſhould again touch thoſe fine chords which were untuned in the mind of her unhappy friend; and which ſeemed occaſionally to vibrate with an acuteneſs that threatened the ruin of the whole fabric. Barret, who afterwards came to aſſiſt her in dreſſing, told her, that within the laſt ſix weeks her lady had often been ſubject to long fits of abſence, ſometimes of tears; which generally ended in her ſnatching the child eagerly to her, kiſſing him with the wildeſt fondneſs, and that after having kept him with her ſome time, and wept extremely, ſhe uſually became rational and compoſed for the reſt of the day.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Emmeline met Lady Adelina at dinner, ſhe had the ſatisfaction to find her quite tranquil and eaſy. As the afternoon proved uncommonly fine, and Emmeline was never weary of contemplating the ſcenery which ſurrounded them, ſhe willingly conſented to Lady Adelina's propoſal of another ramble; that ſhe might ſee ſome beautiful cliffs, a little farther from the houſe than ſhe had yet been. There, ſhe was pleaſed to find, that her fair friend ſeemed to call off her mind from it's uſual painful occupations to admire the charms, which on one ſide a very lovely country, and on the other an extenſive ſea view, offered to their ſight.

"You cannot imagine, my Emmeline," ſaid ſhe, "how exquiſitely beautiful the proſ-
"pect is from the point of theſe rocks where
"we ſtand, in the midſt of ſummer; now the
"ſun, more diſtant, gives it a leſs glowing
"and rich luſtre, and reflects not his warm
"rays on the ſea, and on the white cliffs that
"hang

"hang over it. Here it was, that indulging "that melancholy for which I have too much "reason, I made while my brother was absent "last summer, some lines, which, if it was "pleasant to repeat one's own poetry, I would "read to you, as descriptive at once of the "scene and the state of mind in which I sur-"veyed it."

Emmeline now earnestly pressing her to gratify the curiosity she had thus raised, at length prevailed upon her to repeat the following

SONNET.

Far on the sands, the low, retiring tide,
In distant murmurs hardly seems to flow,
And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide
The sighing summer wind, forgets to blow.

As sinks the day star in the rosy West,
The silent wave, with rich reflection glows;
Alas! can tranquil nature give *me* rest,
Or scenes of beauty, soothe me to repose?

Can the soft lustre of the sleeping main,
Yon radiant heaven; or all creation's charms,
"Erase the written troubles of the brain,"
Which Memory tortures, and which Guilt alarms?
Or bid a bosom transient quiet prove,
That bleeds with vain remorse, and unextinguish'd love!

The "ſeaſon and the ſcene" were brought by this deſcription full on the mind of Emmeline; yet ſhe almoſt immediately repented having preſſed Adelina to repeat to her what ſeemed to have led her again into her uſual track of ſad reflection. She fell, as uſual, into one of her reveries, and as they walked homewards ſaid very little. The reſt of the evening, however, paſſed in a ſort of mournful tranquillity—Adelina ſeemed to feel encreaſing pleaſure as ſhe gazed on her friend; and remembering all her goodneſs, reflected on the happineſs of her brother. But this ſatisfaction was not of that kind which ſeeks to expreſs itſelf in words; and Emmeline, ſenſible of great anxiety for her and Godolphin, (who would, ſhe knew, be cruelly hurt by the relapſe which he feared threatened his ſiſter) and buſied in no pleaſant conjectures about the perſon whom ſhe had ſeen in the lawn, was in no ſpirits for converſation. Nor did her thoughts, when they wandered to other objects from thoſe immediately before her, bring home much to appeaſe her anxiety. That nothing had yet been heard of Lord and Lady Weſthaven, was extremely diſquieting. She knew not

that

that the Marquis of Montreville had received a letter for her under cover to him; and that having ſent it to Mr. Croſts in another, in order to be forwarded to her, the latter had exerciſed his political talents, and ſuppoſing it related to her claims on Lord Montreville, and probably contained inſtructions for purſuing them, and that therefore his Lordſhip would be but little concerned if it never reached the place of it's deſtination, he had very compoſedly put it into the fire; and undertook, ſhould it be enquired for, to account for it's failure without ſuffering the name of Lord Montreville to be called in queſtion.

The Marquis, tho' his conſcience had been ſo long under the direction of Sir Richard Croſts that it ought to have acquired inſenſibility as callous as his own, yet found it ſometimes a very troubleſome companion; and it often ſpoke to him ſo ſeverely on the ſubject of his niece, that he was more than once on the point of writing to her, to ſay he was ready to make her the retribution to which his heart told him ſhe had the cleareſt pretenſions, and which his fears whiſpered that a court of juſtice would certainly render her.

Theſe qualms and theſe fears, would inevitably have produced a reſtoration of the Mowbray eſtate to it's owner, had they not been counteracted by the influence of the Marchioneſs of Montreville and Sir Richard Crofts. The Marchioneſs, now in declining health, felt all the inefficacy of riches, and all the fallacy of ambition; yet could ſhe not determine to relinquiſh one, or to own that the other had but little power to confer happineſs. That Emmeline Mowbray, whom ſhe had deſpiſed and rejected, ſhould ſuddenly become heireſs to a large fortune, and that of that fortune her own children ſhould be deprived; that Lord Weſthaven ſhould be the inſtrument to aſſiſt her in this hateful tranſition, and ſhould interfere for this obſcure orphan, againſt the intereſt of the illuſtrious family into which he had married; ſtung her to the ſoul, and irritated the natural aſperity of her temper, already ſoured by the repeated defection of Delamere, and her own continual ill health, till it was grown inſupportable to others, and injurious to herſelf; ſince it aggravated all her complaints, and put it out of the power of medicine to relieve her.

Rather

Rather than encreaſe theſe maladies by oppoſition, his Lordſhip was content to yield to delay. And while her haughtineſs and violence withheld him on one hand from ſettling with his niece, Sir Richard aſſailed him on the other with cool and plauſible arguments; and together they obliged him to have recourſe to ſuch expedients as gained time, without his having much hope that he could finally detain the property of his late brother from his daughter, who ſeemed likely to eſtabliſh her right to it's poſſeſſion.

At once to indulge his avarice and quiet his conſcience, he would willingly have conſented to pay her a conſiderable portion, and to leave her right to the whole undecided; but of ſuch an accommodation there ſeemed no probability, unleſs he could win over Lord Weſthaven to his intereſt. He thought, however, that there could be little doubt of his reuniting the Mowbray eſtate with his own, by promoting the marriage between Emmeline and Lord Delamere, which he had hitherto ſo ſtrenuouſly oppoſed. But this, he knew, muſt be the laſt reſort; not only becauſe he was aſhamed ſo immediately to avow a change

of opinion in regard to Emmeline, which could have happened only from her change of circumſtances, but becauſe the diſlike which Lady Montreville had originally conceived towards her, now amounted to the moſt determined and inveterate hatred.

Bent on converſing fully with Lord Weſthaven before he took any meaſures whatever either to detain or to reſtore the eſtate, the Marquis was deſirous of ſeeing him immediately on his arrival in England, and to precede any converſation he might hold with Emmeline. For this reaſon he kept back all information that related to his ſon-in-law's return; and tho' he knew that the indiſpoſition of Lord Delamere and his ſiſter had kept Lord Weſthaven at Paris almoſt three weeks, and that they were travelling only twenty miles a day, from thence to Calais, he had withheld even this intelligence from the anxious Emmeline.

Lady Frances Croſts, never feeling any great diſpoſition to filial piety, and having loſt, in the giddy career of diſſipation, the little ſenſibility ſhe ever poſſeſſed, was ſoon tired of attending on her mother at Audley Hall. The

fretful

fretful impatience or irkſome laſſitude which devoured a mind without reſources, and weary of itſelf, in the melancholy gloom of a ſick chamber, ſoon diſguſted and fatigued her; ſhe therefore left Audley Hall in October, and after ſtaying ten days or a fortnight in Burlington ſtreet, where ſhe made an acquaintance with Bellozane, ſhe went to paſs the months that yet intervened before it was faſhionable to appear in London, at a villa near Richmond; which ſhe had taken in the ſummer, and fitted up with every ornament luxury could invent or money purchaſe. She retired not thither, however, to court the ſylvan deities: a ſet of friends of both ſexes attended her. Bellozane was very handſome, very lively, very much a man of faſhion: Lady Frances, who thought him no bad addition to her train, invited him alſo. Bellozane became the life of the party; and was ſoon ſo much at his eaſe in the family, and ſo great a favourite with her Ladyſhip, at a very early period of their acquaintance, that only her high rank there exempted her from thoſe cenſures, which, in a leſs elevated condition, would have fallen on her, from the grave and

ſagacious perſonages who are ſo good as to take upon them the regulation of the world.

Crofts, detained by his office in London, heard more than gave him any pleaſure. But like a wiſe and cautious huſband, he forbore to complain. Beſides the fear of his wife, which was no inconſiderable motive to ſilence, he had the additional fear of the martial and fierce-looking French ſoldier before his eyes; who talked, in very bad Engliſh, of ſuch encounters and exploits as made the cold-blooded politician ſhudder.

When, on Friday evenings, after the buſineſs of his office was over, he went down to Richmond, he now always found there this foreign Adonis; and beheld him with mingled hatred and horror, tho' he concealed both under the appearance of cringing and ſervile complaiſance. And when Lady Frances compared the narrow-ſpirited and mean-looking Crofts, with the handſome, animated, gallant Bellozane, the poor huſband felt all the diſadvantages of the compariſon, and as certainly ſuffered for it. Scorning to diſſimulate with a man whom ſhe thought infinitely too fortunate in being allied to her on

any

any terms, and ſuperior to the cenſures of a world, the greater part of whom ſhe conſidered as beings of another ſpecies from the daughter of the Marquis of Montreville, her Ladyſhip grew every day fonder of the Chevalier, and leſs ſolicitous to conceal her partiality. She found, too, her vanity and inordinate ſelf-love gratified, in believing that this elegant foreigner did juſtice to her ſuperior attractions, and had been won by them from that inclination for Emmeline which had brought him to England. A conqueſt ſnatched from *her* whom ſhe had always conſidered at once with envy and contempt, was doubly delightful; and Bellozane, with all the volatility of his adopted country, ſaw nothing diſloyal or improper in returning the kind attentions of Lady Frances, *en attendant* the arrival of Emmeline; with whom he was a good deal piqued for her having left London ſo abruptly without informing him whither ſhe was gone. He ſtill preferred her to every other perſon; but he was not therefore inſenſible to the kindneſs, or blind to the charms of Lady Frances; who was really very handſome; and who, with a great portion of the beauty inherited

by

by the Mowbray family, poſſeſſed the Juno-like air as well as the high ſpirit of her mother. In aid of theſe natural advantages, every refinement of art was exhauſted; and by thoſe who preferred it's dazzling effects to the intereſting and graceful ſimplicity of unadorned beauty, Lady Frances, dreſſed for the opera, might have been eſteemed more charming, than Emmeline in her modeſt muſlin night gown; or than the penſive Madona, which, in her widow's dreſs, was repreſented by Lady Adelina.

Theſe two friends, after having paſſed a calm afternoon together, retired early to their reſpective apartments. Emmeline, who had a repeating watch, given her by Lord Weſthaven, wound it up carefully, and having bolted her chamber door, lay down for a few hours, being ſure that the anxiety ſhe felt would awaken her before the return of that on which the ſtranger had appeared the preceding night. Fatigue and long watching cloſed her eyes; but her ſlumber was imperfect; and ſuddenly awaking at ſome fancied noiſe, ſhe preſſed her repeater and found it was half paſt three o'clock.

This

This was about the time on which the man had appeared the night before; and tho' ſhe felt ſome fear, ſhe had yet more curioſity to know whether he came again. She aroſe ſoftly, therefore, and went to the window, which ſhe did not venture to open. But ſhe had no occaſion to look towards the ſhrubbery to watch the coming of the ſtranger; he was already traverſing the length of the houſe, dreſſed as before; and with his arms folded, and his head bent towards the ground, he ſlowly moved in the ſame penſive attitude.

Emmeline, tho' now impreſſed with deeper aſtoniſhment, ſummoned reſolution narrowly to obſerve his air and figure. Had not his hat concealed his face, the obſcurity would not have allowed her to examine his features. But tho' the great coat he wore conſiderably altered the outline of his perſon, ſhe ſtill thought ſhe diſcerned the form of Fitz-Edward. His height and his walk confirmed this idea; and the longer ſhe obſerved him, the more ſhe was perſuaded it was Fitz-Edward himſelf. This conviction was not unaccompanied by terror. She wiſhed to ſpeak to him, and to repreſent the indiſcretion, the madneſs of his thus riſking the reputation of Lady Adelina, and his own

life

life or that of one of her brothers; while the very idea of Godolphin's resentment and danger filled her mind with the most alarming apprehensions. She determined then to open the window and speak to him: yet if it should not be Fitz-Edward? At length she had collected the courage necessary; and knowing that tho' the whole family was yet fast asleep she could easily rouse them, if the person to whom she spoke should not be known to her, and gave her any reason for alarm, she was on the point of lifting up the sash, when the stranger put an end to her deliberations by hastily walking away to his former covert among the shrubs; and she saw him no more.

Emmeline, wearied alike with watchfulness and uneasiness, now went to bed; having at length determined to keep Barret (on whose silence and discretion she could rely) with her the next night; and when the Colonel appeared (for the Colonel she was sure it was) to send her to him, or at least make her witness to what she should herself say to him from the window. The anxiety of her mind made her very low on the early part of the next day; and Lady Adelina was still more so. They dined, however, early; and as the

evening

evening was clear, and they had not been out in the morning, Lady Adelina propoſed their taking a ſhort walk to the top of the hill behind the houſe, which commanded a glorious view, that Emmeline had not ſeen; but as it was cold, they agreed to leave little William at home. The grounds of Godolphin behind the houſe, conſiſted only of a ſmall paddock, divided from the kitchen garden by a dwarf wall; and the copſe, which partly cloathed the hill, and thro' which a footpath went to a village about two miles beyond it. The woody ground ceaſing about half way up, opened to a down which commanded the view. They ſtood admiring it a few moments; and then Emmeline, who could not for an inſtant help reflecting on what ſhe had ſeen for two nights, felt ſomething like alarm at being ſo far from the houſe. She complained therefore that it was cold; and the evening (at this ſeaſon very ſhort) was already ſhutting in.

The wind blew chill and hollow among the half ſtripped trees, as they paſſed thro' the wood; and the dead leaves ruſtled in the blaſt. 'Twas ſuch a night as Oſſian might deſcribe. Emmeline recollected the viſionary beings with

which

which his poems abound, and involuntarily she shuddered. At the gate that opened into the lawn, Lady Adelina stopped as if she was tired. She was talking of something Godolphin had done; and Emmeline, who on that subject was never weary of hearing her, turned round, and they both leaned for a moment against the gate, looking up the wood walk from which they had just descended. The veil of Lady Adelina was over her face; but Emmeline, less wrapped up, suddenly saw the figure which had before visited the garden, descending, in exactly the same posture, down the pathway, which was rather steep. He seemed unknowingly to follow it, without looking up; and was soon so near them, that Emmeline, losing at once her presence of mind, clasped her hands, and exclaimed—"Good God! who is this?"

"What?" said Lady Adelina, looking towards him.

By this time he was within six paces of the gate; and sprung forward at the very moment that she knew him, and fell senseless on the ground.

Emmeline, unable to save her, was in a situation

tuation but little better. Fitz-Edward, for it was really himſelf, knelt down by her, and lifted her up. But ſhe was without any appearance of life; and he, who had no intention of ruſhing thus abruptly into her preſence, was too much agitated to be able to ſpeak:

"Ah! why would you do this, Sir?" ſaid Emmeline in a tremulous voice. "What "can I do with her?" added ſhe. "Mer-"ciful Heaven, what can be done? How "*could* you be ſo cruel, ſo inconſiderate?"

"Don't talk to me," ſaid he—"don't re-"proach me! I am not able to bear it! I "ſuffer too much already! Have you no "ſalts? Have you nothing to give her?"

Emmeline now with trembling hands ſearched her pockets for a bottle of ſalts which ſhe ſometimes carried. She luckily had it; and, in another pocket, ſome Hungary water, with which ſhe bathed the temples of her friend, who ſtill lay apparently dead.

She remained ſome moments in that ſituation; and Emmeline had time to reflect, which ſhe did with the utmoſt perturbation, on what would be the conſequence of this in-

terview

terview when ſhe recovered her recollection. She dreaded leſt the ſight of Fitz-Edward ſhould totally unſettle her reaſon. She dreaded leſt Godolphin ſhould know he had clandeſtinely been there; and ſhe concluded it were better to perſuade him to leave them before the ſenſes of Lady Adelina returned.

"How fearfully long ſhe continues in this "fainting fit," cried ſhe, "and yet do I "dread ſeeing her recover from it."

"You dread it?—and why dread it?"

"Indeed I do. When her recollection re-"turns, it may yet be worſe; you know not "how nearly gone her intellects have at times "been, and the leaſt emotion may render her "for ever a lunatic."

"It is the cruelty of her brother," ſternly replied Fitz-Edward, "that has driven her to "this. His rigid conduct has overwhelmed "her ſpirits and broken her heart. But *now*, "ſince we *have* met, we part not till I hear "from herſelf whether ſhe prefers driving *me* "to deſperation, or quitting, in the character "I can now offer her, the cold and barbarous "Godolphin."

"Do not, ah! pray do not attempt to ſpeak

"to

"to her now. Let me try to get her home; "and when ſhe is better able to ſee you, in-"deed I will ſend to you."

"Can you then ſuppoſe I will leave her? "But perhaps ſhe is already gone! She ſeems "to be dead—quite dead and cold!"

Nothing but terror now lent Emmeline ſtrength to continue chafing her temples and her hands. In another moment or two the blood began to circulate; and ſoon after, with a deep ſigh, Lady Adelina opened her eyes.

"For pity's ſake," ſaid Emmeline in a low voice—"for pity's ſake do not ſpeak to her." Then addreſſing herſelf to her, ſhe ſaid—— "Lady Adelina, are you better?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I can aſſiſt you home?"

"She ſhall not be hurried," ſaid Fitz-Edward.

"Ah! ſave me! ſave me!" exclaimed ſhe, faintly ſhrieking—"ſave me!" and claſping her arms round Emmeline, ſhe attempted to riſe.

"Am I then grown ſo hateful to you," ſaid Fitz-Edward, as he aſſiſted and ſupported

her

her—" that for one poor moment you will
" not allow me to approach you. Will no
" penitence, no ſufferings obtain your pity ?"

" Take me away, Emmeline!" cried ſhe, in a hurried manner—" ah! take me quick
" away! Godolphin will come, he will come
" indeed. Let us go home—go home before
" he finds us here!"

" It is as I ſaid!" exclaimed Fitz-Edward:
" her brother has terrified her into madneſs.
" But——"

Emmeline, now making an effort to eſcape falling into a condition as deplorable as was her friend's, ſaid, with ſome firmneſs—" Mr.
" Fitz-Edward, I muſt entreat you to ſay no-
" thing about her brother. It is a topic of
" all others leaſt likely to reſtore her."

Adelina ſtill clung to her; and putting away Fitz-Edward with her hand, laid her head on the ſhoulder of Emmeline, who ſaid,
" I fancy you can walk. Shall we go towards
" home?"

Lady Adelina, without ſpeaking, and ſtill motioning with her hand for Fitz-Edward to leave her, moved on. But ſo enfeebled was ſhe, that in the very attempt ſhe had again

nearly

nearly fallen; Emmeline being infinitely too much frightened to lend her much assistance.

"She cannot walk," cried Fitz-Edward, "yet will not let me support her. Will *you*, "Miss Mowbray, accept my arm; perhaps it "may enable you to guide better the faulter-"ing steps of your friend."

Emmeline thought that at all events it was better to get her into the house; and therefore taking, in silence, the arm that Fitz-Edward offered her, she proceeded across the lawn. Lady Adelina appeared to exert herself. She quickened her pace a little; and they were soon at a small gate, which opened in a wire fence near the house to keep the cattle immediately from the windows. Here Emmeline determined to make another effort on Fitz-Edward to persuade him to leave them.

"Now," said she, "we shall do very well. "Had you not better quit us?"

He seemed disposed to obey; when Mrs. Barret, who had seen them from the door, where she had been watching the return of her lady, advanced hastily towards them, and said to Emmeline—"Dear Ma'am, I am so

"glad

"glad you and my lady are come in! The "Captain is quite frightened at your being "out so late."

"The Captain!" exclaimed Emmeline.

"Yes, Ma'am, the Captain has been come "in about two minutes; he is but just seeing "Master Godolphin, and then was coming "out to meet you."

"Take hold of your lady, Barret," cried Emmeline. Barret ran forward. But Lady Adelina (whom the terror of her brother's return at such a moment had again entirely overcome), was already lifeless in the arms of Fitz-Edward; and Emmeline, whose first idea was to go in and prevent Godolphin from coming out to meet them, could get no farther than the door; where, breathless and almost senseless, she was only prevented from falling by leaning against one of the pillars.

"Your lady is in a fainting fit, Mrs. Bar-"ret," said Fitz-Edward; "pray assist her."

The woman at once knew his voice, and saw the situation of her lady; and terrified both by the one and the other, screamed aloud. Godolphin, caressing his nephew in the parlour, heard not the shriek; but a foot-

man

man who was croſſing the hall, ran out; and flying by Emmeline, ran to the group beyond her; where, as Mrs. Barret ſtill wildly called for help for Lady Adelina, he propoſed to Fitz-Edward to carry her Ladyſhip into the houſe, which they together immediately did.

This was what Emmeline moſt dreaded. But there was no time for remonſtrance. As they paſſed her at the door, ſhe put her hand upon Fitz-Edward's arm, and cried—" Oh! " ſtop! for God's ſake ſtop!"

" Why ſtop?" ſaid he. " No! nothing " ſhall now detain me; I am determined, " and *muſt* go on!" She ſaw, indeed, that Godolphin's being in the houſe only made him more obſtinately bent to enter it.

The door of the parlour now opened; and Godolphin ſaw, with aſtoniſhment inexpreſſible, his ſiſter, to all appearance dead, in the arms of Fitz-Edward; and Emmeline, as pale and almoſt as lifeleſs, following her; who ſilently, and with fixed eyes, ſat down near the door.

" What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Godolphin. " Miſs Mowbray!— " my Emmeline!—my Adelina!"

The child, with whom Godolphin had been at play, reached out his little arms to Lady Adelina, whom they had placed on a ſopha. Godolphin ſat him down upon it; and not knowing where to fix his own attention, he looked wildly, firſt at his ſiſter, and then at Emmeline; while Fitz-Edward, totally regardleſs of him, knelt by the ſide of Lady Adelina, and ſurveyed her and the little boy with an expreſſion impoſſible to be deſcribed.

"For mercy's ſake tell me," ſaid Godolphin, as he took the cold and trembling hands of Emmeline in his—"for mercy's "ſake tell me what all this means? Is my "ſiſter, my poor Adelina dead?

"I hope not!"

"You are yourſelf almoſt terrified to death. "Your hands tremble. Tell me, I conjure "you tell me, what you have met with, and "to what is owing the extraordinary appear-"ance of Mr. Fitz-Edward here?"

"That, or any farther enquiry Mr. Godol-"phin has to make, which may relate to me," ſaid Fitz-Edward ſternly, "I ſhall be ready "at any other time to anſwer; but now it "appears more neceſſary to attend to this "dear injured creature!"

"Injured,

"Injured, Sir!" cried Godolphin, turning angrily towards him—"Do you come hither "to tell me your crimes, or to triumph in "their consequence?"

"Oh! for the love of heaven!" said Emmeline, with all the strength she could collect, "let this proceed no farther. Consider," added she, lowering her voice, "the servants "are in the room. Reflect on the conse-"quence of what you say."

"Let every body but Barret go out," said Godolphin aloud.

The child, whose usual hour of going to rest was already past, had crept up to his mother, heedless of the people who surrounded her, and had dropped asleep on her bosom.

"Should I take master, Sir?" enquired the nursery maid of Godolphin.

"Leave him!" answered he, fiercely.

Excess of terror now operated to restore, in some measure, to Emmeline, the presence of mind it had deprived her of. She found it absolutely necessary to exert herself; and advancing towards Lady Adelina, by whose side Fitz-Edward still knelt, she took one of her hands—"I hope," said she to Barret, "your

" lady is coming to; ſhe is leſs pale, and her
" pulſe is returning. Colonel Fitz-Edward,
" would it not be better for you now to leave
" us?"

" I muſt firſt ſpeak to Lady Adelina."

" Impoſſible! you cannot ſpeak to her to-
" night."

" Nor can I leave her, Madam, unleſs ſhe
" herſelf diſmiſſes me. Leave her, thus weak
" and languid, to meet perhaps on my ac-
" count reproach and unkindneſs!"

" Reproach and unkindneſs! Mr. Fitz-
" Edward," ſaid Godolphin, in a paſſionate
tone—" Reproach and unkindneſs! Do me
" the favour to ſay from whom you appre-
" hend ſhe may receive ſuch treatment?"

" From the cruel and unrelenting brother,
" who has perſiſted in wiſhing to divide us,
" even after heaven itſelf has removed the
" barrier between us."

" Sir," replied Godolphin, with a ſtern
calmneſs—" in this houſe, and in Miſs Mow-
" bray's preſence, *you* may ſay any thing with
" impunity, and *I* may bear this language
" even from the faithleſs deſtroyer of my ſiſter."

Fitz-Edward now ſtarting from his knees
looked

looked the defiance he was about to utter, when Lady Adelina drew a deep and loud ſigh, and Barret exclaimed—" For God's " ſake, gentlemen, do not go on with theſe " high words. My lady is coming to; but this " ſort of diſcourſe will throw her again into " her fits worſe than ever. Pray let me en- " treat of you both to be pacified."

" I inſiſt upon it," ſaid Emmeline, " that " you are calm, or it will not be in my power " to ſtay. I muſt leave you, indeed I muſt. " Mr. Godolphin, if you would not ſee *me* " expire with terror, and entirely kill your " ſiſter, you muſt be cool." She was indeed again deprived nearly of her breath and recollection by the fear of their inſtantly flying to extremities.

Lady Adelina now opened her eyes and looked round her. But there was wildneſs and horror in them; and ſhe ſeemed rather to ſee the objects, than to have any idea of who were with her.

The child, however, was always preſent to her. " My dear boy here?" cried ſhe, faintly; " poor fellow, he is aſleep."

" Shall I take him from you, Ma'am?" aſked her woman.

"Oh! no! I will put him to bed myself." She then again reposed her head as if fatigued, and sighed. "'Twas all," said she, "long "foreseen. But destiny, they say, must be "fulfilled, and fate will have it's way. I wish "I had not been the cause of his death, how-"ever."

"Of whose death, dear Madam!" said Barret. "Nobody is dead; nobody indeed."

"Did I not hear him groan, and see him "die? did not he tell me, I know not what, of "my Lord Westhaven? I shall remember it "all distinctly to-morrow!"

She now rested again, profoundly sighing; and Emmeline beckoning to Fitz-Edward and Godolphin, took them to the other end of the room, where the arm of the sopha she reclined on concealed them from her view. "Pray," said she, addressing herself to them both, "pray leave her." Then recollecting that she dared not trust them together, she added—"No, don't both go at once. But "indeed it is absolutely necessary to have her "kept quite quiet and got to bed as soon as "possible."

"I believe it is," answered Godolphin.

"Poor

"Poor Adelina! her dreadful malady is re-
"turned."

"It is indeed," ſaid Emmeline. "I have
"ſeen it too evidently approaching for ſome
"days; and this laſt ſhock"—ſhe ſtopped,
and repented ſhe had ſaid ſo much.

"Mr. Fitz-Edward," cried Godolphin,
"will you walk with me into another room?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! no! no!" exclaimed Emmeline with
quickneſs.

They were going out together; but taking
an arm of each, ſhe eagerly repeated "oh!
"no! no! not together!"

The imagination of Lady Adelina was now
totally diſordered. She had riſen; and carry-
ing the child in her arms, walked towards her
brother, who in traverſing the apartment with
uneaſy ſteps was by this time near the door;
while Fitz-Edward was at the other end of the
room, where Emmeline was trying to perſuade
him to quit the houſe.

Lady Adelina, ſupported by her maid, and
trembling under the weight of the infant ſhe
claſped to her boſom, ſtepped along as quickly
as her weakneſs would allow; and putting her
hand on Godolphin's arm, ſhe cried, in a ſlow

and tremulous manner—" Stay, William! I " have ſomething to ſay to you before you go. " Lord Weſthaven, you know, is coming; " and you have promiſed that he ſhall not kill " *me*. I may however die; and I rather be- " lieve I ſhall; for ſince this laſt ſight I am " ſtrangely ill. You and Emmeline will take " care of my poor boy, will ye not? Had Fitz- " Edward lived—nay do not look ſo angry, " for now he cannot offend you—had poor " Fitz-Edward lived, he would perhaps have " taken him. But now I muſt depend on Em- " meline, who has promiſed to be good to him. " They ſay ſhe will have a great fortune too, " and therefore I need not fear that you will " find my child burthenſome."

" Burthenſome!" cried Godolphin. "Good " God, Adelina!"

" Well! well! be not offended. Only, " you know, when people come to have a fa- " mily of their own, the child of another may " be reckoned an incumbrance. I know that " now you love my William dearly; but then, " you know, it will be another thing."

" Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Godolphin, " what can have made her talk in this " *manner*?"

" Reaſon

"Reaſon in madneſs!" ſaid Fitz-Edward, advancing towards her. "Her ſon, however, "ſhall be an incumbrance to nobody."

Emmeline now graſping his hand, implored him not to ſpeak to her. Lady Adelina neither heard or noticed him: but again addreſſing herſelf to her brother, ſaid, with a mournful ſigh—"And now, ſince I have told "you what was upon my mind, I will go put "my little boy to bed. Good night to you, "dear William! You and Miſs Mowbray "will remember!——" She then walked out of the room, and calmly took the way to her own, attended by her maid.

Emmeline, not daring to leave together theſe two ardent ſpirits irritated againſt each other, remained, trembling, with them; hoping by her preſence to prevent their animoſity from blazing forth, and to prevail upon them to part. They both continued for ſome time to traverſe the room in gloomy ſilence. At length Fitz-Edward ſtopped, and ſaid—"At "what hour to-morrow, Sir, may I have the "honour of ſome converſation with you?"

"At whatever hour you pleaſe, Sir—the "earlier, however, the more agreeable."

"At seven o clock, Sir, I will be with you."

"If you please; at that hour I will be ready "to receive your commands."

Fitz-Edward then took his hat, and bowing to Emmeline, wished her a good night, and left the room. Starting from her chair, she followed him into the hall, and shut the parlour door after her.

"Fitz-Edward," cried she, detaining him, and speaking in an half whisper—"Fitz-"Edward, hear me! Do you design to kill "me?"

"To kill you?" replied he. "No surely."

"Then do not go till you have heard me."

"It is unpleasant to me to stay in Godol-"phin's house after what has just passed. But "as you please."

She led him into a little breakfast room; and regardless of being without light, shut the door.

"Tell me," said she, "before I die with "terror—tell me with what intention you come "to-morrow?"

"Simply to have a positive answer from Mr. "Godolphin, if he will, together with his "brother, allow me, when the usual mourning

"is

"is over, to addreſs their ſiſter with propoſals "of marriage; which in fact they have no "right to prevent. And if Mr. Godolphin "refuſes——"

"What, if he refuſes?"

"I ſhall take my ſon into my own care, "and wait till Lady Adelina will herſelf exert "that freedom which is now her's."

"Godolphin doats on the child. Nothing, "I am perſuaded, will induce him to part "with it."

"Not part with it? He muſt, nay he *ſhall!*"

"Pray be calm—pray be quiet. Stay yet "a few months—a few weeks."

"Not a day!—Not an hour!"

"Good God! what *can* be done? Miſchief "will inevitably happen!"

"I am ſorry," replied Fitz-Edward, "that "you are thus made uneaſy. But I cannot "recede; and my life has not been pleaſant "enough lately to make me very ſolicitous "about the event of my explanation with Mr. "Godolphin. Conſcious, however, that he has "ſome reaſon to complain of me, I do not "wiſh to increaſe it. I mean to keep *my* "temper, *if I can*; but if he ſuffers *his* to paſs

"the bounds which one gentleman muſt ob-
"ſerve towards another, I ſhall not conſider
"myſelf as the aggreſſor, or as anſwerable for
"the conſequences."

"But why, oh! why would you come hi-
"ther? Wherefore traverſe the garden of a
"night, and ſuffer appearances to be ſo much
"againſt you, and what is yet worſe, againſt
"Lady Adelina?"

"Who told you I have done ſo—Godol-
"phin?"

"No. He was, you well know, abſent.
"But I ſaw you myſelf; with terror I ſaw you,
"and meditated how to ſpeak to you alone;
"when our unhappy meeting in the wood this
"evening put an end to all my contrivances."

"Yet I had no intention of terrifying you,
"or of abruptly ruſhing into the preſence of
"Adelina. It is true, that for ſome nights
"paſt I have walked under the window where
"ſhe and my child ſleep; for *I* could not
"ſleep; and it was a ſort of melancholy enjoy-
"ment to me to be near the ſpot which held
"all I have dear on earth. As I paſs at the
"ale houſe where I lodge as a perſon hiding
"in this iſland from the purſuit of creditors,

"my

"my desire of concealment did not appear ex-
"traordinary. I have often lingered among
"the rocks and copses, and seen Adelina and
"my child with you. Last night I came out
"in the dusk, and was approaching, to con-
"ceal myself near the house, in hopes, that as
"you love walking late, and alone, I might
"have found an opportunity of speaking to
"you, and of concerting with *you* the means
"of introducing myself to *her* without too
"great an alarm."

"Would to heaven you had! But now,
"since all this has happened, consent to put
"off this meeting with Godolphin. Do not
"meet, at least, to-morrow! I entreat that
"you will not!"

"On all subjects but this," said he, as he opened the door—"on all subjects but this,
"Miss Mowbray knows she may command
"me. But this is a point from which I can-
"not, without infamy, recede; and in which
"she must forgive me, if all my veneration
"and esteem for her goodness and tenderness
"does not induce me to desist."

He then went into the hall; and by the lamp which burnt there, opened himself the

door

door into the garden, and haſtily walked away. While the trembling and harraſſed Emmeline, finding him inflexible, went back to Godolphin, with very little hopes that ſhe ſhould, with him, have better ſucceſs.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON entering the room, Emmeline ſat down without ſpeaking.

"How is Adelina, my deareſt Miſs Mowbray?"

"I know not."

"You have not, then, been with her?"

"No."

"Were it not beſt to enquire after her?"

"Certainly. I will go immediately."

"But come to me again—I have much to ſay to you."

Emmeline then went up ſtairs. She found that the compoſing medicine, which Barret had been directed to keep always by her, had been liberally adminiſtered; and that her lady was got into bed, and was already aſleep. Barret

ſat

ſat by her. Deep ſighs and convulſive catchings marked the extreme agitation of her ſpirits after ſhe was no longer conſcious of it herſelf. With this account Emmeline returned, in great uneaſineſs, to Godolphin.

"I thank Heaven," ſaid he, "that ſhe is "at leaſt for ſome moments inſenſible of pain! "Now, my Emmeline, for ſurely I may be "allowed to ſay *my* Emmeline, ſit down and "try to compoſe yourſelf. I cannot bear to "ſee you thus pale and trembling."

He led her to a ſeat, and placed himſelf by her; gazing with extreme concern on her face, palid as it was, and expreſſive only of ſorrow and anxiety.

"Whence is it," ſaid ſhe, after a pauſe of ſome moments, "that I ſee you here? Did I "not come hither on the aſſurance you gave "me that you would long be detained in or "near London by the buſineſs of your ſiſter?"

"I certainly did ſay ſo. But I could not "then foreſee what happened on the Sunday "after you left London."

"Has, then, any thing happened?"

"The return of Lord and Lady Weſthaven, "with Lord Delamere."

"Are

"Are they all well?"

"Tolerably ſo. But my brother is very "anxious to ſee Adelina; and expects *you* "with little leſs ſolicitude. He could not "think of giving Lady Weſthaven the trou- "ble of ſuch a journey; nor could he now "leave her without being unhappy. I there- "fore, at his preſſing requeſt, came myſelf to "fetch you both to London."

"And do you mean that we ſhould begin "our journey to-morrow?"

"I *meant* it, certainly, till the events of this "evening made me doubtful how far my "ſiſter herſelf may be in a ſituation to bear "change of place and variety of objects; or "being able, whether ſhe may chuſe to leave "to me the direction of her actions."

"Ah! impute not to Lady Adelina the "meeting with Fitz-Edward; it was entirely "accidental; it's ſuddenneſs overcame her, "and threw her into the way in which you "ſaw her."

"And what has a man to anſwer for, who "thus comes to inſult his victim, and to rob "her of the little tranquillity time may have "reſtored to her?"

"Indeed

"Indeed I think you injure poor Fitz-
"Edward. Fondly attached to your ſiſter, he
"has no other wiſh or hope than to be allowed
"to addreſs her when the time of her mourn-
"ing for Mr. Trelawny is expired. For this
"permiſſion he intended to apply to you:
"but the ſeverity with which you ever re-
"ceived his advances diſcouraged him; and
"he then, in the hope of hearing that ſuch an
"application would not be rendered ineffec-
"tual by her own refuſal, and languiſhing to
"ſee his ſon, came hither; not with any in-
"tention of forcing himſelf abruptly into the
"preſence of Lady Adelina, but to ſee *me* and
"induce me to intercede with her for an in-
"terview. Accident threw us in his way;
"your ſiſter fell ſenſeleſs on the ground; and
"when ſhe did recover, endeavoured to avoid
"him: but ſhe was too weak to walk home
"without other aſſiſtance than mine, and I
"was compelled to accept for her, that which
"Fitz-Edward offered. On hearing from Bar-
"ret that you was returned, the terror which
"has ever purſued her, leſt you and Fitz-Ed-
"ward ſhould meet as enemies, again over-
"came her, and occaſioned the ſcene you

"muſt,

"must, with so much astonishment, have be-
"held."

"Has Adelina had any previous knowledge
"of the proposals Fitz-Edward intends to
"make?"

"None, I believe, in the world."

"Do you know whether they have ever
"corresponded?"

"I am convinced they have not."

"There are objections, in my mind, *insu-*
"*perable* objections, to this alliance. These,
"however, I must talk over with the Colonel
"himself."

"Not *hostilely*, I hope. Surely you have too
"much regard for the unhappy Adelina, to
"give way now to any resentment you may
"have conceived against him; or if *that* does
"not influence you, think of what *I* must
"suffer." She knew not what she had said;
hardly what she intended to say.

"Enchanting softness!" exclaimed Godol-
phin in a transport—"Is then the safety of
"Godolphin so dear to that angelic bosom?"

"You know it but too well. But if *my*
"quiet is equally dear to *you*, promise me
"that if this meeting to-morrow *must* take
"place,

"place, you will receive Fitz-Edward with "civility, and hear him with patience. Re-"member on how many accounts this is ne-"ceſſary. Remember how many expreſſions "there are which his profeſſion will not allow "him to hear without reſentment, that muſt "end in blood. Your's is *no common* cauſe "of enmity; none of thoſe trifling quarrels "which daily ſend modern beaux into the "field. Your characters are both high as "military men, and as gentlemen; and your "former intimacy muſt, I know, impreſs "more deeply on the mind of each the in-"jury or offence that either ſuppoſe they re-"ceive. Be careful then, Godolphin; pro-"miſe me you will be careful!".

"Ah! lovely Emmeline! more lovely "from this generous tenderneſs than from "your other exquiſite perfections; can I be "inſenſible of the value of a life for which "*you* intereſt yourſelf? and ſhall I ſuffer any "other conſideration to come in competition "with your peace?"

"You promiſe me then?"

"To be calm with Fitz-Edward, I do. And "while I remember his offence (for can I for-

"get

" get while I ſuffer from it) I will alſo recol-
" lect, that *you*, who have alſo ſuffered on the
" ſame account, think him worthy of com-
" paſſion: and I will try to conquer, at leaſt
" to ſtifle, my reſentment. But what ſhall we
" do with Adelina?"

" That muſt depend on her ſituation in the
" morning. I have greatly apprehended an
" unhappy turn in her intellects ever ſince my
" firſt coming. The death of Trelawny, far
" from appearing to have relieved her by re-
" moving the impediment to her union with
" Fitz-Edward, ſeems rather to have rendered
" her more wretched. Continually agitated
" by contending paſſions, ſhe was long un-
" happy in the ſuppoſition that Fitz-Edward
" had obeyed her when ſhe deſired him to for-
" get her. Since Trelawny's deceaſe, as ſhe has
" more fearleſsly allowed her thoughts to dwell
" on him, ſhe has ſuffered all the anxiety of
" expecting to hear from him, and all the
" bitterneſs of diſappointment. And I could
" plainly perceive, that ſhe was ſtill debating
" with herſelf, whether, if he *did* apply to her,
" ſhe ſhould accept him, or by a violent ef-
" fort of heroiſm determine to ſee him no
" more.

"more. This conflict is yet to come. Judge "whether, in the frame of mind in which you "see her, she is equal to it; and whether any "additional terror for you and for him will "not quite undo her. Alas! far from ag-"gravating, by pursuing your resentment, "anguish so poignant, try rather to soothe "her sorrows and assist her determination. "And whatever that determination may be, "when it is once made she may perhaps be "restored to health and to tranquillity."

"Indeed I will do all you dictate, my love-"liest friend! Surely I should ill deserve the "generosity you have shewn to me, were I "incapable of feeling for others, and parti-"cularly for my sister. But wherefore that "air of defiance which Mr. Fitz-Edward "thought it necessary to assume? He seemed "to come more disposed to *insult* than to con-"ciliate the family of Lady Adelina."

"Alas! do you make no allowance for the "perturbed situation of his mind, when he saw "the woman he adores to all appearance dead, "and for the first time beheld the poor little "boy? He looked upon you as one who desires "to tear from him for ever these beloved ob-

"objects:

"jects; and forgetting that he was the ag-
"greſſor, thought only of the injury which
"he ſuppoſed you intended."

"There is, indeed, ſome apology for the
"aſperity of his manner; and perhaps I was in
"ſome meaſure to blame. Generous, candid,
"conſiderate Emmeline! how does your ex-
"cellent heart teach you to excuſe thoſe weak-
"neſſes you do not feel, and to pity and for-
"give errors which your own perfect mind
"makes it impoſſible for you to commit!
"Ah! how heavily is your tenderneſs perpe-
"tually taxed: *here*, it is ſuffering from the
"ſight of Adelina—in town, it will have an-
"other object in the unfortunate Delamere."

"Did you not tell me he was in tolerable
"health?"

"Alas! what is bodily health when the mind
"is ill at eaſe? The anxiety of Delamere to
"ſee you, to hear his deſtiny from yourſelf,
"is uneaſy even to me, who feel my own ex-
"quiſite happineſs in knowing what that de-
"ſtiny muſt be. I look with even painful
"commiſeration on this ſingular young man.
"Yet from paſſions ſo violent, and obſtinacy
"ſo invincible, I muſt have rejoiced that Miſs

"Mowbray

"Mowbray has escaped; even tho' her prefer-
"ence of the fortunate Godolphin had not
"rendered his lot the most happy that a hu-
"man being can possess."

"Since you are so good," said Emmeline faintly, for she was quite exhausted, "to com-
"passionate the situation of mind of Dela-
"mere, you will, I think, see the humanity
"of concealing from him—that—". She could find no term that she liked, to express her meaning, and stopped.

"That he has a fortunate rival?" said Godolphin. "No, dearest Emmeline, I hope
"I am incapable of such a triumph! 'Till
"poor Delamere is more at ease, I am con-
"tent to enjoy the happiness of knowing
"your favourable opinion, without wishing,
"by an insulting display of it, to convince
"him he has for ever

'Thrown a pearl away richer than all his tribe!'

"Yet I am sure you will think it still more
"cruel to give him hope. I will tell you all
"my weakness. While I see you here, all
"benignity and goodness to me, I feel for
"Lord Delamere infinite pity; but were you to

"receive

"receive him with your usual sweetness, to "give him many of those enchanting smiles, "and to look at him with those soft eyes, as "if you tenderly felt his sorrows, I am not "sure whether the most unreasonable jea-"lousy would not possess me, and whether I "should not hate him as much as I now wish "him well."

"That were to be indeed unreasonable, "and to act very inconsistently with your na-"tural candour and humanity. I will not "think so ill of you as to believe you. You "know I must of course often see Lord De-"lamere: but after the avowal you have ex-"torted from me, surely I need not repeat "that I shall see him only as my friend."

Godolphin then kissed her hands in rapture; and for a few moments forgot even his concern for Lady Adelina. Emmeline now wished to break off the conversation; and he at length allowed her to leave him. After having enquired of Barret after her mistress, who was happily in a calmer sleep, she retired to her own room, where she hoped to have a few hours of repose: but notwithstanding the promises of Godolphin, she felt as the hour of

of the morning approached on which he was to meet Fitz-Edward, that anxiety chaſed away ſleep, and again made her ſuffer the cruelleſt ſuſpenſe.

The heart of Godolphin, glowing with the livelieſt ſenſe of his own happineſs, yet felt with great keenneſs the unfortunate ſituation of his ſiſter. He began to doubt whether he had any right to perpetuate her wretchedneſs; and whether it were not better to leave it to herſelf to decide in regard to Fitz-Edward. The delicacy of his honour made him ſee an infinity of objections to their marriage, which to common minds might appear chimerical and romantic. To that part of his own family who were yet ignorant of her former indiſcretion, as he could not urge his reaſons, his oppoſition of Fitz Edward muſt ſeem capricious and unjuſt. Lord Weſthaven muſt therefore either be told that which had hitherto with ſo much pains been concealed from him, or he muſt determine to refer Fitz-Edward entirely to Lady Adelina herſelf; and on this, after long deliberation, he fixed.

Exactly as the clock ſtruck ſeven, Fitz-Edward was at the door; and was introduced

into Godolphin's ſtudy, who was already up and waiting for him. Emmeline, ſtill full of apprehenſion, had ariſen before ſix, and hearing Lady Adelina was ſtill aſleep, had gone down ſtairs, and waited with a palpitating heart in the breakfaſt room.

She was glad to diſtinguiſh, at their firſt meeting, the uſual ſalutations of the morning. She liſtened; but tho' the reſt of the houſe was profoundly ſilent, ſhe could not hear their converſation or even the tone in which it was carried on. It was not, however, loud, and ſhe drew from thence a favourable omen. Near two hours paſſed, during which breakfaſt was carried in to them; and as the ſervant paſſed backwards and forwards, ſhe heard parts of ſentences which aſſured her that then, at leaſt, they were converſing on indifferent ſubjects.

Now, therefore, the agitation of her ſpirits began to ſubſide; and ſhe dared even to hope that this meeting would prove the means of reconciliation, rather than of producing thoſe fatal effects ſhe had dreaded.

In about a quarter of an hour, however, after they had finiſhed their breakfaſt, they went

out

out and croſſed the lawn together. Then again her heart failed her; and without knowing exactly what ſhe intended, ſhe took the little boy, whom the maid had juſt brought to her, and walked as quickly as poſſible after them. Before ſhe could overtake them, they had reached the gate; and in turning to ſhut it after him, Godolphin ſaw her, and both together came haſtily back to meet her. At the ſame moment, the child putting out his hands to Godolphin, called him papa! as he had been uſed to do; and Fitz-Edward, ſnatching him up, kiſſed him tenderly while his eyes were filled with tears.

Godolphin took the hand of Emmeline. "Why this terror? why this haſte?" ſaid he, obſerving her to be almoſt breathleſs.

"I thought—I imagined—I was afraid—" anſwered ſhe, not knowing what ſhe ſaid.

"Be not alarmed," ſaid Godolphin—"We "go together as friends."

"And Godolphin," interrupted Fitz-Edward, "is again the ſame noble minded "Godolphin I once knew, and have always "loved."

"Let us ſay then," cried Emmeline, "no

"more of the paſt.—Let us look forward "only to the future."

"And the happineſs of that future, at leaſt "as far as it relates to me, depends, deareſt "Miſs Mowbray, on you."

"On me!"

"Godolphin wiſhes me not now to ſee his "ſiſter. I have acquieſced. He wiſhes me "even to refrain from ſeeing her till ſhe has "been ſix months a widow. With this, alſo, "I have complied. But as it is not in my "power to remain thus long in a ſuſpence ſo "agonizing as that I now endure, he allows "me to write to her, and refers wholly to her-"ſelf my hopes and my deſpair. Ah! gene-"rous, lovely Emmeline, *you* can influence "the mind of your friend. When ſhe is calm, "give her the letter I will ſend to you; and "if you would ſave me from a life of linger-"ing anguiſh to which death is preferable, "procure for me a favourable anſwer."

Emmeline could not refuſe a requeſt made by Fitz-Edward, which Godolphin ſeemed not to oppoſe. She therefore acquieſced; and ſaw him, after he had again tendely careſſed the child, depart with Godolphin, who deſired her

her to return to the houſe, in order to await Lady Adelina's riſing; where he would ſoon join her. With an heart lightened of half the concern ſhe had felt on this melancholy ſubject, ſhe now went to the apartment of her poor friend, who was juſt awakened from the ſtupor rather than the ſleep into which the ſoporifics ſhe had taken had thrown her. With an heavy and reluctant eye ſhe looked round her, as if hopeleſs of ſeeing the image now always preſent to her imagination. Emmeline approached her with the child. She ſeemed happy to ſee them; and deſiring her to ſit down by the bed ſide, ſaid—"Tell me truly what "has happened? Have I taken any medicine "that has confuſed my head, or how happens "it that I appear to have been in a long and "moſt uneaſy dream? Wild and half formed "images ſtill ſeem to float before my eyes; "and when I attempt to make them diſtinct, "I am but the more bewildered and uneaſy."

"Think not about it, then, till the heavi-"neſs you complain of is gone off."

"Tell me, Emmeline, have I really only "dreamed, or was a ſtranger here yeſterday? "I thought, that ſuddenly I ſaw Fitz-Edward,

"thin, pale, emaciated, looking as if he were "unhappy; and then, as it has of late often "happened, I loſt at once all traces of him; "and in his place Godolphin came, and I "know not what elſe; it is all confuſion and "terror!"

Emmeline now conſidered a moment; and then concluded that it would be better to relate diſtinctly to her, ſince ſhe now ſeemed capable of hearing it, all that had really paſſed the preceding evening, than to let her fatigue her mind by conjectures, and enfeeble it by fears. She therefore gave her a conciſe detail of what had happened; from the accidental meeting with Fitz-Edward, to the parting ſhe had herſelf juſt had with him in the garden. She carefully watched the countenance of Lady Adelina while ſhe was ſpeaking; and ſaw with pleaſure, that tho' exceſſively agitated, ſhe melted into tears, and heard, with a calmer joy than ſhe had dared to hope, the certainty of Fitz-Edward's tender attachment, and the unhoped for reconciliation between him and her brother. Having indulged her tears ſome time, ſhe tenderly preſſed the hand of Emmeline, and ſaid, in a faint voice, that ſhe

found

found herſelf unable to riſe and meet Godolphin till ſhe had recovered a little more ſtrength of mind, and that ſhe wiſhed to be left alone. Emmeline, rejoiced to find her ſo tranquil, left her, and rejoined Godolphin, who was by this time returned; and who read, in the animated countenance of Emmeline, that ſhe had favourable news to relate to him of his ſiſter.

While they enjoyed together the proſpect of Lady Adelina's return to health and peace, of which they had both deſpaired, the natural cheerfulneſs of Emmeline, which anxiety and affection had ſo long obſcured, ſeemed in ſome degree to return; and feeling that ſhe loved Godolphin better than ever, for that generous placability of ſpirit he had ſhewn to the repentant Fitz-Edward, ſhe no longer attempted to conceal her tenderneſs, or withhold her confidence from her deſerving lover. They breakfaſted together; and afterwards, as Lady Adelina ſtill wiſhed to be alone, they walked over the little eſtate which lay round the houſe, and Emmeline allowed him to talk of the improvements he meditated when ſhe ſhould become it's miſtreſs. The pleaſure, however, which lightened in her eyes, and glowed in

her bosom, was checked and diminished when the image of Delamere, in jealousy and despair, intruded itself. And she could look forward to no future happiness for herself, undashed with sorrow, while he remained in a state of mind so deplorable. When they returned into the house, Barret brought to Godolphin the following note.—

"Dearest and most generous Godolphin!
"I find myself unequal to the task of *speaking*
"on what has passed within these last twenty
"four hours. I wish still to see you. But let
"our conversation turn wholly on Lord West-
"haven, of whom I am anxious to hear; and
"spare me, for the present, on the subject
"which now blinds with tears your weak but
"grateful and affectionate ADELINA."

Godolphin now assured her, by Emmeline, that he would mention nothing that should give her a moment's pain, and that she should herself lead the conversation.

He soon after went up to her and Emmeline, in her dressing room; and found her still calm, tho' very low and languid. The name of Fitz-Edward was carefully avoided. But in the

the ſhort time they were together, Godolphin obſerved that the eyes of Lady Adelina ſeemed, on the entrance of any one into the room, fearfully and anxiouſly to examine whether they brought the letter ſhe had been taught to expect from Fitz Edward. It was eaſy to ſee that ſhe deeply meditated on the anſwer which ſhe muſt give; and that ſhe felt an internal ſtruggle, which Godolphin feared might again unſettle her underſtanding. She was too faint to ſit up long; and deſirous of being left entirely alone, Godolphin had for the reſt of the day the happineſs of entertaining Emmeline apart. He failed not to avail himſelf of it; and drew from her a confeſſion of her partiality towards him, even from the firſt day of their acquaintance; and long before ſhe dared truſt her heart to enquire into the nature of thoſe ſentiments with which it was impreſſed.

Late in the evening a meſſenger arrived with the expected letter from Fitz-Edward. To convince Godolphin of the perfect integrity with which he acted, he ſent him a copy of it; adding, that he was then on his road to London, where he ſhould await, in painful ſolicitude, the deciſion of Lady Adelina. It

was determined that Emmeline ſhould give her the letter the next morning; and that if after reading it ſhe retained the ſame languid compoſure which ſhe had before ſhewn, they ſhould go in the evening to Southampton, and from thence proceed the following day to London, where Lord and Lady Weſthaven ſo anxiouſly expected their arrival.

When Emmeline delivered the letter, Lady Adelina turned pale, and trembled. She left her to read it; and on returning to her in about half an hour, Emmeline found her drowned in tears. She ſeemed altogether unwilling to ſpeak of the contents of the letter; but aſſured Emmeline that ſhe was very well able to undertake the journey her brother propoſed, and ſhe believed it would be rather uſeful than prejudicial to her. "As to the letter," added ſhe, with a deep ſigh, "it will not for ſome "days be in my power to anſwer it."

Every thing was, by the diligence of Godolphin, ſoon prepared for their departure. Lady Adelina, her little boy, Emmeline and Godolphin, attended by their ſervants, went the ſame evening to Southampton; from whence they began their journey the next day; and

resting one night at Farnham, arrived early on the following at the house Lord Westhaven had taken in Grosvenor street.

CHAPTER IXV.

THE transports with which Lord Westhaven received his sister, were considerably checked by her melancholy air and faded form. The beauty and vivacity which she possessed when he last saw her, were quite gone; tho' she was now only in her twenty second year: and tears and sighs were the only language by which she could express the pleasure she felt at again seeing him. Imputing, however, this dejection entirely to her late unfortunate marriage, his Lordship expressed rather sorrow than wonder. He admired the little boy, whom he believed to be the son of Godolphin; and he met Emmeline with that unreserved and generous kindness he had ever shewn her.

Lady Westhaven, with the truest pleasure,

 again

again embraced the friend of her heart; and with delight Emmeline met her; but it was ſoon abated by the ſanguine hopes ſhe expreſſed that nothing would now long delay the happineſs of Lord Delamere.

"My Emmeline," ſaid ſhe, "will now be "indeed my ſiſter! Lord Montreville and "my mother can no longer oppoſe a marriage "ſo extremely advantageous to their ſon. *She* "will forgive them for their long blindneſs; "and pardoning poor Delamere for the in-"voluntary error into which he was forced, "will conſtitute the happineſs of him and of "his family."

To this Emmeline could only anſwer, that ſhe had not the leaſt intention of marrying. Lady Weſthaven laughed at that aſſertion. And ſhe foreſaw a perſecution preparing for her, on behalf of Delamere, which was likely to give her greater uneaſineſs than ſhe had yet ſuffered from any event of her life.

Lord Weſthaven, as ſoon as they grew a little compoſed, took an opportunity of leaving the reſt of the party; and went into his dreſſing room, where he ſent for Emmeline.

"Well, my lovely couſin," ſaid he, when

ſhe

ſhe was ſeated, "I have ſeen Lord Montre-
"ville on your buſineſs. I cannot ſay that
"his Lordſhip received me with pleaſure.
"But ſome allowances muſt be made for a
"man who loves money, on finding himſelf
"obliged to relinquiſh ſo large an eſtate, and
"to refund ſo large a ſum as he holds of
"your's."

"I hope, however, you, my Lord, have
"had no diſpute on my account with the
"Marquis?"

"Oh! none in the world. What he
"*thought*, I had no buſineſs to enquire; what
"he ſaid, was not much; as he committed
"the arguments againſt you to Sir Richard
"Crofts, who talked very long, and, as far
"as I know, very learnedly. He ſpoke like
"a lawyer and a politician. I cut the matter
"ſhort, by telling him that I ſhould attend
"to nothing but from an honeſt man and a
"gentleman."

"That was ſevere, my Lord."

"Oh! he did not feel it. Wrapped in his
"own ſelf-ſufficiency, and too rich to recol-
"lect the neceſſity of being honeſt, he ſtill
"perſiſted in trying to perſuade me that no-

"thing

"thing should be done in regard to restor-
"ing your estate 'till all the deeds had been
"examined; as he had his doubts whether,
"allowing your father's marriage to be
"established, great part of the landed pro-
"perty is not entailed on the heirs male.
"In short, he only seemed desirous of gaining
"time and giving trouble. But the first,
"I was determined not to allow him; and
"to shorten the second, I took Mr. Newton
"with me the next day, and desired Sir
"Richard, if he could prove any entail,
"to produce his proofs. For that, he had
"an evasion ready—he had not had *time*
"to examine the deeds; which I find are
"all in his hands. *We*, however, were
"better prepared. Mr. Newton produced
"the papers that authenticate your birth;
"he offered to bring a witness who was
"present when Mr. Mowbray was married
"to Miss Stavordale; nay even the clergy-
"man who performed the ceremony at Paris,
"and who is found to be actually living in
"Westmoreland. The hand writing of your
"father is easily proved; and Mr. Newton,
"summing up briefly all the corroborating
"testi-

"testimonies that exist of your right to the
"Mowbray estate, concluded by telling Lord
"Montreville, that at the end of two days
"he should wait upon his Lordship for his
"determination, whether he would dispute it
"in a court of law or settle it amicably
"with me on behalf of his niece. Newton
"then left us; and I desired your uncle
"to allow me a few moments private con-
"versation; which, as he could not refuse
"it, obliged old Crofts, and that formal
"blockhead his son, to leave us alone to-
"gether. I then represented to him how
"greatly his character must suffer, should the
"affair become public. That tho' I be-
"lieved myself he was really ignorant of the
"circumstances which gave you, from the
"moment of your father's death, an un-
"doubted claim to the whole of his fortune,
"yet that the world will not believe it; but
"will consider him as a man so cruelly insa-
"tiable, so shamefully unjust, as to take
"advantage of a defenceless orphan to ac-
"cumulate riches he did not want, and had
"no right to enjoy. I added, that if not-
"withstanding he chose to go into court, he

"must

"must excuse me if I forgot the near con-
"nection I had with him, and appeared
"publicly as the assertor of your claim, and
"of course as his enemy.

"The Marquis seemed very much hurt at
"the peremptory style in which I thought
"myself obliged to speak. He declined
"giving any positive answer; saying, only,
"that he must consult his wife and his son.
"What the former said, I know not; but the
"latter, generous in his nature, and adoring
"*you*, protested to his father that he would
"himself, as your next nearest relation, join
"in the suit against him, if the estate was
"not immediately given up. This spirited
"resolution of Lord Delamere, and the opi-
"nions of several eminent lawyers whom
"Sir Richard was sent to consult, at length
"brought Lord Montreville to a resolution
"before the expiration of the two days; and
"last night I received a letter from him, to
"say that he would, on Monday next, ac-
"count with you, and put you in possession
"of your estate; the management of which,
"however, and the care of your person, he
"should reserve to himself 'till you were of
"age."

"Good

"Good God!" exclaimed Emmeline, trembling, "am I to meet my uncle on "Monday on this buſineſs?"

"Yes; and wherefore are you terrified?"

"At the idea of his anger—his hatred; "and of being compelled to live with the "Marchioneſs, who always diſliked me, and "now muſt deteſt me."

Lord Weſthaven then aſſured her that he would be there to ſupport her ſpirits. That her uncle, whatever might be his feelings, would not expreſs them by rudeneſs and aſperity; but would more probably be deſirous of ſhewing kindneſs and ſeeking reconciliation. Yet that it was improbable he ſhould propoſe her reſiding with Lady Montreville; "whoſe preſent ſtate of health," ſaid he, "makes her incapable of leaving "her room, and for whoſe life the moſt "ſerious apprehenſions are entertained by "her phyſicians."

Emmeline, thus reaſſured by Lord Weſthaven on that ſubject, and extremely glad to hear there would be no neceſſity for proceedings at law againſt her uncle, returned with ſome cheerfulneſs to the company, where

where it was not encreaſed by the entrance of Lord Delamere, which happened ſoon afterwards.

The very ill ſtate of health indicated by his appearance, extremely hurt her. Nor was ſhe leſs affected by his addreſs to her, ſo expreſſive of the deepeſt anguiſh and regret. She could not bear to receive him with haughtineſs and coldneſs; but mildly, and with ſmiles, returned the queſtions he put to her on common ſubjects. His chagrin ſeemed to wear off; and hope, which Emmeline as little wiſhed to give, again reanimated in ſome degree his melancholy countenance.

The next day, and again the next, he came to Lord Weſthaven's; but Emmeline cautiouſly avoided any converſation with him to which the whole company were not witneſſes. Godolphin too was there: her behaviour to him was the ſame; and ſhe would ſuffer neither to treat her with any degree of particularity. Godolphin, who knew her reaſon for being reſerved towards *him*, was content; and Delamere, who ſuſpected not how dangerous a rival he had, was

was compelled to remain on the footing only of a relation; ſtill hoping that time and perſeverance might reſtore him to the happineſs he had loſt.

Monday now arrived, and Emmeline was to wait on her uncle in Berkley-ſquare. At twelve o'clock Lord Weſthaven was ready. Emmeline was led by him into the coach. They took up Mr. Newton in Lincolns-inn; and then went to their rendezvous. Emmeline trembled as Lord Weſthaven took her up ſtairs: ſhe remembered the terror ſhe had once before ſuffered in the ſame houſe; and when ſhe entered the drawing-room, could hardly ſupport herſelf.

The Marquis, Sir Richard Crofts, his eldeſt ſon, and Lord Delamere, with two ſtewards and a lawyer, were already there. Lord Montreville coldly and gravely returned his niece's compliments; Sir Richard malignantly eyed her from the corners of his eyes, obſcured by fat; and Crofts put on a look of pompous ſagacity and conſequential knowledge; while Lord Delamere, who would willingly have parted with the whole of his paternal fortune rather than with

her,

her, ſeemed eager only to ſee a buſineſs concluded by which ſhe was to receive benefit.

The lawyer in a ſet ſpeech opened the buſineſs, and expatiated largely on Lord Montreville's great generoſity.

Lord Weſthaven looked over the accounts: they appeared to have been made out right. The title deeds of the eſtate were then produced; the uſual forms gone thro'; and papers ſigned, which put Emmeline in poſſeſſion of them. All paſſed with much ſilence and ſolemnity: Lord Montreville ſaid very little; and ineffectually ſtruggled to conceal the extreme reluctance with which he made this reſignation. When the buſinaſs was completed, Emmeline advanced to kiſs the hand of her uncle: he ſaluted her; but without any appearance of affection; and coldly enquired how ſhe intended to diſpoſe of herſelf?

"I propoſe, my Lord, wholly to refer my-
"ſelf to your Lordſhip as to my preſent reſi-
"dence, or any other part of my conduct in
"which you will honour me with your advice."

"I m ſorry, Miſs Mowbray, that the ill
"ſtate of health of the Marchioneſs prevents
"my having the pleaſure of your company
"here.

"here. However my daughter, Lady Weſt-
"haven, will of courſe be happy to have you
"remain with her till you have fixed on ſome
"plan of life, or till you are of age."

"Not only till Miſs Mowbray is of age,
"my Lord, but ever, both Lady Weſthaven
"and myſelf ſhould be gratified by having
"her with us," ſaid Lord Weſthaven.

To this no anſwer was given; and a long ſilence enſued.

Emmeline felt diſtreſſed: and at length ſaid—"I believe, my Lord, Lady Weſthaven
"will expect us."

They then roſe; and taking a formal leave of the Marquis, were allowed to leave the room. Lord Delamere, however, took Emmeline's hand, and as he led her to the coach implored her to indulge him with one moment's converſation at any hour when they might not be interrupted. But with great firmneſs, yet with great ſweetneſs, ſhe told him that ſhe muſt be forgiven if ſhe adhered to a reſolution ſhe had made to give no audience on the topic he wiſhed to ſpeak upon, for many months to come.

"Almoſt two years!" exclaimed he—"al-

"moſt

"most two long years must I wait, without "knowing whether, at the end of that time, "you will hear and pity me! Ah! can you, "Emmeline, persist in such cruelty?"

"A good morning to your Lordship," said she, as she got into the coach.

"Will you dine with us, Delamere, asked Lord Westhaven.

"Yes; and will go home with you now, "and dress in Grosvenor street." He then gave some orders to his servants, and stepped into the coach.

"I never was less disposed in my life," said he, "to rejoin a party, than I am to go "back to those grave personages up stairs: "it is with the utmost difficulty I command "my temper to meet those Crofts' on the "most necessary business. My blood boils, "my soul recoils at them!"

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Lord Westhaven, you "are always taking unreasonable aversions. "Your blood is always boiling at some body "or other. I tell you, the Crofts' are good "necessary, plodding people. Not too re-"fined, perhaps, in points of honour, nor too "strict in those of honesty; but excellent at

"the

"the main chance, as you may ſee by what "they have done for themſelves."

Delamere then uttered againſt them a dreadful execration, and went on to deſcribe the whole family with great ſeverity and with great truth, 'till he at length talked himſelf into a violent paſſion; and Lord Weſthaven with difficulty brought him to be calm by the time they had ſet down Mr. Newton and ſtopped at his own door. At the ſame inſtant Lord Weſthaven's coach arrived there, a ſplendid chariot, moſt elegantly decorated, came up alſo. Delamere, ſtruck with it's brilliancy, examined the arms and ſaw his own: looking into it, he changed countenance, and ſaid to Lord Weſthaven—"Upon my "word! Crofts' wife and your Swiſs relation, "de Bellozane!"

"Crofts' wife?"

"Aye. I mean the woman who was once "Fanny Delamere, my ſiſter."

"Come, Delamere, forget theſe heartburn-"ings, and remember that ſhe is your ſiſter "ſtill."

"I ſhould be glad to know (if it were "worth my while to enquire) what buſineſs "Bellozane has with *her*?"

By

By this time they were in the houſe, where Lady Frances and the Chevalier arrived alſo.

Lord Weſthaven met them with his uſual politeneſs; but Delamere only ſlightly touched his hat to Bellozane, and ſternly ſaluted his ſiſter with "your ſervant, Lady Frances Crofts!" He then paſſed them, and went into Lord Weſthaven's dreſſing room; while her Ladyſhip, regardleſs of his diſpleaſure, and affecting the utmoſt gaity, talked and laughed with Lord Weſthaven as ſhe went up ſtairs. Emmeline followed them, liſtening to the whiſpered compliments of Bellozane with great coldneſs; and Lady Frances, entering with a faſhionable flounce the drawing room where her ſiſter was, cried—" Well child! how are " you? I beg your pardon for not coming to " enquire after you ſooner: but I have had " ſuch crouds of company at Belville Lodge, " that it was impoſſible to eſcape. And here's " this animal here, this relation of your " Lord's, really haunts me; ſo I was forced " at laſt to bring him with me." This ſpeech was accompanied by a ſignificant ſmile directed to Bellozane.

Lady Weſthaven, checked by ſuch an addreſs

dreſs from flying into the arms of her ſiſter, now expreſſed, without any great warmth, that ſhe was glad to ſee her. Something like general converſation was attempted. But Lady Frances, who hoped to hide, under the affectation of extravagant ſpirits, the envy and mortification with which ſhe contemplated the ſuperior happineſs of her ſiſter, ſoon engroſſed the diſcourſe entirely. She talked only of men of the firſt rank, or of *beaux eſprits* their aſſociates, who had been down in parties to Belleville Lodge (the name ſhe had given to her villa near Richmond); and ſhe repeated compliments which both the Lords and the wits had made to her figure and her underſtanding. When ſhe ſeemed almoſt to have exhauſted this intereſting topic, Lady Weſthaven ſaid, as if merely for the ſake of ſaying ſomething—

"Mr. Crofts has been ſo obliging as to call "here twice ſince we came to London; but "unluckily was not let in. Pray how does "he do?"

"Mr. Crofts? Oh! I know very little of "him. At this time of the year we never "meet. *He* lives, you know, in Burlington "ſtreet, and *I* live at Belleville; and if he

"comes thither, as he sometimes does of a "Friday or Saturday, he finds me too much "engaged to know whether he is there or not. "I believe, tho', he is very well; and I think "the last time I saw him he was nearly as "lively and amusing as he usually is. Don't "you think he was, Bellozane?"

"*O! assurement oui*," replied the Chevalier, sneeringly, "*Monsieur Croff a toujours beau-* "*coup de vivacité.—C'est un homme fort amu-* "*sant ce Monsieur Croff* *."

Lady Westhaven, disgusted, shocked, and amazed, had no power to take any share in such a dialogue; and Lady Frances went on. "Well! but now I assure you, Augusta, "I'm going to be most uncommonly good; "and am coming, tho' 'tis a terrible heavy un- "dertaking, to pass a whole week, without "company, with *mon tres cher Mari*, in Bur- "lington-street. Nay, I will go still farther, "and make a family party with you to the "play, which I generally detest of all things."

"That is being really very kind," said Lady Westhaven. "But since you are so ten-

* Oh! certainly, Mr. Crofts is always very sprightly. A most entertaining personage.

"derly

"derly dispofed towards your own family, "would it not be well if you were to enquire "after my mother? You know, I fuppofe, "how very ill fhe is; how much worfe 'tis "feared fhe may be?"

"Yes, I fhall certainly call," replied Lady Frances with the utmoft *fang froid*, "before I "go home. But as to her illnefs, you are "frightened at nothing: fhe has only her old "complaints."

"Her old complaints! And are not they "enough? If *I* were in a fituation to be ufeful "to her; or even as it is, if Lord Weftbaven "would permit me, I fhould certainly think "it my duty conftantly to attend her."

"Probably you might. And it is equally "probable that it would be of no ufe if you "did. She has Brackley, and all her own "people about her; and no more *could* be "done for her, even tho' you were to hazard "your *precious* life, or if *I*, (who you know "would not rifk by it that of an heir to an "Earldom) fhould facrifice *my* eafe and *my* "friends to attend her."

The unfeeling malignity of this fpeech was fo extremely diftreffing to Lady Weft-

haven, that ſhe could hardly command her tears.

Lord Weſthaven ſaw her emotion, and ſaid, "Auguſta, my love, your ſiſter is too brilliant "for you. You have not required that laſt "poliſh of high life, which quite effaces all "other feelings, nor will you, perhaps, ever "arrive at it."

"God forbid that I ever ſhould!" cried Lady Weſthaven, unable to conceal her indignation.

"Poor thing!" ſaid Lady Frances, with the moſt unbluſhing aſſurance—"You have cu-"rious ideas of domeſtic felicity: and it's a "thouſand pities, that inſtead of being what "you are, deſtiny had not made you the ſnug, "notable wife of a country parſon, with three "or four hundred a year—You would have "been pure and happy, to drive about in a "one horſe chaiſe, make cuſtards, walk tame "about the houſe, and bring the good man "a baby every year: but really, you are now "quite out of your element." She then rang the bell for her carriage; which being ſoon ready, ſhe gaily wiſhed her ſiſter good day, and the Chevalier handed her down ſtairs;

where

where, as ſhe deſcended, ſhe ſaid, loud enough to be heard, "*S'il y'a une choſe au monde que "je deteſte plus qu'un notre, c'eſt la triſteſſe "d'une ſocieté comme cela**." The Chevalier aſſented with his lips; but his heart and his wiſhes were fled towards Emmeline. He was, however, ſo engaged with her proud and inſolent rival, that he no longer dared openly to avow his predilection for her: and Lady Frances ſeemed ſo ſure of the ſtrength of that attachment which was her diſgrace, that ſhe brought him on purpoſe where Emmeline was, to ſhew how little ſhe apprehended his defection.

Lord Weſthaven, after pauſing a ſecond, ran down ſtairs after them; and juſt as Bellozane was ſtepping into the chariot, took him by the arm, and begged to ſpeak to him for two minutes.

He apologized to Lady Frances, and they went together into a room, where Lord Weſthaven, with all the warmth which his relationſhip authorized, remonſtrated againſt his ſtay in England; repreſented the expence and

* If there is any thing in the world I utterly deteſt, 'tis ſuch diſmal ſociety as that.

uneasiness it must occasion to the good old Baron; and above all, exhorted him to fly immediately from the dangerous society of Lady Frances Crofts.

Bellozane received this advice from his cousin with a very ill grace. He said, that he could not discover why his Lordship assumed an authority over him, or pretended either to blame his past conduct or dictate his future. That he came to England a stranger; brought thither by his honourable passion for Miss Mowbray, which he had a right to pursue; but that Mr. Godolphin, who was his only relation then in England, had either from accident or design shewn him very little attention; while Lady Frances had, with the most winning *honeteté*, invited him to her house, and supplied the want of *that* hospitality which his own family had not afforded him. And that infinitely obliged as he was to her, he should ill brook any reflection on a woman of honour who was his friend.

"But my Lord," added he, "if your Lordship will allow me to visit here as Miss Mowbray's favoured lover, I will not only drop the acquaintance of Lady Frances, but

"but will put myſelf entirely under your "Lordſhip's direction."

Lord Weſthaven, piqued and provoked, anſwered—"that he had no power whatever "to direct Miſs Mowbray; and if he had, "ſhould never adviſe her to receive him. Be "aſſured, Monſieur le Chevalier, that you "have no chance of ever being acceptable to "her, and you muſt think no more of her."

Bellozane, equally impatient of advice and contradiction, burſt from him; and went back to Lady Frances in a very ill humour.

Delamere, who had been dreſſing while his eldeſt ſiſter remained, now joined Lady Weſthaven and Emmeline in the drawing room. Thither alſo came Lady Adelina; who, during the five days they had been in town had not been well enough till this day to dine below.

She was now languid and faint, and obliged to retire, as ſoon as the cloth was removed, to her own room. Emmeline attended her; and when they were alone together, ſhe complained of finding herſelf every day more indiſpoſed. "The air of London," ſaid ſhe,

"is not good for my child: I cannot help "fancying he droops already. And the "noise of a house where there are unavoid-"ably so many visitors, and such a multitude "of servants, is too much for my spirits. As "Lord Westhaven is desirous of my staying "in London till my sister Clancarryl arrives, "that we may meet all together after being so "many years divided, I will not press my re-"turn to East Cliff; but I wish he would al-"low me to go to some village near London, "where I may occasionally enjoy solitude and "silence; for I have that upon my heart, "Emmeline, that demands both."

Emmeline communicated her wish to Godolphin the same evening; who undertook to settle it with Lord Westhaven as his sister desired; and the next day Lady Adelina and her little boy removed to Highgate, where her brother had procured her a handsome lodging; and he, quitting those he usually occupied in town, went to reside with her.

After having been there a few days, she sent to Emmeline the following letter, which she desired might be delivered by her own hand.

"To

"*To the Honourable George Fitz-Edward.*

"I have thus long forborne to anſwer your "letter, becauſe I have not 'till now been able "to collect that ſtrength of mind which is "neceſſary, when I am to obey the inexorable "duty that tears me from you for ever!

"That you yet *love* me well enough to "ſolicit my hand, is *I* own moſt ſoothing "and conſolatory: but where, Fitz-Edward, "is the Lethean cup, without which you "cannot *eſteem* me?—without which, I cannot "eſteem myſelf? No! I am not worthy the "honour of being your wife! It is fit my "fault be puniſhed—puniſhed by the cruel "obligation it lays me under of renouncing "the man I love!

"Fitz-Edward, I will not diſſemble! I can-"not, if I would! My affection for you is be-"come a part of my exiſtence, and can end "but in the grave. Under the dread of your "infidelity or your danger, my reaſon was "too weak to ſupport me: now that I have "no longer any apprehenſions of either, my "reaſon is returned—it is returned to ſhew "me all my wretchedneſs, and to afford

"me that light by which I must plunge a "dagger into my own bosom.

"Had I, however, no objections on my "own account, there is one that on another "appears insuperable. Were the marriage "you solicit to take place, and to be follow-"ed by a family, could I bear that my Wil-"liam, the delight and support of my life, "should be as an alien in his father's house, "and either appear as the son of Godolphin "or learn to blush for his mother!

"We must part, Fitz-Edward! Indeed we "must! Or if we are obliged to meet, do you "at least forget that we ever met before.

"I know that the daughter of Lord West-"haven, in youth, beauty and innocence, "would not have been, however portionless, "unworthy of you. But what would you re-"ceive in the widow of Trelawny? A mind "unsettled by guilt and sorrow; spirits which "have lost all relish for felicity; a blemished, "if not a ruined reputation, a faded person, "and an exhausted heart—exhausted of al-"most every sentiment but that so fatally pre-"dominant; which now forces me to blot my "paper with tears, as I write this last farewel!

"Farewel!

"Farewel! moſt beloved Fitz-Edward!
"Ah! try if it be poſſible to be happy! Be-
"aſſured I wiſh it; even tho' it be neceſſary
"for that end to drive from your memory,
"for ever, the loſt

"ADELINA TRELAWNY."

Emmeline, to whom this letter was ſent open, could not but approve the ſentiments it contained, while her heart bled for the pain it muſt have coſt Lady Adelina, and for that which it muſt inflict on Fitz-Edward.

When ſhe had diſpatched a note to his lodgings, to name an early hour the next day for ſpeaking to him, ſhe went down into the drawing room, where a large party of company were already aſſembled. Emmeline, to avoid a particular converſation with Lord Delamere, which he inceſſantly ſolicited, placed herſelf near one of the card tables; when, at a late hour of the evening, dreſſed in the utmoſt exuberance of faſhion, blazing in jewels and blooming in rouge, entered Mrs. James Crofts, followed by the two eldeſt of her daughters; one, dreſt in the character of Charlotte in the Sorrows of Werter; and the other, as Emma,

the nut brown maid. Their air and manner were adapted, as they believed, to the figures of those characters as they appear in the print shops; and their excessive affectation, together with the gaudy appearance of their mama, nearly conquered the gravity of Emmeline and of many others of the company.

While Mrs. Crofts paid her compliments to Lady Westhaven and Emmeline, and gave herself all those airs which she believed put her upon an equality with the circle she was in, the two Misses anxiously watched the impression which they concluded their charms must make on the gentlemen present. Their mama had told them that most likely all of them were Lords or Lords sons at least; and the girls were not without hopes, that among them there might be some of that species of men of quality, whom modern novelists describe as being in the habit of carrying forcibly away, beautiful young creatures, with whom perchance they become enamoured, and marrying them in despite of all opposition. They longed above all things to meet with such adventures, and to be carried off by a Lord, or

a Baronet

a Baronet at leaſt; whoſe letters afterwards, to ſome dear Charles or Harry, could not fail to edify the world. After Mrs. Crofts had diſplayed her dreſs, and convinced the company of her being quite in a good ſtyle of life; and when her daughters had committed hoſtilities for near an hour upon the hearts of the gentlemen, they ſailed out in the ſame ſtate as they entered; nor could all Emmeline's good humour prevent her ſmiling at the ſatyrical remarks made on them by ſome of the company; nothing more ſtrongly exciting the ridicule and contempt of people of real faſhion than awkward and impotent efforts to imitate them.

The next day, Fitz Edward attended at the hour Emmeline appointed, and received from her the letter of Lady Adelina, with a degree of anguiſh which gave great pain to Emmeline and Godolphin. Still, however, he was not quite deprived of hope; but flattered himſelf that the perſuaſions of her ſiſter, Lady Clancarryl (who was now every day expected, with her huſband and family, to paſs the reſt of the winter in London) added to thoſe of Lord Weſthaven, and the good offices of Emmeline, would together prevail on Lady Adelina

to

so alter a resolution which rendered them both wretched.

Some weeks, however passed, and she still adhered to it: while the melancholy conversation which Emmeline frequently had with Fitz-Edward, and the importunity and unhappiness of Delamere, deprived her of much of that tranquillity she might otherwise have enjoyed; particularly after the recovery of Lady Westhaven (who presented her Lord with a son), and the arrival of Mrs. Stafford and her family from France.

Lord Westhaven, who held a promise particularly sacred when made to the unfortunate, had procured for Mr. Stafford a lucrative employment in the West Indies. Thither he immediately went; and his wife, whose spirits and health were greatly hurt, was happy to accept the offer Emmeline made her of going down with her children to Mowbray Castle. The Marquis of Montreville had presented his niece with the furniture he had sent thither, being in truth ashamed to charge it; there was therefore every thing necessary; and there Emmeline intended Mrs. Stafford should reside 'till she should be established in some residence.

residence agreeable to her; which she intended to fix if possible near her own; and she now felt all the advantages of that fortune, which enabled her to repay the obligations she owed to her earliest friend.

CHAPTER XV.

THE rank, and extensive connections of Lady Westhaven, led her unavoidably into a good deal of company; but it was among persons as respectable for their virtues as their station. Emmeline, of course, often accompanied her; but almost all her mornings, and frequently her evenings, were dedicated to Lady Adelina; who hardly saw any body but her, Lady Westhaven, her brothers, and her sister; and never went out but for the air.

Godolphin passed with her much of his time: to the love and pity he had before felt for her, was added veneration and esteem, excited by the heroism of her conduct. At her lodgings,

too, he could see Emmeline without the restraint they were under in other places. There, he could talk to her of his love; and there, she consented to hear him.

Lady Westhaven went constantly every morning to visit her mother, who had lately been rather better, and whose health her physicians entertained some hopes of re-establishing. Her own unhappy temper seemed to be the chief impediment to her recovery; her violent passions, unsubdued by sickness and disappointment; and her immeasurable pride, which even the approach of death could not conquer, kept her nerves continually on the stretch; and allowed her no repose of mind, even when her bodily sufferings were suspended. That her favourite project of uniting the only surviving branches of her own family, by the marriage of Lord Delamere and Miss Otley, was now for ever at an end, was a perpetual source of murmuring and discontent. And tho' Emmeline had as splendid a fortune, with a person and a mind infinitely more lovely, her Ladyship could not yet prevail upon herself to desire, that the name for which she felt such proud veneration, and the fortune of her

own illuſtrious anceſtors, ſhould be enjoyed, or carried down to poſterity by her, who had become the object of her capricious but inveterate diſlike.

Emmeline was very glad that the Marchioneſs thro' prejudice, and her uncle thro' ſhame, forbore to perſecute her in favour of their ſon: but tho' perfectly aware of the antipathy Lady Montreville entertained towards her, ſhe yet ſhewed her all the attention ſhe would receive; and would even conſtantly have waited on her, had ſhe not expreſſed more pain than pleaſure in her preſence.

Lady Frances Crofts, by this time fixed in Burlington ſtreet for the winter, called now and then on her mother, but her viſits were ſhort and cold. It unfortunately happened, that the Marchioneſs, whoſe amuſement was now almoſt ſolely confined to reading the daily prints, had found in one of them a paragraph evidently pointed at the intimacy ſubſiſting between Lady Frances and the Chevalier de Bellozane, which had long been the topic of public ſcandal.

Lady Frances called upon her while her mind was under the firſt impreſſion of this

disgraceful circumstance; and she spoke to her daughter of her improper attachment to that young foreigner with more than her usual severity. Lady Frances, far from hearing her remonstrance with calmness, retorted, with rudeness and asperity, what she termed unjust reproaches; and asserted her own right to associate with whom she pleased. The Marchioness grew more enraged, and they parted in great wrath: in consequence of which, Lady Montreville, in the inconsiderate excess of her anger, sent for her husband and her son; and exclaiming with all her natural acrimony against the shameful conduct of Lady Frances, insisted upon their obliging Crofts to separate his wife from her dangerous and improper acquaintance, and forcing her immediately into the country.

Lord Montreville, who had already heard too much of his daughter's general light conduct, and her particular partiality to Bellozane, now saw new evils gathering round him, from which he knew not how to escape. The fiery and impatient Delamere, already irritated against Bellozane for his pretensions to Emmeline, broke forth in menace and invective;

tive; and nothing but his father's anguish, and even tears, prevented his flying directly to him to execute that vengeance which his mother had dictated. She herself, in the violence of her passion, had overlooked the consequence of putting this affair into the hands of the inconsiderate and headlong Delamere; but when she saw him thus inflamed, terror for *him*, was added to resentment against her daughter; and altogether produced such an effect on her broken constitution, that in a few days afterwards her complaints returned with great violence, and all remedies proving ineffectual, she expired in less than a fortnight. Lady Westhaven and Emmeline attended on her themselves for the last four or five days; but she was insensible; and knew neither of them. Delamere, very fond of his mother, and whose feelings were painfully acute, suffered for many days the most violent paroxysms of grief; yet it was a considerable alleviation to reflect that he had not finally been the cause of her death. Lord Montreville bore it with more composure: and the softer, tho' deep sorrow of Lady Westhaven, found relief in the constant and tender attention

tion of her Lord, and the ſympathy of Emmeline.

Lady Frances Crofts, not inſenſible to remorſe, but reſolutely ſtifling it, affected to hear the news with proper concern, yet as what had been for many months expected. She ſent conſtantly to enquire after her father; and the Marquis hoping that while her mind was ſoftened by ſuch a mournful event his remonſtrance might make a deeper impreſſion, determined to go to her; therefore the day after the remains of the Marchioneſs had been carried to the family vault of the Delameres, he took his chair, and went to Burlington ſtreet.

On entering the houſe, the ſervants, who concluded he came to Mr. Crofts, were taking him into thoſe apartments below which their maſter occupied: but his Lordſhip told them he muſt ſpeak to their lady. Her own footman ſaid her Ladyſhip had given orders to be denied.

"To her father, puppy?" ſaid Lord Montreville. "Where is ſhe?"

"In her dreſſing room, my Lord."

He then paſſed alone up ſtairs—As he went, he heard the voice of laughter and gaiety, and

and was more ſhocked than ſurpriſed, when, on opening the door, he ſaw Lady Frances in a morning diſhabille, and the Chevalier de Bellozane making her tea. At the entrance of her father thus unexpectedly, ſhe changed colour; but ſoon aſſuming her uſual aſſured manner, ſaid ſhe was glad to ſee his Lordſhip well enough to come out.

"Diſmiſs this young man," ſaid he ſternly. "I muſt ſpeak to you alone."

"*Va mon ami*," cried Lady Frances, with the utmoſt eaſe, "*pour quelques moment.*"

Bellozane left the room; and then Lord Montreville, with paternal affection, tried to move her. But ſhe had conquered her feelings; and anſwered with great calmneſs—"That conſcious of her own innocence, ſhe "was quite indifferent to the opinion of the "world. And that tho' ſhe certainly wiſhed "to be upon good terms with her own family, "yet if any part of it choſe to think ill of her, "they muſt do ſo entirely from prejudice, "which it was little worth her while to at-"tempt removing."

Lord Montreville, now provoked beyond all endurance, gave way to the indignation with

with which he was inflamed, and denounced his malediction against her, if she did not immediately dismiss Bellozane and regulate her manner of life. She heard him with the most callous insensibility; and let him depart without making any attempt to appease his anger or calm his apprehensions. From her, he went down to Crofts; to whom he forcibly represented the necessity there was for putting an immediate stop to the scandal which the conduct of his wife occasioned. Pusillanimous and mean-spirited, Crofts chose neither to risk his personal safety with the Chevalier, nor the diminution of his fortune by attempting to procure a divorce, which would compel him to return what he loved much better than honour.

He saw many others do extremely well, and mightily respected, whose wives were yet gayer than his own; and convinced that while he had money he should always obtain as much regard as he desired, he rather excused to Lord Montreville the conduct of Lady Frances, than shewed any disposition to resent it. The Marquis left him with contempt, and ordered his chair to Lord Westhaven's.

As

As he went, he could not forbear reflecting on the contraſt between his eldeſt and youngeſt daughter, and between his eldeſt daughter and his niece. He grew extremely anxious for Lord Delamere's marriage with Emmeline: ſure of finding, in her, an honour to his family, which might conſole him for his preſent misfortunes: and he deeply regretted that infatuation which had blinded him to her ſuperior merit, and hazarded loſing her for ever. Diſguſted already with the Crofts, he remembered that it had been in a great meaſure owing to them, and he thought of them only with repentance and diſlike.

He ſaw Lord Weſthaven alone; and relating to him all that had paſſed that morning, beſought him to conſider what could be done to divide Bellozane from Lady Frances Crofts.

Lord Weſthaven had ſeen and heard too much of the intimacy between them. He was extremely hurt that ſo near a relation of his own ſhould occaſion ſuch uneaſineſs in the family of his wife; but as he had not invited him over, and always diſcouraged his ſtay, he had on that head nothing with which to reproach himſelf. And all he could now do,

was, to promiſe that he would ſpeak again to Bellozane, and write to the Baron de St. Alpin, entreating him to preſs the return of his ſon to Switzerland. His Lordſhip entered warmly into the apprehenſions of Lord Montreville; and undertook to uſe all his influence with Delamere to prevent his running raſhly into a quarrel with a young man as paſſionate and as violent as himſelf.

Lord Montreville then ſpoke of Emmeline; and expreſſed his wiſhes that the union between her and his ſon might ſpeedily be accompliſhed: but on this ſubject Lord Weſthaven gave him very little hopes. Tho' Emmeline had done her utmoſt to conceal even from Lord and Lady Weſthaven the true ſtate of her heart, his Lordſhip had, in their frequent conferences on her affairs, clearly perceived what were her ſentiments. But ſince they were in favour of his brother, he could not think of attempting to alter them, however ſorry for Delamere; and could only determine to obſerve an abſolute neutrality.

He did not communicate to the Marquis all he thought, but told him in general, that Emmeline ſeemed at preſent averſe to every

propoſal

propoſal of marriage, and firm in the reſolution ſhe had made, to remain ſingle 'till ſhe had completed her twenty-firſt year. Lord Weſthaven ſent for Bellozane; who had lately been leſs frequent in his viſits at Groſvenor-ſtreet, and who ſeemed to reſent the coldneſs with which his couſins received him, and to have conceived great anger at the reſerve and even averſion with which Emmeline treated him. The ſervant whom his Lordſhip diſpatched with a note to Bellozane, returned in about ten minutes, and ſaid that the Chevalier was gone to Bath. Lord Weſthaven now hoped that for ſome time the intercourſe which had given ſuch offence, and occaſioned ſuch miſery, would be at an end: in the afternoon, however, Crofts came in; and on Lady Weſthaven's enquiry after her ſiſter, he told her that ſhe was going that afternoon to Speenhamland in her way to Bath. Conduct, ſo glaringly improper and unfeeling, a defiance ſo bold to the opinions of the world and the common decencies of ſociety, extremely hurt both her Ladyſhip and her Lord. The latter, however, found ſome ſatisfaction

in reflecting that at least Delamere and Bellozane could not immediately meet.

Above a month now passed with as much tranquillity as the ardent supplications of Delamere to Emmeline would admit. Lord and Lady Clancarryl, with their family, arrived in London to pass the rest of the winter; and Lady Adelina, insensibly won from her retirement by the pleasure of meeting at once her sister and her two brothers, seemed to be in better health, and sometimes in better spirits. As she was now frequently induced to join these charming family parties, she was obliged to see Fitz-Edward among them; and he entertained new hopes that she would at length conquer her scruples and accept his hand: she carefully, however, avoided all conversation with him but in mixed company; and Emmeline being continually with her, they were equally prevented from hearing, with any degree of particularity, Godolphin or Fitz-Edward.

The Marchioness of Montreville had now been dead almost two months; and Lady Westhaven, who from respect to her memory had hitherto forborne to appear in public,

was

was prevailed upon to go to a new play; for the author of which, a nobleman, one of her friends, being particularly interested, he prevailed on all the people of fashion and taste whom he knew to attend on the third night of it's representation. Lady Westhaven, Lady Clancarryl, and Emmeline, were by his earnest entreaties induced to be among them: but as Lord Westhaven, Lord Clancarryl, Godolphin, and Fitz-Edward, were absent, being gone all together to the seat of the former, in Kent, for a few days, they foresaw but little pleasure in the party; and Lady Westhaven expressed even a reluctance for which she knew not how to account. The eagerness of Lord —— to serve his friend at length overruled her objections; his Lordship himself and Lord Delamere were to attend them; and they were to be joined by some other ladies there. The stage box had been retained for them; and they proceeded to the playhouse, where they were hardly seated, before Lady Westhaven saw, with infinite mortification and alarm, her sister, Lady Frances Crofts, enter the next box, handed by the Chevalier de Bellozane, and accompanied by a lady, of

fashion indeed, but of very equivocal character, with whom she had lately contracted a great intimacy. All attention to the play was now at an end. Incapable of receiving amusement, Lady Westhaven would instantly have returned home; and Emmeline, who saw rage and fierceness in the countenance of Lord Delamere, was equally anxious to do so: but they knew not how to account for such a wish to their party without making their fears public; and while they deliberated how to act, the play went on. Lady Frances, as if quite unconscious of any impropriety in her conduct, spoke to them and to Delamere. They forced themselves to answer her with civility; but her brother, turning from her, darted an angry look at Bellozane, and went to the other side of the house. He from thence watched with indignation the familiar whispers which passed between her and the Chevalier; and reflecting on the recent death of his mother, which had been hastened if not occasioned by this connection; remembering how greatly the sufferings of her last hours had been embittered by it, and recalling to his memory a thousand other causes of anger against Bellozane, he heated his

his imagination with the review of theſe injuries, till he raiſed himſelf into an agony of paſſion, which it was ſoon impoſſible for him, had he been ſo diſpoſed, to reſtrain.

A very few minutes after the play ended, Lady Weſthaven, impatient to get away before her ſiſter, beckoned to Delamere; and finding her ſervants ready, told her party ſhe was too much tired to ſtay the entertainment, and roſe with Emmeline to go. Lord —— led her Ladyſhip, and Delamere took the hand of Emmeline: the two former walked haſtily through the lobby; but as the two latter followed, they were ſuddenly ſtopped by Rochely, who, making one of his ſolemn bows, advanced cloſe to Emmeline, and with great compoſure congratulated her in his uſual ſlow and monotonous manner, on her late acquiſitions; aſſured her of his great reſpect and eſteem; and added, that as he underſtood ſhe would, when ſhe came of age, be poſſeſſed of a large ſum of money, he flattered himſelf ſhe would allow him to manage it for her, as Lord Montreville at preſent did; declaring that nobody could be more attentive to the intereſt of his cuſtomers. The profound gravity with

which, in ſuch a place, he made ſuch a requeſt; the ſordid meanneſs of ſpirit, which could induce a man already ſo very rich, to ſolicit cuſtom with the avidity of a mechanic beginning buſineſs: and the uncouth and formal figure of the perſon himſelf, would have excited in Emmeline ridicule as well as contempt, at any other time: but now, diſtreſt at the delay this meeting occaſioned, ſhe hurried over ſome anſwer, ſhe hardly knew what, and haſtened towards the door. Juſt, however, before they reached it, Bellozane, with Lady Frances Croſts hanging on his arm, overtook and paſſed them: the Chevalier ſlightly touched his hat to Emmeline; and Lady Frances, nodding familiarly, ſaid—"Good night! good night!" Lady Frances and Bellozane went on; and Emmeline, who ſaw fury in the eyes of Delamere, now wiſhed as much to linger behind as ſhe had before done to hurry forward. But Delamere quickening his pace, overtook them as they deſcended the ſteps, and ruſhed ſo cloſely and with ſo much intended rudeneſs by Bellozane, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could avoid falling and dragging his fair aſſociate with him.

The

The fiery Frenchman recovering his footing, turned fiercely to Delamere, and aſked, in French, what he meant? Lord Delamere, in the ſame language replied, that he meant to tell him he was a ſcoundrel! Inſtantly a mutual blow was exchanged! the ſhrieks of Emmeline brought the ſentinels; who, together with the croud which immediately gathered, forced them from each other.

Lord —— who had taken care of Lady Weſthaven to her coach, alarmed at Emmeline's not joining them, and at the noiſe he heard, now came back to ſee what was the matter. He met her, more dead than alive, coming towards him, attended by a ſtranger; and ſhe had juſt breath enough to implore him not to think of *her*, but to find Lord Delamere, and try to prevent the fatal conſequence of what had juſt happened.

Leaving her to the care of the gentleman he had found her with, who almoſt ſupported her to the coach, his Lordſhip went forward in queſt of Delamere, whom he met with two or three other gentlemen. Bellozane, after ſtating to them the affront he had received, and giving Lord Delamere a card, had re-

turned back into the lobby with Lady Frances and her friend; from whence it was ſuppoſed he had gone out with them acroſs the ſtage, as Lady Frances appeared in great alarm. Lord —— now entreated Delamere to go with him to the coach, where he told him his ſiſter was in the utmoſt terror for his ſafety. But enquiring eagerly whether Miſs Mowbray was ſafe with her, and hearing ſhe was, he ſaid he would be in Groſvenor-ſtreet to ſupper, and deſired they would go home. Lord —— then very warmly remonſtrated on the cruelty of terrifying his ſiſter, and inſiſted on his going with him to the coach: but they were by this time among the croud at the door, where people began to go out faſt; and Delamere, whoſe paſſions were now inflamed to a degree of madneſs, broke violently away from his Lordſhip; and ruſhing into the ſtreet, inſtantly diſappeared. Every attempt which himſelf, his ſervants, or ſome gentlemen who were witneſſes to the tranſaction, made to find him, being ineffectual, Lord ——— now returned to the coach, where Lady Weſthaven was fainting in the arms of Emmeline; who, equally alarmed, and hardly able to ſupport herſelf, was trying to

assist and console her. Lord ——, instead of returning to his own family, now sent a footman to desire they would go home without him; and remaining in Lady Westhaven's carriage, directed it to be driven with the utmost speed to Grosvenor-street. As they went, he attempted to appease the agonizing fears of them both, by persuading them that they might find Lord Delamere at home before them; but they knew too well the ferocity with which he was capable of pursuing his vengeance when it was once awakened; and arrived at home in such disorder, that neither could speak.—The coach, however, no sooner stopped than somebody ran out. They had no power to ask who; but the voice was that of Godolphin; who finding his brother likely to be detained two days longer, and existing only while he could see Emmeline every hour, had returned alone to town, and now waited their arrival from the play. He was astonished at the situation he found them in, as he assisted them out of the carriage. He received, however, a brief account of the cause from Lord ——; while Lady Westhaven, a little recovered by the sight of Godolphin and the

hartſhorn and water ſhe had taken, found her voice.

"For God's ſake! dear Godolphin, loſe "not a moment, but go after my brother. "We dread leſt he went immediately in "ſearch of Bellozane—Oh! fly! and endea-"vour to prevent the horrid effects that may "be expected from their meeting!"

"Pray go! ſaid Emmeline. "Pray go "inſtantly!"

Godolphin needed not entreaty. He took his hat, and ran away directly, without knowing whither to go. He thought, however, that it was poſſible Delamere might go to Berkley ſquare, and ſend from thence an appointment to Bellozane. Thither therefore he haſtened; but heard that Lord Delamere had not been at home ſince he dreſſed to dine in Groſvenor-ſtreet, and that the Marquis was gone to Lord Dornock's, where he was to ſtay ſome days; news, which encreaſed the alarm of Godolphin, who had hoped that his influence might be uſed to prevent the raſhneſs of his ſon. He ordered Millefleur, and Delamere's coachman, footmen, and grooms, to run different ways in ſearch of their maſter, while

while he went himſelf to the lodgings of Bellozane. Bellozane he learnt, came from Bath only that morning, and had dreſſed at his lodgings, but had not been there ſince.

He now flew to the houſe of Lady Frances Crofts. Mr. Crofts was gone down to his father's; and Lady Frances, who had come from Bath the ſame day, had dined with her friend, and was to be ſet down by her carriage after ſupper. Eagerly aſking the name of this friend, he was directed to Charlotte ſtreet, Oxford ſtreet; where on haſtening he found Lady Frances, who was vainly attempting to conquer the terrors that poſſeſſed her. Bellozane, he heard, had procured chairs for her and the lady with her, at the ſtage door, and had there wiſhed them a good night, tho' they had both intreated of him to go home with them. They added, that they had refuſed to let him look for their carriage, which was driven off in the croud, leſt he ſhould meet with Delamere; but were greatly afraid he had gone back to the avenues of the play-houſe with that deſign. Godolphin, however unpromiſing his ſearch yet appeared, determined not to relinquiſh it. But while he con-

tinued running from place to place, Lady Weſthaven and Emmeline ſat liſtening to every noiſe and terrifying themſelves with conjectures the moſt dreadful. Almoſt as ſoon as Godolphin was gone, they had conjured Lord —— to go on the ſame ſearch: but he returned not; and of Godolphin they heard nothing. Even the late hours when faſhionable parties break up, now paſſed by. Every coach that approached made them tremble between hope and fear; but it rolled away to a diſtance. Another and another paſſed, and their dreadful ſuſpenſe ſtill continued. Emmeline would have perſuaded Lady Weſthaven to go to bed; but nothing could induce her to think of it. She ſometimes traverſed the room with hurried ſteps; ſometimes ſat liſtening at the window; and ſometimes ran out to the ſtair caſe, where all the ſervants except thoſe who had been diſpatched in purſuit of Lord Delamere were aſſembled.

The ſtreets were now quiet; the watch called a quarter paſt five; and convinced that if ſomething fatal had not happened ſome body would have returned to them by this time, their terror grew inſupportable. A quick

rap

rap was now heard at the door. Emmeline flew to the ſtairs—"Is it Lord Delamere?" "No, "Madam," replied a ſervant, "it is Captain "Godolphin." Afraid of aſking, yet unable to bear another moment of ſuſpenſe, ſhe flew down part of the ſtairs. Godolphin, with a countenance paler than death, caught her in his arms—"Whither would you go?" cried he, trembling as he ſpoke.

"Have you found—Delamere?"

"I have."

"Alive and well?"

"Alive—but—"

"Oh! God! but what?"

"Wounded, I fear, to death. Keep his "ſiſter from knowing it too ſuddenly."

That was almoſt impoſſible. Lady Weſthaven had at firſt ſat down in the drawing room in that breathleſs agony which precluded the power of enquiry; then loſing her weakneſs in deſperation, ſhe ran down, determined to know the worſt, and was already on the ſtairs.

Emmeline, white and faint, leaned on Godolphin—"Where is he, where is my bro-"ther?" cried Lady Weſthaven.

Godolphin

Godolphin beckoned to the ſervants to aſſiſt him in getting her up ſtairs. After a moment, they were all in the drawing room.

"Tell me," cried ſhe, with an accent and look of deſpair—"Tell me, for I will know! "You have ſeen my brother; he is killed! "I know he is killed!"

"He is alive," anſwered Godolphin, hardly bearing to wound her ears with ſuch intelligence as he had to deliver—"at leaſt he "*was* alive when I left him."

"*Was* alive! He is wounded then—and "dying!"

"It were uſeleſs and cruel to deceive you. "I greatly fear he is."

Uttering a faint ſhriek, Lady Weſthaven now ſprung towards the door, and proteſted ſhe would go to him wherever he was. Emmeline clung about her, and beſought her to be patient—to be pacified.

"Perhaps," cried ſhe, "his ſituation may "not be ſo deſperate. Let us rather en-"quire what can be done for him, than in-"dulge the extravagance of our own de-"ſpair."

"Ah! tell me, then, where—how?"

Lady

Lady Weſthaven could ſay no more. Godolphin thought it beſt to ſatisfy her.

"I will not relate the firſt part of my "ſearch. It was fruitleſs. At length I ſaw "a croud before the door of the Bedford. "I aſked what was the matter? and heard "that two gentlemen had fought a duel, "by candle light, with ſwords; that one "was killed and the other had eſcaped. "This was too much like what I expected "to hear: I forced my way into the room. "Lord Delamere was bleeding on the ground. "Two ſurgeons were with him. I cleared "the room of all but them, and the neceſ-"ſary attendants. I ſaw him carefully con-"veyed to bed. I left them with him; and "came to tell you. Now I muſt haſten back "to him. I will not flatter you; the ſur-"geons gave me very little—indeed no hope "of his life."

"Oh! my father! my father!" exclaimed Lady Weſthaven, "what will become of him "when he hears this?"

"I would go to him," ſaid Godolphin, "but that I muſt return to poor Delamere.

"What

"What little he ſaid was to requeſt that I "would ſtay with him."

"Go then," ſaid Emmeline—"we muſt "do without you. Let him not miſs the "comfort of your preſence."

"Yes," anſwer he, "I muſt indeed go." Emmeline, leaving Lady Weſthaven a moment to her woman, followed him out, and he ſaid to her—"Try, I conjure you, my "Emmeline, to exert yourſelf for the ſake "of your poor friend. Keep her as tranquil "as you can; and may ye both acquire for-"titude to bear what is, I fear, inevitable!"

"Oh! my father!" loudly exclaimed Lady Weſthaven, with a dreadful ſhriek—"Who ſhall dare to announce theſe tidings "to you?"

"Send," continued Godolphin, "an ex-"preſs to Lord Montreville. He is at Lord "Dornock's; and diſpatch another to my "brother. Pray take care of your own "health. It is now impoſſible for me to "ſtay—the poor languiſhing Delamere ex-"pects me." He then ran haſtily away; and Emmeline, ſtruggling with all her power againſt her own anguiſh, was obliged

to

to commit her friend to the care of her ſervants, while ſhe ſat down to write to Lord Montreville. Her letter contained only two lines.

"My dear Lord,

"Your ſon is very ill. We are much "alarmed; and Lady Weſthaven begs you "will immediately come hither. Do not go "to Berkley-ſquare.

"EMMELINE MOWBRAY."

Groſvenor-ſtreet,
April 5th.

This note, ſhort as it was, ſhe had the utmoſt difficulty to make legible. A ſervant was ſent off with it, who was ordered to anſwer no queſtions; and in another ſhort and incoherent note ſhe told to Lord Weſthaven the melancholy truth, and ſent it by expreſs into Kent.

Having thus obeyed Godolphin as well as ſhe could; ſhe returned to Lady Weſthaven, who could not be prevailed upon to go to bed, but inſiſted on being allowed to ſee her brother. Emmeline, dreadfully terrified by her obſtinacy, now ſent for the two phyſicians

who

who usually attended the family. One of them had been taken by Godolphin to Delamere; but the other instantly attended the summons. Every argument he could use failing entirely of effect, he was obliged to administer to her a remedy, which soon acting on her fatigued and exhausted spirits, threw her for a short time into insensibility. While poor Emmeline, who expected soon the arrival of the unhappy father, and who waited with torturing anxiety for news from Godolphin, could not even sit down; but wandered about the house, and walked from room to room, as if change of place could shorten or lessen her dreadful suspense.

No news, however, came from Godolphin. But a little before eight o'clock, the Marquis's chaise stopped at the door.

He got out; asked faulteringly of the servants for his son. Their looks imported sad tidings; but they were ordered to profess ignorance, and it was the excruciating task allotted to Emmeline to inform this wretched parent, that his only son, the pride and support of his life, had fallen; and what made it still more horrid, by the hand of his daughter's

ter's paramour. Lord Montreville entered the drawing room; and the wild and pallid looks of his niece ſtruck him with ſuch horror, that he could only pronounce with trembling lips the name of Delamere: and then throwing himſelf into a chair, ſeemed to expect ſhe ſhould tell him what he was unable to aſk.

She approached him; but words failed her.

"Delamere!—my ſon!" cried he, in a voice hollow and tremulous.

"He is not dead, my Lord!"

"Not dead! wherefore is it then that you "look thus? Oh! what is it I am to know?"

Emmeline then briefly related his ſituation, as ſhe had heard it from Godolphin. She had only ſaid, that tho' deſperately wounded he yet lived, when Lord Montreville, gazing on her with eyes that beſpoke the agony of his ſoul, and ſeizing her violently by the hand, ſaid—"Come, then, with me! come to him "with me, now, this inſtant!"

He then burſt out of the room, ſtill taking her with him. She knew not why he wiſhed her to follow; but went, unequal to reſiſtance or enquiry.

His chariot was at the door. They both

got

got in, and just as it was driving away, Millefleur ran up to it.

"Your master?—your master?—" said Lord Montreville.

"Ah! my Lord, he is—yet living!"

"*Yet* living!"

"And Captain Godolphin sent me to see "if you was come, in hopes that you might "see him."

"Go on!" cried Lord Montreville, with a degree of fierceness that made Emmeline shudder. The horses flew. He continued in dreadful and gloomy silence, interrupted only by deep groans. Emmeline had no comfort to offer, and dared not speak to him. At length they arrived at the place. The servants assisted their Lord to leave the chariot. Just as he got out of it, Dr. Gardner came out; but too much shocked to be able to speak, he waved his hand to say that all was over; and almost instantly, Godolphin, with a countenance most expressive of what he felt, came out to him also.

"My dear Lord, your going up will be of "no use; spare yourself so great a shock, and "suffer me to attend you home."

"He

"He is dead then?"

Deep and mournful ſilence told him it was ſo.

"I will ſee him, however," ſaid he, puſhing by thoſe who would have detained him.

"No, no," cried Emmeline. "Pray, my "Lord! pray, my dear uncle!"

"Uncle!" exclaimed he. "Have I de-"ſerved to be your uncle? But I am pu-"niſhed—dreadfully, dreadfully puniſhed!"

A croud was now gathering; and Godolphin was compelled to let him proceed; while he himſelf approached Emmeline, who was left half dead in the chariot.

"Ah! attend not to me!" ſaid ſhe. "Go, "I beg of you, with my poor uncle!"

Dreadful was the ſcene when the miſerable father beheld the body of his ſon. In that bitter anguiſh which is incapable of tears, he reproached himſelf for the obſtinacy with which, even againſt his own judgment, he had oppoſed his marriage with Emmeline.—"Inſtead of ſeeing thus my hopes blaſted for ever, "I might have grown old among his children "and the children of my brother's daughter! "But I drove her to France; and in conſe-"quence of that, the ſcourge, the dreadful

"ſcourge

"scourge has fallen upon me! I and my house "are low in the dust! Weak and wretched "infatuation! Dreadful sacrifice to vain and "empty ambition! Oh! my poor murdered "boy!" Then, after a moment's pause, he turned suddenly to Godolphin, whose manly countenance was covered with tears. "Tell "me, Sir! did he not wish to see his mis-"judging father? did he leave me nothing— "not even his forgiveness?"

"Lord Delamere," said Godolphin, "was "wounded in the lungs, and every effort to "speak threatened his immediate dissolution. "He expressed a wish to see you and Miss "Mowbray; but said very little else."

"I brought her, because I knew he must "wish to see her. But he will see her no "more!" A deep and hollow groan now burst from him: his sorrow began to choak him; and exclamation was at an end; yet struggling a moment with it, he said quickly to Godolphin—"Do you think he suffered great "pain?"

"I believe very little, my Lord."

"And he had every assistance?"

"He had instantly every assistance that skill

"could

"could offer. Two ſurgeons of eminence "were at ſupper with company in the houſe; "and they were with him before I was, which "was not ten minutes after the accident. I "never left him afterwards, but to run to "Lady Weſthaven."

"Excellent young man! you will ſtill, I "know, remain with him, and do what *I* can-"not do." He then pauſed a moment, and his anguiſh ſeemed to gather ſtrength—while with a look of deep and gloomy deſpair he approached the bed; ſlowly and ſternly invoked the vengeance of heaven on his eldeſt daughter; and then continued with glazed and motionleſs eyes to gaze on the body. From this dreadful torpor it was neceſſary to rouſe him, and to remove him from the room. The united efforts of Godolphin and the ſurgeons with difficulty effected it. He was however at length placed in the chariot; and with Emmeline, who was more dead than alive, was conveyed to Groſvenor-ſtreet. Godolphin, dreading the ſcene he was to encounter when they got thither, followed them on foot; and aſſiſted Lord Montreville to his chamber, where he entreated

treated the ſervants not to allow him to ſee Lady Weſthaven, till they were both better able to bear the interview. He then returned to Emmeline; who, quite overcome by exceſſive terror and fatigue, had hardly ſtrength to ſpeak to him; and unable to ſupport herſelf longer, retired to bed, where a violent fever ſeized her; and for near a week ſhe was ſo alarmingly ill, that Godolphin, in the wildeſt diſtraction, believed he ſaw her ſnatched from him by the inexorable hands of death. Lady Adelina came to her the evening after Delamere's deceaſe, and never left her bed ſide while there was the leaſt appearance of danger; Godolphin continued whole days in the little dreſſing room that adjoined to it; and Fitz-Edward, who inſiſted on attending him during theſe hours of torturing ſuſpenſe, was unavoidably frequently in the preſence of Lady Adelina, whoſe every ſentiment was for the time abſorbed in her fear for a life ſo dear to them all.

At length Emmeline, tho' yet too ill to leave her room, was no longer in danger; and Lord Weſthaven, who returned inſtantly to town on hearing the mournful news,

helped

helped to appeaſe the violent grief of his wife. But on the more ſettled and ſilent anguiſh of her wretched father, his good offices made not the leaſt impreſſion. He ſeemed to abhor all thoughts of conſolation: and when the remains of poor Delamere were carried to be depoſited with thoſe of his mother, he ſhut himſelf up in total darkneſs, and refuſed to admit even Lady Weſthaven to participate his ſorrows. When ſhe was allowed to pay her duty to him, he conjured her to keep from him the ſight of any of the Crofts', and that ſhe would prevent even their name being repeated in his preſence. With their viſits there was no danger of his Lordſhip's being offended; for as he had, in conſequence of this family calamity, reſigned all the places he held, Sir Richard and his two ſons were already eagerly paying their court to his ſucceſſor; and had entered into new views, and formed new political connections, with an avidity which made them equally forgetful of their patron's perſonal afflictions and of that favour to which they

owed their sudden and unmerited elevation. Amidst all the misery which the guilty and scandalous conduct of his wife had brought upon the family of his benefactor, the point on which Mr. Crofts felt the most solicitude, was to know what portion of the Delamere estate was irrevocably settled in equal divisions on the daughters, if the Marquis of Montreville died without a son. The physicians now advised Lord Westhaven to carry the Marquis into the country as soon as possible; where he might enjoy the solitude he so much desired, without being excluded from the air, as he was in town, by being confined entirely to his bed chamber and dressing room. The sight of any of his own seats; places which he had so lavishly embellished for the residence of him who was now no more, he could not yet endure; and Lord Westhaven with some difficulty prevailed upon him to remove to *his* house in Kent. Thither, therefore, the Marquis and Lord Westhaven's family removed, at the end of a fortnight; but Emmeline, tho' pretty well

well recovered, desired Lady Westhaven not to insist on her being of the party: being convinced, that tho' he tried to see her with fortitude, and to behave to her with tenderness, the sight of her was painful to her uncle, and perpetually brought to his mind his own fatal misconduct in regard to his son.

Lady Westhaven yielded reluctantly to her reasons, and departed without her: but as her health made her immediate departure from London necessary, she went with Lady Adelina to Highgate; who now remained there only for the purpose of taking leave of Lord and Lady Clancarryl, as they were within a fortnight to return to Ireland.

In this interval, they heard that Lady Frances Crosts, infatuated still with her passion for Bellozane, had followed him to Paris, whither he had fled after his fatal encounter with her brother. Bellozane, stung with guilt, and pursued by remorse, hurried from her with detestation; and concealing himself in Switzerland, saw her no more. For some time she continued

to live in France in a ſtyle the moſt diſgraceful to her family and herſelf. Nobody dared name her to her unhappy father. But Lord Weſthaven at length interpoſed with Crofts, who, influenced by his authority, and ſtill more by his own deſire to leſſen her expences, went over, and found no great difficulty in procuring a *lettre de cachet*, which confined her during pleaſure to a convent.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XVI.

TO fix ſome plan for her future life, Emmeline now thought abſolutely and immediately neceſſary. To go to Mowbray Caſtle ſeemed the propereſt meaſure ſhe could adopt; and on that ſhe appeared to determine. But tho' ſhe ſtill meant to adhere to her reſolution of remaining ſingle until ſhe became of age, the tender importunity of her lover, the preſſing entreaties of her friends, and her own wiſhes to make them happy, were every hour more powerfully undermining it. Her mind ſoftened by grief for the death of poor Delamere, and more fondly attached than ever to the generous Godolphin; whoſe noble qualities that unhappy event had ſerved to call forth anew, was rendered leſs capable than ever of reſiſting his prayers; and Delamere, on whoſe account her determination had been originally made, could now no longer ſuffer by her breaking it. Still, however, ſhe inſiſted upon it, that a term little ſhort of what ſhe had

named ſhould elapſe before her marriage ſhould take place; as a compliment to the memory of her unfortunate lover, and to the deep ſorrow of her uncle and Lady Weſthaven.

Here, then, ſhe reſted her laſt defence. And when their encreaſing ſolicitations obliged her to conſent to ſhorten the term to three months, Godolphin undertook to make it the particular requeſt of Lord Montreville and his daughter, that their marriage ſhould take place within three weeks. Animated by the hopes of haſtening the period, he went himſelf into Kent; where he pleaded ſo ſucceſsfully to Lady Weſthaven, that ſhe not only wrote preſſingly to Emmeline, but prevailed on the Marquis to give him a letter alſo; in which, after deploring, in terms expreſſive of anguiſh and regret, that unfortunate infatuation which had eventually robbed him of his ſon, he told her that he had very little more now to wiſh, dead as he was to the world, than to ſee her happily married. That the tender attention of the generous

Godolphin

Godolphin to that beloved ſon, in the laſt hours of his life, had endeared him to him above all other men; that his character, connections and conduct were unexceptionable; and therefore, his Lordſhip added, that tho' he did not know that he could himſelf bear to ſee it, he wiſhed ſhe would not heſitate to complete his happineſs; obſerving, that if ſhe thought it too early after the loſs of ſo near a relation, ſhe might have the ceremony performed with ſuch privacy, that only the reſpective families need know of it's celebration. Emmeline, having now no longer a ſubterfuge, was obliged to let Godolphin take his own way. He exerted himſelf ſo anxiouſly to get the deeds completed, that before the end of three weeks they were finiſhed. Lord and Lady Clancarryl prolonged their ſtay on purpoſe; and they, together with Lady Adelina and Fitz-Edward, were preſent at the ceremony. When it was over, Lord and Lady Clancarryl took an affectionate leave of the bride and bridegroom, and ſet out for Ireland, accom-

panied

panied by Fitz-Edward; who, with the moſt painful reluctance tearing himſelf from Lady Adelina by her expreſs deſire, was yet allowed to carry with him the hope, that at the end of her mourning ſhe would relent, and accede to the entreaties of all her family.

Godolphin, his Emmeline, his ſiſter and her little boy, took immediately afterwards the road to Eaſt Cliff. They continued there the months of May and June; where, about ſix weeks after their marriage, they were viſited by Lord and Lady Weſthaven; the latter having never left her father 'till then, and being impatient to return to him, tho' ſhe aſſured Mrs. Godolphin that he was much calmer and more compoſed than they had at firſt expected. In the filial attention of his youngeſt daughter he found all the conſolation his misfortunes would admit of on this ſide the grave; and Emmeline, who had deeply lamented the lingering and hopeleſs anguiſh to which her uncle was condemned, heard with ſatisfaction that reſignation was, however ſlowly, blunting the anguiſh he had endured; and that having relinquiſhed

for

for ever all thoſe ambitious purſuits to which he had ſacrificed ſolid happineſs, he thought only of rewarding the piety and tenderneſs of his youngeſt daughter; and heard of the happineſs of his niece with pleaſure. When Lord and Lady Weſthaven left Eaſt Cliff, Mr. and Mrs. Godolphin and Lady Adelina went to Mowbray Caſtle; where Mrs. Stafford received them with tranſport, and where they were ſurrounded by numberleſs tenants and dependants, who bleſſed the hour of it's reſtoration to it's benevolent and lovely miſtreſs, as well as that which had given her to a man, who had a heart as nobly enlarged, and a ſpirit generouſly liberal, as her own.

The comfortable eſtabliſhment of Mrs. Stafford at Woodfield, was a point which Emmeline had much at heart; and Godolphin, who knew it was now almoſt her firſt wiſh, took his meaſures with ſo much ſucceſs, that it was ſoon accompliſhed. Mrs. Stafford, however, at their united requeſt, conſented to ſtay with them while they remained at Mowbray Caſtle; and Emmeline

line had the delightful assurances of having made her happy, as well as of having greatly contributed to the restored tranquillity of Lady Adelina.

Mowbray Castle, ever so peculiarly dear to Mrs. Godolphin, and where she was now blessed with her beloved husband and her charming friends, brought however to her mind the mournful remembrance of poor Delamere; and the tears of rapture with which the greatness of her own happiness sometimes filled her eyes, were mingled with those of sorrow for his untimely death. She considered him as the victim of his mother's fatal fondness and his father's ambition: yet that his early death was not immediately owing to his violent passion for her, was a great consolation; and with only the one source of regret which his premature fate occasioned, and which being without remedy yielded inevitably to time; she saw an infinite deal for which to be grateful, and failed not to offer her humble acknowledgments to that Providence, who, from

from dependance and indigence, had raiſed her to the higheſt affluence; given her, in the tendereſt of huſbands, the beſt, the moſt generous and moſt amiable of men; and had beſtowed on her the means and the inclination to deſerve, by virtue and beneficence, that heaven, where only ſhe can enjoy more perfect and laſting felicity.

FINIS.